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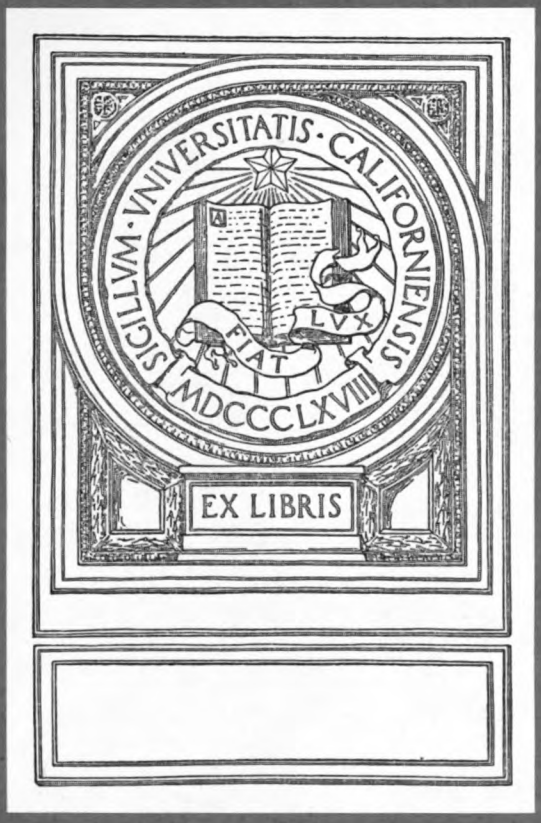

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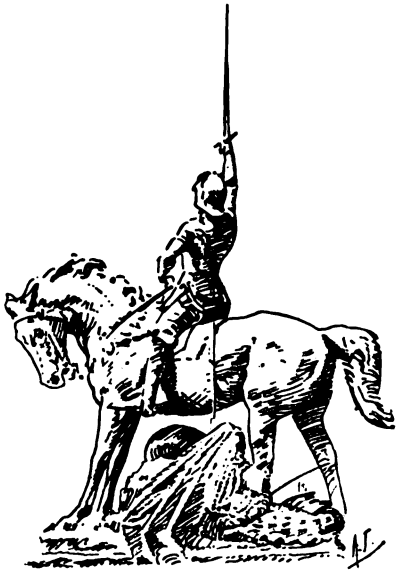
Vol. XXX

JANUARY to OCTOBER, 1940



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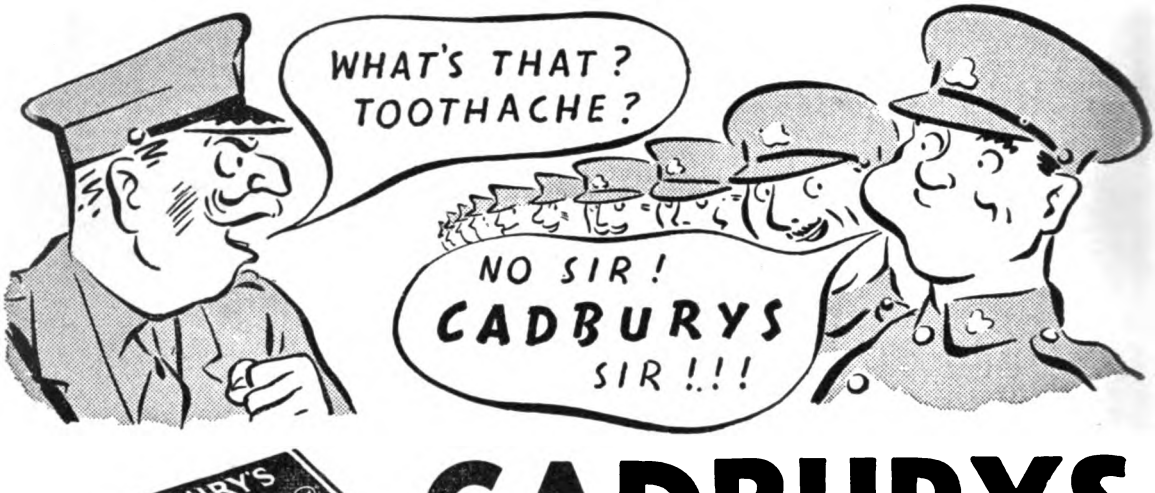

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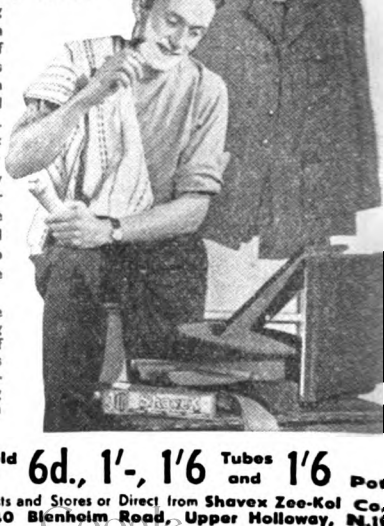

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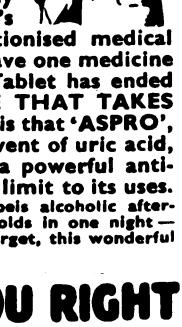

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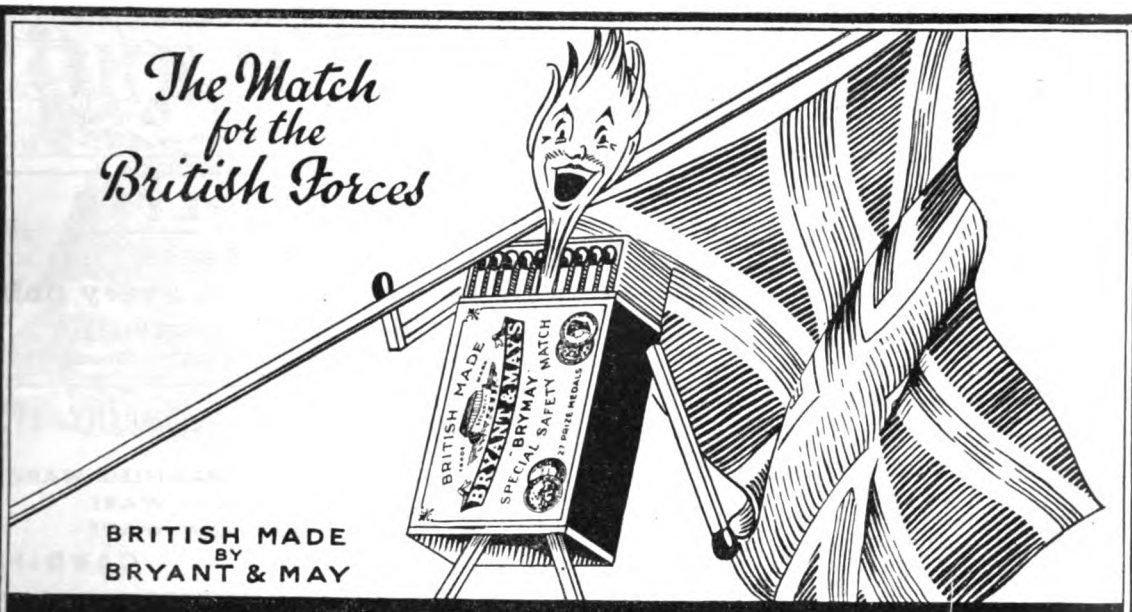

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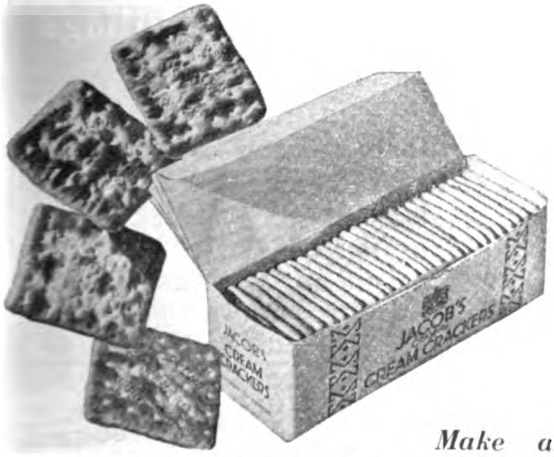

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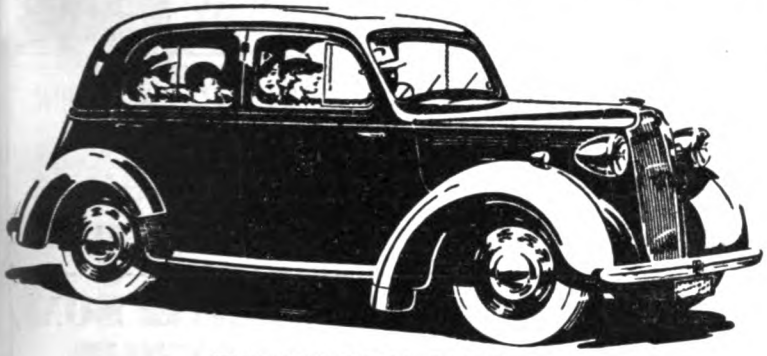

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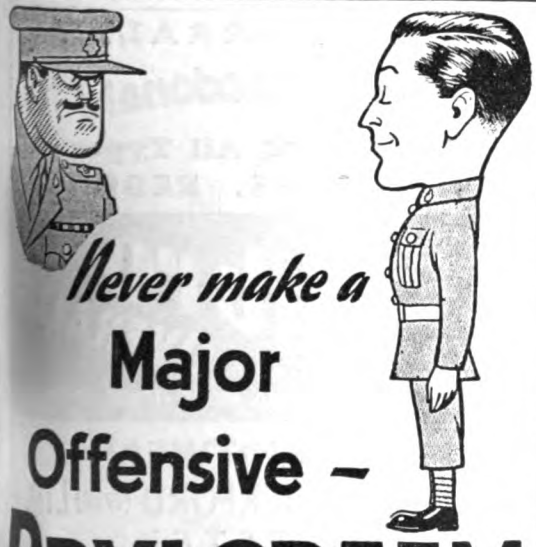

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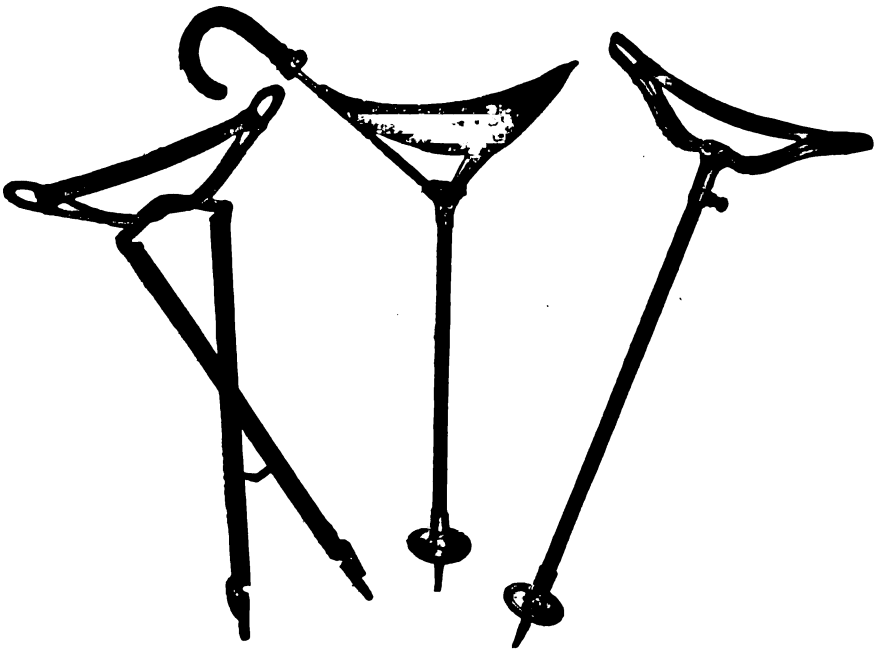

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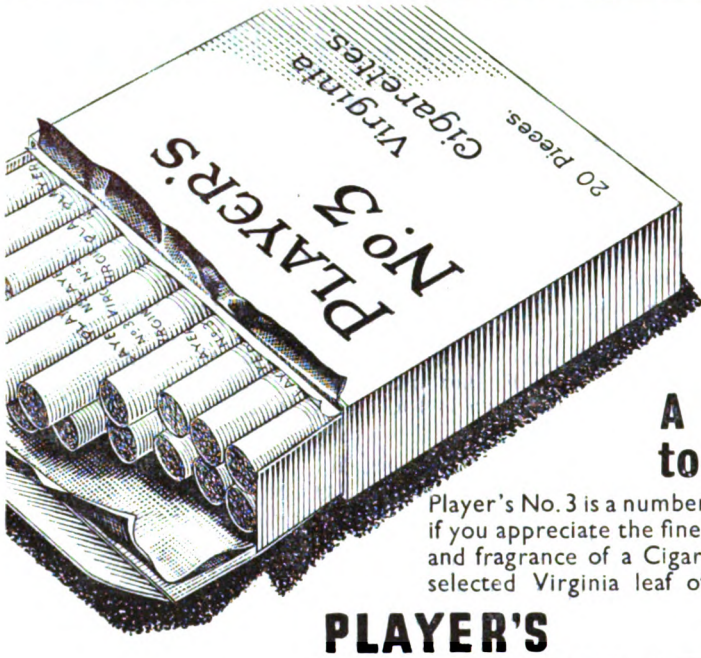

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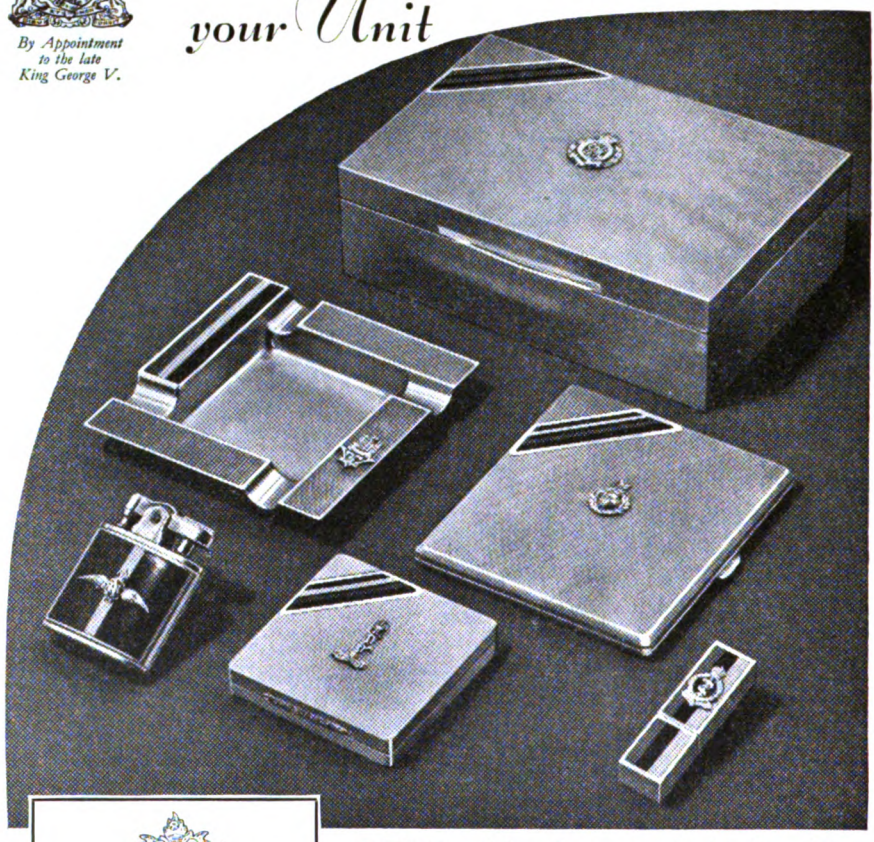

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

JANUARY, 1940

THE ODYSSEY OF A CAVALRY OFFICER

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ardern Beaman, D.S.O.

FINAL CHAPTER

Interlude.

I.

For some time I luxuriated in bed, idly, happily, watching bits of the restful village life from the big bay window of my bedroom, which looked straight down the green.

The Blomfields brought me into the social life of the neighbourhood, where the gentry, gradually coming back from the war theatres, were taking up life again with a new zest. As soon as I was fit enough, I was made to play some very dangerous mixed hockey by the General, who decided that this would be good for my health. There was no appeal from the General's decisions. Another thing the General did for me—or, rather, to me. On his retirement to the village during the war, he had been made chairman of most of the innumerable committees which ran the village affairs. The novelty having worn off, he was beginning—I now suspect—to weary of these

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perpetual little duties which were for ever taking him out to long-winded meetings in the evenings, when, at his age, he preferred his study fireside. Very firmly I found myself pushed into one little office after another, from which the General withdrew, saying: "Young blood, Hathi, my boy, young blood!" Having little to do at the time, I was pleased and flattered, and glad of these opportunities of getting to know the village people.

Those were altogether pleasant days. Harold and his wife looked after things very well; the house, the garden, new interests in the village, the social round, kept one mildly and pleasantly occupied. Donald, among other friends, used to come and stay, and having seen that there were spare rooms, he sent down men from the club who needed a change of air after sickness.

One evening I saw some fellows from the study window putting up a cricket net on the green. While, with a good deal of interest, I watched them begin to practise, a young man came through the gate and walked on around to the back. Presently Harold announced that Mr. Bob Davis, the captain, wished to "approach" me about playing for the village on Saturday.

So I got to know the choice and master spirits among my fellow citizens. What a jolly season that was, when, after the winter of the war, all life seemed to be breaking out into a care-free spring.

For the atmosphere in this part of the world was altogether different from that in London or the big industrial centres. Here bubbled the old irrepressible spirits, the old camaraderie, unembittered as yet by disillusionments. We all thought each other the best of fellows, whatever walk of life we belonged to. The men had come home, were still coming home, from distant parts; they each had their smart blue or brown demobilisation suit, and a nice little sum of money, the gratuity, in their pockets; and after Flanders mud, or the seas, or hot eastern sands and sun, they were glad to be home in their green village. Some of them were in no particular hurry to get work, they

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wanted a bit of a holiday first; but they felt no anxiety about it, because there seemed to be plenty of jobs waiting on the farms, and also in a factory which had been set up not very far away—eyesore though it was, a great boon in the way of employment for the neighbourhood.

Their army training had given them a new habit of spruceness in their persons and dress. The old type of yokel with knee-tied corduroys now seemed to be almost extinct; you saw well-groomed, well-set-up young men, with neatly cut hair, in khaki breeches, about the villages and at work in the fields.

During their time in the army, they had each had a certain individual importance. They had been treated as national heroes. Women, often of high social standing, had petted them, made comforts for them, nursed them when they were sick or wounded in the hospitals—had entered into their lives with a new intimacy which coloured and enlarged all their outlook.

It was, it seemed to me, an epoch of renaissance. The war, which had scattered these village lads so widely over the globe, had given them a glimpse of wider horizons, into more spacious ways of life, had stirred in them a hungering, half-unconscious aspiration for higher things, both spiritual and material, as yet untinctured by resentment. Vistas of a better world had opened out. A joyous glow pervaded that enchanted summer—the future rich in hope.

One evening, at a meeting in the school, we formed with enthusiasm one of the earliest branches of the "Comrades of the Great War"—later to become the British Legion.

II.

When I think of that green and pleasant countryside as it was twenty years ago, and as it is to-day, perhaps an old cavalryman may be forgiven something in the nature of a jeremiad. During those few years, with inexorable rapidity, the face, the fibre, the character, the amenities, the ancient security of England, have been destroyed by a single invention—by that infernal machine, the motor engine. With, perhaps,

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the single exception of the carpenter (for people still need little odd jobs to be done on the spot, and sooner or later everyone must have a coffin), who still exists, though in a much diminished state, all the immemorial village craftsmen have gone. Petrol pumps and a garage have displaced the picturesque, glowing forge. The villagers can go into town by bus, and buy a suit ready-made for less money than the village tailor can buy the cloth: so he has vanished. For a similar reason the cobbler has gone out of business. The village shops are on their last legs, because the wives like the stir and change of taking the bus to town for their shopping, and afterwards a visit to the pictures, and still more so, because the big multiple stores deliver around the countryside from door to door by motor van at prices with which the small individual trader cannot compete. The motor—and its accomplice, the "pictures"—has centred all business in the towns. But it is not only the substantial middle-class of craftsmen and local traders that has gone from rural life, but even the farm labourer, the essential countryman himself. Rarely seen in our fields, now, are the grace and dignity of the plough teams, or the horse-reapers sailing grandly through the golden corn. Grass, and the labour-saving tractor have ousted the men of the soil. A new generation of villagers take little interest or pride in their parish, for they go off in the morning on motor bikes or by bus to work in the towns; and on Saturday afternoon the young men, instead of playing the traditional football or cricket, plaster down their long hair and dress up as gigolos and go off again into town for the pictures. Instead of the noble dialect of their forefathers, they speak a flashy cinema jargon from Hollywood.

Since a man, now in good work, can easily run a motor bike, and therefore distance is nothing, the villages of our countryside are more and more becoming mere dormitories, where a factory worker can rent a cottage very much cheaper than in the town to which he belongs. Naturally he does not feel that he is rooted in the village, and does not feel any obligation to pull his weight in its affairs. It is a sound instinct of mankind to get out of

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slums into the country, where he can have a plot of earth to dig: but the motor is turning the countryside into one vast, roadside slum. Already Gloucester and Bristol are touching hands, and the jerry-built growths spread and spread along every road that is served by motor transport to any industrial centre.

* To the motor engine we owe the unpleasing fact that this country is no longer an island: that we are now the most concentrated and vulnerable target for an enemy; that a vast stretch of the wildest part of the Cotswold, perhaps the loveliest landscape in England, has been devastated by a plague of aerodromes and barracks; that the income tax is nearly six shillings; that life is made irksome by continual dragooning over Air Raid Precautions; that warfare has become incalculably more terrible; and that, from hour to hour, deadly fear broods over the so-called civilised world. So much we owe to the motor engine, not to mention the trifling matter of about five thousand casualties weekly on the roads.

After the Gloucestershire Yeomanry had been turned into Armoured Cars, one of the sergeants, a well-known farmer, speaking at the squadron dinner, remarked indignantly:—

"Armoured Cars aren't no manner of use to we. They don't eat no corn. They don't make no manure. And you can't breed from 'em."

Gandhi and H.R.H.

After a little more than a year of rural peace in the village, my wife and I went out to Simla, where I had been posted to a billet on the General Staff. It was a very different Simla from the one I had known during short festive visits in the days before the War. The outward appearance had not changed much, except for the large modern Cecil Hotel in which we lived, near the entrance to Viceregal Lodge. About 7,000 feet up in the clouds, with, on fine days, a superb view of the Punjab plain fading into infinite distance below, it was still a ramshackle collection of wooden dwellings and shops straggling

* This was written some months before the outbreak of war.

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along and across both sides of a long sharp notchy, pine-clad, razor-edged ridge, and sometimes tumbling down the sides in little suburbs or squalid native bazaars. In the mornings I used to ride along the Mall, in uniform, saluting or returning the salutes of countless other officers, according to whether they were my seniors or juniors, who, like me, were going to their offices in Army Headquarters, that huge sprawly structure under the Mall which is a kind of mixture between a Rhine *château* and a giant's card-house. The famous gaiety went on, as in the old days. There were dinners and balls at Viceregal Lodge, and at Snowden, the Commander-in-Chief's residence, and at Barnes Court, the summer palace of the Governor of the Punjab; and there were a few private dances, and, most exclusive and gay of all, the Black Heart Balls. These latter were given in return for the lavish hospitality which they received on all sides, by the more important bachelors and grass widowers. The qualification for being a member of the Black Hearts was that the candidate must not be living in open matrimony. Apart from these larger events, an immense amount of private entertaining went on, lunch parties, dinner parties, tennis parties, pic-nics, and so on. It was not an uncommon thing for people to dine out forty or fifty nights running. Dressed up in our gold lace and finery, we lived in an unending blaze of *pâté* and champagne, though many of us were hard put to it to buy milk for our babies. I must confess that our greatest joy in Simla was to get out of it—for the week-ends—to stay with a few friends in the little traveller's rest houses along the Tibet road, where the air and scenery were glorious, or to a châlet belonging to the Club in a delightful little place beyond Mashobra—I forget, now, its name.

Lord Reading had just arrived as Viceroy, and—a sign of changed times—he said in a remarkable speech on landing at Bombay that the last time he had been in India was forty years before, as a cabin boy, polishing brass. He had come to a new and very troubled India. The response of India as a whole to the call of the War had been so splendid that Lord Curzon and other politicians had made speeches to the

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effect that as a reward she must be given full Dominion status without delay. The Montagu—Chelmsford Reforms were a tentative effort towards fulfilling that promise. The building of the House for the new Legislative Assembly was being hurried forward in order to be ready for the first meeting of the All-India Parliament in the early part of that summer. I used to watch its growth daily on my way to and from the office; and, in due course, I attended in the gallery its first session. But the whole of India, like most of the rest of the world at that time, was in a ferment; and for much the same reasons. Great numbers of men who had joined the colours and had served in various places overseas, were now demobilised and out of work. Owing partly to inflation and partly to the failure of the harvest, the prices of vital commodities had soared out of all knowledge. These ex-Service men, many of them suffering severe hardships, became disillusioned and bitter against the Government, which, they felt, had let them down now the danger was over. The revolutionary nationalists and politicians were quick to work on this mass of simple but highly inflammable material. One of the chief reasons why a mere handful of the British have been able to hold India is because the people of the two main religions, the Hindus and the Moslems, hate each other more fiercely than they hate us. There is never a month goes by without some bloody outbreak between the two creeds. But, at the time of Lord Reading's arrival, the Ali brothers, the leaders of the Moslem nationalists, had joined with Gandhi, the leader of the Hindu nationalists, in a pact of Hindu-Moslem Unity. And Gandhi had just launched his campaign of non-co-operation with the British. It was an ingenious plan, this "passive resistance," and if the Hindu-Moslem Unity really held, and it were taken up wholeheartedly by both Hindus and Moslems, it must have driven us out of the country, since clearly it would have been impossible to go on governing India if no Indian would serve the Government in any capacity. Meanwhile India was in a state of dangerous unrest. All through the villages of the countryside as well as in the cities, emissaries were preaching

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that the British rule was over, that Gandhi was now King of India. There was continual riot and bloodshed. Every now and then, as a protest against some action of the Government, Gandhi would decree a *hartal*, or general closing of the shops. Everywhere the rough elements, calling themselves Congress Volunteers, and shouting '*Mahatma Gandhi ki jai*'—'Victory to the Holy Gandhi,' rioted through the streets, beating to death any shop-keepers who did not obey the decree, and then, becoming drunk with slaughter and looted spirits, proceeded to deal in like fashion with the wealthier residents, irrespective of race or creed, every man raping and plundering to his heart's content, and each gratifying his own private hates and passions.

At about this time there was a peculiarly horrible incident, which profoundly shocked European sentiment. During one of these Gandhi riots the rabble attacked an isolated Police Post. The constables put up a stout defence, and eventually, after the Post had been set ablaze by the mob, came out on the promise of their safety. But the mob seized them, saturated them in paraffin, set fire to them, and burnt them alive.

When Gandhi heard of such atrocities on the part of his followers, he would reprove them in his newspaper, and himself perhaps fast for a few days.

At the club I used to meet officials on leave from the districts, Deputy-Commissioners, police officers, engineers, forest officers—men who held a more or less lone authority over wide tracts of territory; who, before the war, were held by their people in a kind of patriarchal reverence. Now, they said, they scarcely dared to move outside their headquarters, and then only under strong escort. Their old authority had gone; instead of being welcomed with almost royal devotion on their tours, they met rancour and hostility; their lives were actually in danger. Not only these men from their own first-hand experience, but officials high in the Government spoke in the gloomiest tones of the Indian outlook, saying more or less openly in the club that the English had better clear out at once.

Then Gandhi himself came to Simla. He is accepted now, almost affectionately, as a world figure, much as, say, de Valera

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or George Lansbury are accepted ; no one any longer doubts the sincerity of his ideals or of his motives. But, early in 1921, the authorities looked on him with extreme disfavour as a very troublesome, dangerous and incalculable sort of revolutionary. His ideals, his creed of "soul-force," were too lofty for the ordinary man to comprehend. What was perfectly plain for all to see was that, in spite of his professions of purest non-violence, his preaching caused ceaseless violence and bloodshed. His history, too, was curious. During the South African War he had raised an Ambulance Corps and had been thanked by the Government for his services. In 1917 he was awarded the Kaiser-i-Hind medal for his good work in recruiting. After these loyal services, why had he turned so vehemently against his former friends ? It seemed the Amritsar affair had thrown him into hostility to the Government.

The Government were embarrassed by his visit to Simla.

It was arranged that I should have an informal talk with him. I knew his personal secretary, Mahdeo Desai, a very charming and cultured young man. He often used to come and see us, and he gave me a book of Ruskin's, which I value. I went to see Gandhi in a house on the outskirts of Simla, where he was staying with a Congress friend, filled, I confess, with interest to meet this man, who in some ways is one of the most remarkable in history. He received me in a bare, unfurnished room, in the middle of which he sat cross-legged on the floor, dressed in homely cloth which he had spun himself. I had read and heard much of his divine personality, of his miraculous powers of magnetism, by which he was said to be able to cast a hypnotic spell over the multitudes. But, perhaps through something lacking in myself, I saw only a spare, ugly little man, with prominent ears, several front teeth missing, and none too fragrant breath, whose undeniable charm lay in his kindly humour and in a childlike simplicity of manner. In answer to my questions he told me, simply, that his creed was Love. The creed of the New Testament and of Tolstoi. When we got on to politics, he formulated three definite points :—

(1) Deprival of O'Dwyer's and Dyer's pensions for the

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Amritsar affair ;

(2) Withdrawal of British Empire from the Moslem lands of Shat-el-Arab ;

(3) Complete Dominion Home Rule for India.

Though no profound theologian, it has seemed to me that the kingdom of the New Testament is one far removed from political compromises, crafts, stratagems and compromises. The first of his points was palpably an inflamatory political catch-word. The second was a sop to the new Hindu-Moslem Unity. The third, the kernel of his programme, was nothing more or less than the very thing which the Reforms had been set up to bring about—those Reforms which Gandhi himself was so assiduously trying to wreck.

I asked him, supposing the British cleared out, how he visualised India in ten years time.

" No doubt we should rule ourselves very badly," he smiled. " We have not your Western efficiency. But we would rather rule ourselves badly than be ruled well by you. What is intolerable to us is to be treated as inferiors in our own country."

One could understand and sympathise with that point of view. " Would you allow any British in your India ? " I asked.

" Oh, yes, of course," he said. " They would be very welcome —only they would be equal in every way with us, not our superiors."

A few days later Gandhi was being entertained in the grounds of the President of the local Congress Committee, and my wife and I were asked to meet him—the only Europeans invited. It proved to be a rather memorable experience. On the day, the excitement, which had long been growing, rose to fever-heat. All the Indian population of Simla was in a ferment of racial, religious, and political emotion, and we felt rather curious as to how we, members of the hated domination, would be received in this neo-national gathering. As the time drew near, we jostled along in the surging crowd of Hindus and Moslems, noticing that most of the former wore the red sash of the Congress Volunteers, and most of the latter the green sash of the

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Khilafat Volunteers, which, if names and emblems mean anything, meant that the wearers were pledged by the profoundest oaths to wreck the British Raj. Both parties held aloft numbers of brightly-gilded standards, from which floated in gaudy colours, their respective ensigns. An air of holiday excitement pervaded the masses—an air which, it seemed to me, was at the same time self-conscious and hysterical, as of schoolboys doing some forbidden thing. At the gate of the house where the reception was being held, was stationed a band of young children under the command of a wild-eyed crazy looking youth, at whose word they raised every now and then the cry:

"*Mahatma Gandhi ki jai*! Victory to the holy Gandhi!"

The children looked tired and their cry was languid. We ascended a steep slope and entered the garden. Sitting cross-legged on a carpet was Gandhi, while in concentric circles round his carpet, and stretching far away on every side till it overflowed the furtherest limits of the garden and straggled raggedly down the *khud* edge, sat in the same posture a great heterogeneous multitude, gazing in adoration and striving to catch every word that fell from the Mahatma's lips.

"Can you squat?" Gandhi asked courteously, rising to receive us. Whereupon we sat down on the carpet beside him.

He talked on many subjects in easy, pleasant English, often with a playful gaiety, and always with a captivating charm of manner. While he spoke to others I looked around the immense gathering. Each new arrival prostrated himself with profound reverence, touching the earth with his forehead before taking his place among the crowd. Moslems made this deep obeisance to the Hindu Mahatma. Nearest to the carpet sat the personages of greatest local importance: Lajpat Rai, the vehement Punjab leader; Pundit Malavaiya, the Hindu reformer; the moulvis and priests of the mosques and temples, the office-bearers of the Congress and Khilafat Committees. A torrent of silver coin was jingling into a sheet near by, to swell the Swaraj Fund. Presently the Mahatma began to ask and answer questions, while the multitude listened in rapt attention.

"We might be back two thousand years at the Sermon on

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the Mount," whispered an Indian friend to me.

"We might—superficially," I thought, "if many of these men here were not the most violent politicians in India."

I was conscious, looking on that scene, of a strange sense of unreality. I felt, instinctively, that this apparent Hindu-Moslem Unity was superficial, artificial, transient; that the old, age-rooted antipathy was, at bottom, blazing as fiercely as ever. As my gaze wandered around I noticed with amused surprise that the majority of the Mahatma's disciples here assembled, whose faces shone with such devotional fervour, who were prostrating themselves with such abject gestures of adoration, and who were so freely subscribing to the Swaraj Fund, were employees in the various Government offices—some of them from mine—loyal, hard-working clerks, whose main care in life was to draw their monthly pay, and, if possible, to get it increased. Yet this was a non-co-operation meeting, the very essence of which was wreckage of the British Government. The thing, then, was not wholly political, but anomalous, sentimental, and religious—a curious sort of nebulous and Gilbertian phantasy—and yet in a way moving, since religion is indissolubly blended with even the most trivial acts of the Indian's daily life, and the sentiment, which in some inarticulate way must have been stirring each individual there, was the thought that this meeting openly expressed that heartache of disillusionment and shattered hope which, in some uneasy form or other, the war has left in almost every human heart.

"Isn't he wonderful?" whispered my friend. "In the whole course of history no man, during his lifetime, has captivated the imagination and won the heartfelt devotion of so vast a number of people, and of peoples so infinitely diverse in race, thought and religion."

He is certainly, I admitted to myself, the organ of that indefinable post-war heartache which has its roots in origins partly neurological, partly economic, in the bruised minds of raw-nerved, hungry men.

While I turned these things over in my mind, one of the local Moslem priests, a loud and notorious non-co-operator of

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wide influence, who thundered daily against the British Raj from the pulpit of his mosque, edged up and whispered in my ear, " You are in the Government service, Sahib. I only get forty rupees a month from my mosque. Could you get me a Government billet, with a pension ? "

I confess I had been curious to meet Gandhi, and I was attracted by the charm and grace of his manner. But, in that garden, considering the deeds—not the words—of the men who surrounded him as fraternal lieutenants, and, it was said, not infrequently used him for their own ends, it seemed to me that this engaging little Prophet with the name of Love and of Christ on his lips, was, in reality, an astute politician.

" He is a saint," declared my friend.

Yes, if living on milk and religiously saying certain prayers constituted a saint ; if doubling the prayers and halving the milk—for a day or two—whenever his disciples perpetrated some red massacre that would have shamed the dark ages—if that constituted a saint, then, perhaps, Gandhi might claim. . . .

That is what I thought about him at that meeting, many years ago, in the early days of his ascendancy. The intervening years have left no doubt about his essential greatness. When one thinks about him, now, one *feels* he is something great. But, in the sum, what good or harm Gandhi has done—whether he has helped or hindered India's progress towards self-government—these are questions which history must try to answer.

II

WHILE India was in this uneasy state of ferment and turmoil, we heard that the Prince of Wales was coming out to make a tour. The pessimists shook their heads. At a time when two million ex-service men were unemployed in the United Kingdom, when open rebellion was blazing in many parts of India itself, and the new parliaments were crying aloud for economy, was it wise, was it politic, they asked, that the press and the pictures should be broadcasting the gorgeous and excessive prodigality of India's hospitality to the Royal visitor ? The Prince came,

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and, as usual, the pessimists were wrong. All these things, because they were sensational and spectacular, found their way into the press and the pictures. But the work of the Prince, because it was long and dull and dreary, and much of it done before breakfast, passed unnoticed. Few people, I think, ever understood how great were the services he rendered to India at that critical time.

When I heard, with much pleasure, that I was to be attached to the Royal Tour, an old memory flitted through my mind. A winter's dawn, bleak and grey—wire, endless wire, white seamed earth and skeletons of houses beginning to take shape before our weary eyes—and a boyish figure passed down the trench behind us and was gone, before we realised who it was. And then, when the word passed, we felt, somehow, that out of all the millions in that long, lonely desolation, we had suddenly been brought very close to home.

That was seven years before. And now, seven thousand miles away, in a land that had become difficult for our people, the same boyish figure, as slight and boyish as ever, brought to his exiled countrymen that same strong feeling of home and unforgottenness, and inspired them with a new courage to carry on.

It is true there were times when the croaking of the pessimists seemed justified. On the day the Prince landed in Bombay there was a riot. He is said to have sent home the ironic cable: "Splendid reception—only a hundred casualties."

To describe the tour in detail would take at least a volume, so I must confine myself to a few generalities and some extracts from my diary and letters of the time.

Christmas, 1921.

"We had read about his magnetism and charm till we were sick and sceptical. Doubtless a press stunt. Then he came; and we saw a shy slight boy, almost uncannily ethereal and ungross, tec'd up to the public at some stupendously official ceremony, and obviously hating it. Our hearts seemed to melt.

"Whenever I see that boy I just want to blub!" murmured

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a burly Rugger Blue. But still some of us were not convinced —till one by one we met him.

What is the secret of this surpassing charm ? It is not for me to try to describe a quality so elusive, and so potent. If on an off morning during his visit to your city, you ride before breakfast around the polo ground, the odds are that you will see a slight figure in sweater and khaki jodhpores, strenuously schooling ponies. The heart of every young officer who recognises the Prince thus engaged, warms in a manner quite indescribable, because this is his own life. Or on another morning, as you pass the Gunner lines, you notice a lot of men off duty, in their shirt sleeves, hurrying towards the jumps ; and there you see H.R.H.—in uniform, for he has been riding around the regiments—negotiating a 5-foot bar. And the men, especially the recruits, are moved in a way they will never forget —because that, too, is their life. Or you watch him inspecting a regiment. When he comes to the Colours, he throws that salute which only the Guardsman can achieve, with its long lingering tremor of the hand. And you almost see every squad sergeant's breast swelling, and you almost hear him holding it up as a model to his squad for the future. Or in the afternoon, you watch polo. You see him playing No. 1 in his team, the hardest, most thankless, least showy place. He is only a beginner, but he works so hard and plays the game with such absolute unselfishness that you hear captains of regimental teams around you exclaiming, " By jove, I wish we had him in the Regiment ! " Then at night you go to the ball, and there he is dancing all the latest steps with boyish enjoyment, or playing the drum in the band. Everyone, of whatever rank or class, feels strongly that he somehow shares their life.

When at some public function he has to fill the eye and make a speech, he does it remarkably well, reading in a fresh clear pleasant voice. When he is informally riding around, he drops into guardrooms and barracks, and chats naturally with the men. But at some great unofficial gathering like a race meeting or a polo tournament, when he is urged to walk ostentatiously across the ground and display himself to the multitude, to advertise and court popularity as it were, he

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invariably and emphatically refuses. At thrones, too, he shies badly. India is a place of thrones. Every Indian Province and every Indian Prince keeps up a state that far outshines Windsor in formality and pomp and circumstance. Shooting, pig-sticking, at race meetings, at polo, even at dances, there is always a throne, embroidered with the feathers, 3 inches behind the Viceroy's or Ruling Chief's, 3 inches in front of a Provincial Governor's. But it is always empty. H.R.H. is in the ordinary enclosure, talking to some obscure person he knew in France, or Egypt, or Palestine, or Canada, or Australia or somewhere. The plain truth is he is genuinely democratic and strongly dislikes ostentation of any kind.

Those who know him nearest will tell you stories of his quick consideration and understanding—even in trivial things, as for instance, how he will never keep people standing, or troops and police on the roads, a second longer than necessary, or how, as I saw more than once myself, when a poor old lady commits some *gaucherie* at a reception and is covered with confusion—how he immediately notices and puts her at her ease.

"He is clever?" you ask.

"Oh, no," they tell you, "just a charming delightful boy." But you watch for yourself. He is modest and unassuming and never talks big. You will hear people talking to him about the situation in India—speaking, not what is, but soft things, which they think it will please him to hear. And with a quick sentence and gesture of the hand, he brushes aside this flummery and comes straight to the heart of the matter. I heard a high official tell him the non-co-operation movement was nothing to worry about, whereupon he answered brusquely. "I can't believe a movement for which people are ready to die, or go to prison, is insignificant." He likes to be told the truth, however unpleasant it may be, and is well able to take it. Or see him in an Indian State. His carriage draws up on the route for the chairman of some corporation to read an address. The blare of bands and the shouting of the populace is deafening, so the poor old Pundit timidly comes right up to the carriage and reads his speech confidentially into the Prince's ear; and H.R.H. leans down in the same confidential manner to catch every word with such a kindly

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sympathetic courtesy—and then confidentially reads his reply into the old Pundit's ear. And when the court musicians appear before him with strange and grotesque instruments, like gigantic mandolins, and proceed to extract from them sounds no louder that the death agony of a gnat—and everyone present turns hurriedly away with twitching face muscles, he strains down to listen in a way that is the very apogee of chivalry. Or listen to him after some great public function. Nothing has escaped him, not even the most trivial incident. He has seen everything, seen a thousand and one little things that few others have noticed, and he retails them afterwards with a point and humour that is quite irresistible."

Such were my impressions at the time. Certainly he was a modern, and had his own way of doing things, a way which did not always find favour in official circles. I can see him now, at the great State Ball in Delhi, dressed in the kilt of a Highland Regiment. The State Lancers on such-like occasions was always a very pompous and slightly ridiculous affair. A space in the middle of the floor would be roped off with golden ropes, and inside this arena the most elderly and rheumatic of the notabilities would go stiffly, and some of them sufferingly, through the motions of the measure, while the assemblage looked on, not without covert amusement. There was little grace or elegance or even dignity about it. After the first figure, the Prince laughingly seized Lady Reading and began to romp the thing through in jazz time, to the huge delight of everyone, and the immense relief of the poor old parties going through the mill. Everyone agreed it was the happiest State Ball they had ever known. But the report of it, as of similar happy incidents, was not welcomed in certain quarters. These things, perhaps, sound different in the telling.

The Prince, too, must have found his visits to some of the Indian States very trying. There were always the interminable banquets, course after course, in never ending succession, while he rarely ate more than a chicken *pâté*, but had to sit it out to the end, usually after a long and exhausting day. Big game

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shooting, on a grand scale, formed the main part of the programme during his stay in a native state; but the Prince did not care for shooting. Even at that early age he did not like killing things, he liked better to go into the jungle with a camera and take photos of the wild life. This, naturally, caused some disappointment among the rulers who had staged vast *battues* for his entertainment. He used, sometimes, to like a few sets of tennis before breakfast, but what perhaps he enjoyed more than anything else was any form of riding. Much nonsense has been talked and written about his indifferent riding, especially during the following winter, when he was hunting with the Beaufort and Berkeley Hounds—*The Times*, even, once having had a leading article to the effect that the nation regretted the poor horsemanship of the Prince, and that for the sake of his safety he should be stopped from hunting. Nothing could have been further from the truth than this widely prevailing idea. He was a strong, practical, bold horseman, worth his place in any regimental polo team, and a difficult man to follow across country. He certainly did have many falls hunting, and in point-to-points, but anyone who hunts several days a week and rides as straight as he did in the difficult Berkeley country, or who rides much in point-to-points, is bound to have a number of falls. Incidentally, along the whole length of the Berkeley Vale, many stories are still told in the farmhouses and inns of the kindly little acts of courtesy which he was always doing during that season, now so long ago, when he hunted there.

One of the most impressive things about that tour was that at whatever time of the night or day one looked out of the windows of the train, at every hundred yards on either side of the line, there stood a sentinel, a simple villager—by night—holding a flaring torch in his hand. Some with a rare discipline, stood with their backs to the train while it passed. Over all the many thousands of miles, through countries of widely differing races, they were always there, night and day, those guardian peasants.

A number of Press representatives were attached to the tour, among them Sir Perry Robinson, of *The Times*, Sir Percival

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Phillips, Sir Percival Landon, Sir Herbert Russell, and a good many younger men. Men of such wide and varied experience were naturally most entertaining company. Some of the younger ones, though, were rather touchy about their dignity, and there was a frightful row when, on some little side railway, one of them found he had been put in a second class carriage by mistake. However, the native authorities dealt nobly with the indelicate situation at the next stop: they painted out the 2 on his door, and replaced it with a 1.

Another rising and really brilliant young journalist found himself in an awkward fix at Calcutta. The Prince went out to Barrackpore, to present Colours to the Royal Scots Fusiliers. This young man, who was a scratch golfer, went off to the links instead, and cabled home an imaginary account of the presentation of the Colours. Actually, through some mishap, the Colours did not arrive in time, and were therefore not presented. He was in a fearful stew.

The part of the tour which I enjoyed most was Burma, a new country to me. Never, I think, have I seen any water so brilliantly blue as the Bay of Bengal. The Prince's life on board the R.I.M. *Dufferin* was no less energetic than on land. He came on board shortly before dinner, after a hot, long gruelling day of public functions and speeches. After dinner he went round the ship, talking to its officers, whom he had not met before; then he played the drum for a while in the band, and hearing that the pilot would be going off at 4 a.m. he then went to his cabin to write letters and dispatches. Very early in the morning, long before breakfast, the slight figure would be running round the deck in shorts, or practising on a wooden polo horse.

Each night at dinner he gave the appropriate sailor's toast—"Saturday night at sea, Sweethearts and wives," or whatever it might be, and on New Year's Eve he struck sixteen bells on the ship's bell.

It was at a gathering of the British mercantile community in the public gardens at Rangoon that I first had evidence of the Prince's exceptional gifts as a speaker. In India, of course,

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the innumerable speeches which he had to make were prepared for him, and he read them in public from parchment. But on this occasion he was not billed to make a speech ; however, the crowd of young Britishers from the shops and offices surged round him, shouting : " Speech ! Speech ! "

The Prince smiled and shook his head, whereupon the shouts for a speech redoubled, and finally he stood up on a seat and spoke for a few minutes, giving them, he said, a message from the Old Country. Nothing could have been more simple, sincere, exactly right. The enthusiasm was indescribable.

Much of the pageantry in Burma, tinctured with Chinese phantasmagory, seemed to belong to the fairy tales of childhood, rather than to real life, and was quite unforgettable, particularly an amazing display by the primitive Shan Tribes at Mandalay, where we looked across on to the mountains of China. These people, far stranger than fiction. some of them darkly reputed to be head-hunters, put up a wonderfully good torchlight pantomime of " stage " animals—representations of animals, real or mythical, which were even stranger than themselves. It certainly gave one some idea of the diversity of peoples who live under the British flag.

9th January.

Back in Rangoon. Illuminations on the Royal Lake. Very delightful effect of myriads of tiny lamps, and trees festooned with Japanese lanterns, and all sorts of prettily got-up boats and fantastic monsters outlined in many coloured lights as they glided on the dark water : especially a huge green dragon, just like something out of Loti's " Madame Chrysanthème."

But the most tremendous scene of all the tour was at the Prince's send-off from Rangoon Harbour.

10th January.

The roads were deeply lined and the jetty densely packed with spectators. When the Prince drove down, a deafening tumult broke out—guns and battleships thundering out the salute, bands playing, sirens hooting and screeching and, above

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all, the joyous shouting of the people. All sorts were there: high officials, lesser officials, merchants, private citizens, coolies, rich and poor, soldiers on duty, soldiers off duty, Burmese in their gay colours, Chinese, Indians of infinite variety of caste and creed—all tumultuously shouting. As the Prince walked down the gangway leading on to a pontoon, the crowd burst its barriers and poured down on to the shingle and flooded over it like a great surging sea, flecked with the foam of waving hats and handkerchiefs, and parasols—for everyone in Burma carries a brightly-tinted parasol. Nearly naked Indians tore off their turbans and waved them streaming in the air. When the Prince had mounted the ladder on to the *Dufferin*, the crowd again broke through and swarmed down on to the pontoon, the bands struck up "Auld Lang Syne," thousands of voices took up the strain, and we glided away, out on to the tide.

Down the river clouds of tugs and launches followed, hooting their sirens in farewell. For miles the banks were thronged as we passed between, first, grim industrial buildings—which gradually gave way to Robinson Crusoe villages beneath the palms and plantains—but still the people stood on the banks and shouted, till we were out on the broad stream far down towards the sea.

After making due allowance for emotional excitement, all this seemed to me a very touching tribute to the humanity and justice of British rule.

During the pleasant and peaceful voyage across to Madras, my old brother officer, Fruity Metcalfe, who was in charge of the Prince's polo ponies, told me that Worgan had cricked his back and I should probably have to play in the Prince's team. This little piece of news rather spoiled my appetite, since, not having played for over six years, I was very much afraid of making a fool of myself in the glare of that large limelight. I prayed most heartily for comrade Worgan, the health of his back.

13th January.

Landed at Madras. Good reception. Streets crowded, people fairly enthusiastic. Madras a vast sprawling place of

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ugly public buildings and full of pretentious splendour—the essence of nabobism. A riot started at about 12 o'clock. Non-co-operators began to tear down decorations from Ripon statue, and attacked the Wellington Cinema and broke the windows of the neighbouring shops. Manager of Cinema shot one rioter. I saw the corpse lying on the pavement. Percival Phillips saw the whole show. The mob stoned the police and troops and Europeans. The soldiers, Leinsters, showed fine self-restraint. Went out and walked about in the crowds in the afternoon and evening; soldiers everywhere with fixed bayonets and cavalry (4th Dragoon Guards) with drawn swords. Feeling of great excitement, further outbursts expected. After dinner drove round the town but the crowds had mysteriously vanished—not a soul to be seen.

14th January.

The whole place full of rumours, such as twenty rioters shot and wounded by the Leinsters and thrown over the bridge into the river, etc., etc. Not a word of truth. Drove around. Everywhere very quiet. Went to the Aquarium—an astounding sight. Fish like butterflies, of deep mauve, changing in shade like shot silk as they moved; fish of fantastic and grotesque shapes like little heraldic monsters some of them with dolphin faces, striped bodies and iridescent wings; others, little transparent, delicately tinted things, with black spots on them, looking like tiny fragments of a lady's veil. And there were little puffy yellow fish with uncannily human faces, like arrogant old dowagers, that moved and yawned and waddled with ridiculous pomposity. And there were minute little fish, perfectly formed, of indescribably brilliant transparent colouring, scarcely bigger than insects. I saw, too, for the first time in my life, a fish with a nasty cold—a horny little creature that coughed and snuffled miserably in the sand.

15th January.

Visited St. Mary's Church in the Fort. The oldest church in India. Graves 1669, etc. Most died between sixteen and thirty. No wonder—no *topies*, no ice, no medical science—aped

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English dress and English custom of heavy dinners and wines in the early afternoon. Dreadful number of women died extremely young, mostly in child-birth. A person must have been very tough to survive in those old hard days.

The Prince drove through the streets to the races. Crowd cheered. Hard luck on the great loyal majority, these riots—and perplexing for the authorities, as they want the crowds to turn out, and yet are anxious about further trouble.

February.

It is with pensioners and ex-soldiers that you see the Prince at his best. Great camps are set up in every centre, and they come in their thousands and tens of thousands to greet him—ghosts, poor ghosts of an India that was—when Sahibs were Sahibs. As a reward for *their* gallantry in helping to win the war, they are now to be ruled by—well, never mind. They come. Times are hard; their pensions are nothing to present prices; no Sahibs come to see them or shoot with them in their villages now; something is wrong; and they look like puzzled children—but still they come, poor old ghosts. And there stands their Shahzada-Maharaj-Yuvaraj, whom they had last seen in France or Egypt. There he stands in the blazing sun, hour after hour, while they file past him in an endless line, lightly touching the hilt of their swords, and speaking to each with an intimate knowledge of his Regiment and his medals and—their faces beam—in Hindustani, for somehow, amid all his never-ending duties and activities, he has learnt it. God knows how, but he has learnt it. The hours pass. The sun burns a hole in your back, and you feel your knees giving. Cromer or someone steps up, "Won't you let them file away now, Sir?"

"No, I like it," answers H.R.H., determined that not a single man shall be disappointed of meeting him, though it means no luncheon rest for him, but a rush into full dress for the afternoon's function. So the old soldiers, in their tens of thousands file by; and when all have passed they surge around the car and follow him off the ground, tumultuously cheering. They know now that they are not forgotten. During their stay in the camp they have attended all the public functions. From

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special enclosures they have witnessed the pomp and pride and pageantry of Empire, the roaring thunder of the salutes, the crimson and the gold, the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums, the shouting of the multitudes along the route, stalwart ranks and glinting steel, and the rumble of the grim artillery—all the might, majesty, dominion and power of that great living ideal that lies behind a settled law and order, and gives them peace within their borders. And of all this—it thrills them to remember—they were, and are still, an unforgotten, honoured part.

So much, then, for those tales told by chattering apes in their villages—told so ceaselessly and insidiously that they—even they, were beginning to be puzzled and uneasy.

The soldier is of the *zamindar*, or smallholder, class, which is the vast majority, the heart and backbone of India. To every centre he has come in his tens of thousands, and he has returned, returned by rail and road and river to every tiny and remotest village throughout the length and breadth of India, bearing wonderful tales of his royal welcome and all the things he saw; of his own old Sahibs he met again; and, above all, of the Soldier Prince who came so far to see him, and who spoke to him in his own language. He has returned with his ancient faith renewed."

* * * * *

When, after long laborious days, the Prince sailed for Japan, he left an India, happier, reassured, and infinitely more secure than when he had come.

III.

Another great tonic personality in those post-war-days of uncertainty and strain, when everybody's nerves were on edge, was Lord Rawlinson, the Commander-in-Chief. The lanky boyish figure riding down to office every morning on a pony, with a cheery wave and a smile for everyone he met; the luminous personality shining through this attractive exterior—the buttonhole, the humour, the freshness and gaiety of him, as of some young immortal, did much towards keeping up the

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spirits of India. As Lord Inchcape said, "The Chief works like a slave and plays like a boy." No one else I have ever known had the faculty in so high a degree of throwing his whole mind and brain into what he was doing at the moment, whether it was work or play, to the absolute exclusion of everything else; and of being able instantly to switch over this total concentration from one subject to another at will. He was therefore never worried, always gay and serene. He made an order that nobody was to stay in office after five, but must then play some game or take some form of recreation; if work was not finished—then, it must be taken home and finished after the recreation. He himself played polo three evenings a week, and tennis on the other three, just a man's four at Snowden, and I very often enjoyed being one of this four. It was the greatest fun playing with the Chief, he shouted and holloaed all the time with hilarious zest, and had a schoolboy's keenness to win. He had, also, inherited no little skill with pencil and brush, which formed another pleasant recreation for him, especially when on tour. He rose very early, worked till four, played from four to six, worked again till dinner, entertained from eight to eleven, when punctually he went to bed. He refused always to dine out, saying he couldn't do a day's work if he was up late at night.

When my wife was suddenly taken critically ill with appendicitis, and hurried to the Walker Hospital for an immediate operation, the Rawlinsons, with their usual kindness to everybody, insisted on my going to stay at Snowden, which was conveniently close to the hospital. Their companionship was a never failing source of comfort. When a little while later the Chief himself died after an operation for appendicitis, no words can describe the shock to all who knew him, for although death is always busy in India, it seemed, somehow, inconceivable that it could ever touch the Chief.

As soon as my wife was fit to travel, we sailed for home. So ended many varied and happy years of service as a professional soldier. The ten years of soldiering that remained to me, were to be in the Yeomanry.

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HUSSAR!

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Ryan, T.D.

The horse retires from the martial scene to his unchallenged place in the realm of sport, but the hussar spirit which he created will live on, sublimating by its expression the materialism of the machine. Thus the traditions of the hussars of yesterday devolve on their mechanized successors in the Royal Armoured Corps to-day. It may therefore be of interest to recall some aspects of hussar history, customs and dress.

Hussar! What magic there is in the word. When Arpád at the end of the ninth century led his nomad host through the Carpathians into what became the great Hungarian Plain or *Puszta*, he brought with him out of the mysterious East, the beginning of something new to Western nations—the spirit of Light Cavalry. Europe had known similar invasions of Asiatic horsemen in past ages, such as that of Attila and his Huns in the fifth century, but the Magyars came to stay. Barbarians, they, unlike most savages, cared for their horses as their most precious possessions, and a white charger was the supreme sacrifice to their gods. During the centuries which followed, when they had become Christianized, the Hungarians fought against tidal waves of their own pagan relatives, Patzinaks, Cumanians, Tartars and Turks. After ages of combat they were overrun by the latter, when the waving horsetails were victorious at Mohács in 1526, but their hussar spirit prevailed, and Hungary was finally liberated from the Oriental at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The picture of these Hungarian hussars first emerges in history shortly before this period. Tapestries in the Hofburg in Vienna depicting the combats against the Turks outside the

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walls of the city in 1683 and the battle of Waitzen in the following year during the Austrian advance on Ofen—the German synonym for the Magyar Buda—show the contemporary Hungarian hussars as short thick-set men with the high cheek bones and characteristic down-turned moustache of their Mongol ancestors. Rising in their stirrups on their small Arab-bred horses, they slash off the heads of the fleeing Turks with their heavy sabres, an entertainment which with dummy Turks instead of the real article, became a traditional feature at military tournaments until recent times. Their tunics were without buttons, fastening with loops and short rods—the beginning of the braided hussar jacket—and their small fur caps had long red bag-tails falling over one shoulder, probably as a protection for their own necks. A grim, undisciplined, valorous host, with many traits of that barbarous East against which they fought so furiously.

But Hungary was not the sole possessor of these early hussars. Poles and Magyars had then, as now, very close friendships and ideals, not the least of which was the cavalry spirit which they shared. It was in fact the Noble Hussars of King John Sobieski who took the foremost part in the rescue of Vienna, and who later, pursuing with their usual impetuosity, ran their heads against the rallying Turks. Clad in coats of mail and hauberks with nose pieces, they were, moreover, distinguished by enormous feathered wings fastened to their backs by wooden staves, which fluttered in the wind as they charged and gave them the bizarre appearance of something between a knight and a Red Indian in full war paint. Their organisation was on a feudal basis, the *Towarzysze** (" comrades ") being of noble birth, armed with a long thrusting sword carried under the right knee as well as the sabre, and a lance 15 feet to 18 feet long, with a black and yellow pennon adorned with a Cross. Behind them came their servants, the *Pacholken*, who looked after the knights' arms and horses ; they were similarly uniformed, but carried no lances. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century

* One suggested derivation of the word " hussar " is that it is not of Hungarian origin, but derived from this Polish word.

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the armour gave place to a long sleeveless coat called a *kurtka*, and the headdress was a fur cap like that of the Hungarian hussars but with a square cloth top instead of a bag—the beginning of the *czapka* (shapska) or lancer cap.

During that golden age of Austrian history, the Theresian era, the Hungarian hussars having meanwhile accepted regular service in the Imperial army, were recruited to a strength of fifteen regiments of line cavalry. Tunics had now been altered to closely-braided shell jackets (" dolmans ") of red, green, or light and dark blue with girdles, and slung jackets (" pelisses ") took the place of the leopard or sheepskins formerly worn over the back by officers and men. Breeches were of red or blue cloth. The busby or *kalpak* worn during the reign of the Empress, was in the latter half of the eighteenth century replaced by a cylindrical felt cap called a *haiduk* cap, the name being derived from the Turkish word *haidud* meaning a marauder. The Haiduks were originally Serbian or Bulgarian robbers, but afterwards the term was applied to Hungarian mercenary foot soldiers and later still to Hungarian servants in general. So even to-day the uniformed retainers of Magyar nobles are styled and dressed as hussars. To this cap was added in 1798 a peak (*csák*), thus originating the *csákó* (shako). The regiments were called after their successive colonels, names of great Hungarian families such as Esterházy, Széchenyi, and Bethlen figuring in the list, a custom which the Austrian army was the last to retain till the Great War.

It is however from the French hussars of the *Ancien Régime* and the Revolutionary period that our ideas of the romantic hussars of the eighteenth century are principally taken. The works of Meissonier and Detaille have made us familiar with the appearance of these dashing figures. Commencing as a trickle of deserters from the Imperial forces to those of Louis XIV they were at first regarded only as curiosities, and were adopted as servants by the French officers who were intrigued by their fantastic appearance. Later, contingents of them consisting of a polyglot assembly of Croats, Poles and Turks were organised into a corps of Royal Hussars, which did sterling service as

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scouts and raiders, capturing on one occasion the Austrian general, Count von Tilly, when the latter was in bed at his headquarters. The most ferocious punishments were used to maintain order in this cosmopolitan corps of mercenaries, the oriental bastinado being freely applied and deserters when captured being burned at the stake. The proprietor of these hussars was a certain Baron de Corneberg a renowned gambler. One night, having gone through everything, he put his corps to the toss and lost it, whereupon it was dissolved by order of of the minister Louvois.

In 1701 there appeared in France the first organized regiment of Hungarian hussars. These, named after their colonel, a Magyar noble, the Baron de Rattsky, had fought at Hochstadt as the Locatelli Hussars in the service of the Elector of Bavaria, an ally of France. The latter was compelled through adversity to part with the regiment, and presented it to Louis XIV. In this regiment there served as lieutenant-colonel *à la suite* the Count Ladislas de Berchény.

Ladislas de Berchény was the son of a Hungarian magnate, Nicolas de Berchény, who, having fought for the independence of his country against the Emperor, was forced to seek refuge in Poland. From there the old warrior sent his son to the " Roi Soleil " who took him into his service. In 1720 he obtained permission to journey to Wallachia, part of the modern state of Rumania, and returned to France with a shipload of wild recruits. Such is the origin of the oldest hussar regiment still existing—the 1st French Hussars. Until the Revolution in 1791 it bore the name of its colonel-proprietor, who was always a Berchény.

An extraordinary feature of these old French hussar regiments was the anomaly in the ages of the officers. Thus, in 1753, the second Berchény, who had succeeded his father as colonel two years previously, was only seventeen, while his lieutenant-colonel, who had helped to recruit the regiment in Wallachia, was an old gentleman of fifty-eight. There were also captains of twenty-two and sixty-three, lieutenants of fourteen and forty-six, while the colonel's younger brother, aged ten, was a cornet.

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Marcel Dupont, in "Nos Vieux Houzards," describes the appearance of this regiment at an early period of its history: "Le régiment parut pour la première fois réuni et en grande tenue à une parade au camp de Richemont en 1732. Il était à quatre escadrons, chacun de deux compagnies, et comptait 50 officiers et 800 houzards. L'uniforme conportait une sorte de dolman bleu de ciel avec tresses blanches; leur culotte était de la même teinte et ils portaient des courtes bottes à talons de fer; leur pelisse qu'ils n'endossaient jamais et se contentaient de placer du côté d'où venait la pluie, était constituée par une peau d'ours; leur coiffure se composait d'un bonnet écarlate se terminant par une flamme de grande taille et entouré d'un turban à grand poils. Ils portaient des longues moustaches et se rasaient le crâne, conservant seulement une touffe de cheveux sur le côté droit."

Following this review the Berchény Hussars served in Poland, was besieged in Prague, and fought in Flanders during the War of the Austrian Succession (1741–1748). In 1752 a Royal Decree was issued which authorized certain changes in the uniform of the then existing seven regiments—Berchény, Turpin, Polleresky, Lynden, Beausobre, Raugrave and Ferrari —of French hussars. Chief amongst these were the substitution of the fur cap by the *mirliton* (literally "reed-pipe," from its fancied resemblance), and of the sheepskin "pelisse" by a light blue slung jacket. The *mirliton* was an elaborated version of the Hungarian *haiduk* cap, the cylindrical felt form being wound round with a coloured cloth bag-tail, which on parade was allowed to fall down freely. Under this cap was worn a powdered wig with love-locks at the sides and a pigtail. Sabretaches on short slings bore like the *mirliton*, the Royalist fleur-de-lis. The trumpeters of some regiments wore, instead of regimental uniform, the livery of their colonel-proprietor.

During this epoch the Hungarian element in the French hussars was gradually dying out, but excellent recruits were obtainable in German-speaking Alsace-Lorraine. These, however, would not enlist in regiments where their language was not spoken, so in order that they should not be lost by taking

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service in the neighbouring German states, all commands were given in German in the French hussars till the Revolution.

At the Revolution there were six of these regiments—Berchény, Chamborant, Esterházy, Saxe, Colonel-Général and Lauzun. All were Royalist and had been used freely for suppressing the riots in the last days of the Monarchy. Many of the officers and men—including the third Berchény, who died in poverty in London—fled abroad. The Saxe Hussars who, under the decree of the Assembly suppressing the names of the regiments, had become the 4th Hussars, emigrated *en masse* to Germany in 1792, and the two remaining regiments became the 4th and 5th Hussars respectively. The title "Colonel-Général" arose from the wish of Louis XVI that there should be an officer holding this rank in command of the then existing four hussar regiments, and this regiment, which was formed from detachments from each of them was in this officer's own possession.

The colours of the uniforms of these old regiments were distinctive, and lasted throughout the Napoleonic era during which they became famous on the battlefields of Europe, down to the fall of the Second Empire in 1870. That of the 1st (ex-Berchény) was sky blue with white braiding, of the 2nd (ex-Chamborant) maroon similarly braided, while the 3rd (ex-Esterházy) had silver grey with crimson braiding. In "Nos Vieux Houzards" the origin of the brown uniform of the Chamborant is thus given: "En 1776 le ministre de la Guerre, voulant réglementer l'uniforme des houzards jusque-là laissé à la fantaisie des colonels, demanda l'avis de chacun d'eux au sujet de la couleur distinctive qu'il désirait. Soldat émérite, le marquis de Chamborant savait à l'occasion se montrer adroit courtisan. Il se trouvait à ce moment à Versailles et eut l'idée de demander à la reine Marie Antoinette de choisir elle-même cette couleur. La reine, pour plaisanter, lui montra un capucin qui traversait la place d'armes: 'N'est ce pas, dit-elle, le costume qui convient à vos houzards ?' 'Parblue, madame,' répondit le marquis 'on verra mes moines à l'œuvre !'"

In the winter of 1795, during the Revolutionary period

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there occurred an episode which is unique in the history of cavalry. The 5th (ex-Lauzun) Hussars* was corps cavalry to the French army bringing about the reduction of Zeeland. Receiving intelligence that a large part of the Dutch fleet was imprisoned in the ice of the Zuider Zee in the Texel Sound, General Salme ordered the 5th Hussars, each man carrying a Belgian *chasseur* behind his saddle, to proceed there at speed. Arriving in view of the fleet, they deployed on the ice as though about to deliver a charge, whereupon the Dutch admiral struck his flag! A dozen men-of-war with seventy-two guns fell to this extraordinary piece of bluff. Eleven years later the same regiment brigaded with another under Lasalle, brought about the surrender of the Prussian fortress of Stettin garrisoned by 10,000 men.

At the close of this same period the *mirliton* was furnished with a peak, the first step towards the adoption of the shako proper under the Empire. A busby was worn instead by officers, who were also distinguished by their leopard-skin saddle covers.

During the eighteenth century, hussars were adopted in other German States besides Bavaria, and even in countries as far distant from their native land as Sweden and Russia. Württemberg had a solitary regiment of green hussars, which existed for forty years and was then never replaced. A regiment of Saxon white hussars raised in 1791 was the ancestor of the first two regiments of Saxon hussars in the pre-War German cavalry; the latter had light blue tunics and breeches, and busbies with red and crimson bags. Sweden could show a regiment of "Death's Head" hussars with yellow pelisses, while Russian hussars raised first in 1740 had a variety of red, yellow, brown and green uniforms. None of these regiments, however, attained to the same fame as their contemporaries, the Prussian hussars.

The eighteenth century Prussian hussars, acquired glory

* The uniform of this regiment was similar to that of the Berchény—sky blue—but with yellow braiding and a white pelisse. Before the Great War it was stationed at Nancy as corps cavalry to the famous XX Army Corps.

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largely through the leadership of Frederick the Great, and his renowned General, Field-Marshal von Zieten. Unlike other hussars, they had white buckskin breeches, short cloth trunks called *schalavary* of Hungarian origin being worn over these. In 1756 felt caps similar to those of the French hussars, but known as *flügelmützen* (" wing caps ") were introduced instead of the original low bearskin busbies without plume or chin-chain, the latter being retained in some regiments for winter wear. This peculiarity of wearing two distinct headdresses stood the Prussian hussars in good stead during one of the campaigns of the Seven Years' War, when a regiment wearing the busby was cut off behind the enemy lines, but was able to pass through these unchallenged, as the Austrians, who identified Prussian hussars by their *flügelmützen*, mistook them for their allies the Hungarian hussars, who had similar busbies. The powdered wigs which were such a feature of the French hussars, were worn by the officers only, in Frederick's regiments, the other ranks having instead plaited bands of hair.* On " gala " days the officers of the famous Zieten Hussars wore leopard-skin mantles—after the fashion of the Hungarian Life Guards—instead of *pelisses*, and those of field rank had their busbies ornamented with a crowned sceptre and eagle's wing instead of the osprey plumes with which their juniors had to content themselves.

When in 1784 British Light Dragoons discarded their scarlet coats and were dressed instead in white-braided blue jackets in the Continental fashion, the first step had been taken in the conversion of these old regiments to hussars. The change was completed in 1806, and the following years, when four of them—the 7th, 10th, 15th and 18th Light Dragoons—received in addition to the jacket a similarly coloured *pelisse* and, instead of the fur-crested helmet, a busby (see illustration). The buckskin breeches and shabraque with zigzag border were Prussian in character, but the sable busby with hanging cords, which at first was without a chin-chain, was copied from that worn by the Hungarian Life Guards, the shako having become

* Neither of these fashions was ever adopted by British hussars.

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the almost universal headgear of other Continental hussars at the beginning of the last century. In 1812 shakos were issued to some British hussar regiments at Lisbon, but at Orthes and in the following year at Waterloo, all wore busbies and it was not till after this campaign that the shako was adopted. It was bell-shaped of black beaver for the 7th and 10th, and scarlet cloth for the 15th, the 18th wearing the busby till they were disbanded in 1821. The *flügelmütze* appears also to have been worn in "undress." Hungarian braided boots called here Hessian boots, but known in the land of their birth as *csizmák* (chismak), had "Johnnie Walker" tassels—the boot bosses which later superseded these were oval for British and round for German hussars. Grey booted-overalls took the place of the white breeches for service in the field. A "barrelled" girdle of red and yellow or blue and white was also worn. The busby bag was red, except for the 18th, who had blue, and the plume was red and white for all. Hanoverian hussars of the King's German Legion were uniformed similarly to their British comrades, but the 2nd and 3rd Hussars were distinguished by their peculiar fur shakos, while the 1st Hussars wore a wide busby. The Brunswick Hussars, also in British pay, had a black dolman (no *pelisse*), and a shako with a skull and crossbones.

Amongst the most brilliant of the Napoleonic Cavalry were the "élite" companies of hussars and the *Chasseurs à Cheval* of the Imperial Guard. Both wore busbies termed *colbacks* instead of shakos, the *Chasseurs* having the plume at the side. The full-dress of the latter who formed the Emperor's bodyguard, comprised a green dolman, red pelisse and leather breeches. Napoleon himself generally wore their undress green frock coat with his general's cocked hat. The costume of the hussar trumpeters was very striking, and differed from that of the troops, those of the 7th Hussars having, instead of a green dolman, pelisse and red breeches, an all-scarlet hussar uniform, with a white bearskin busby, and they were mounted on white horses with white sheepskin saddle covers. Four hussar regiments with red shakos raised in 1812, probably inspired that worn later by our 15th Hussars.

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15th THE KING'S LIGHT DRAGOONS (HUSSARS)

7th QUEEN'S OWN LIGHT DRAGOONS (HUSSARS), 1815

10th PRINCE OF WALES' OWN ROYAL REGT. (HUSSARS)

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The middle of the last century saw two changes in hussar uniform here and on the Continent. The first of these was the return of the busby, which abroad had been replaced since its beginning by the shako. The 11th Hussars converted from Light Dragoons in 1840 was the earliest to adopt it with the new hussar kit given to them then, when they formed the travelling escort on the arrival of Prince Albert for his marriage. By six years later it had been re-introduced in three of the four other British hussar regiments—the 7th, 8th and 10th—the 15th retaining their scarlet shakos till 1856. The 11th had blue slung jackets, but those of the other hussar regiments had been changed to red by William IV shortly after his accession, when he altered the coatees of his Light Dragoons to that colour. The blue colour was, however, restored early in the 'forties.

At Balaklava the old hussar kit finished in a blaze of glory, for after the Crimean War the second change was made, a tunic displacing the jacket and *pelisse*. This was really a reversion to the uniform of the original hussars of 150 years earlier, but the model chosen was not the Hungarian tunic with figure-of-eight braiding on the breast, but the more elaborate form evolved by the Prussian hussars in 1853, with caps and drops. The Prussian hussars had also reverted to the busby in 1850, and two years later the French "Guides" of the Second Empire assumed the bearskin *colbacks* and green *dolmans* of the *Chasseurs à Cheval* of the Imperial Guard under the first Napoleon. The French hussars after the Crimean War also exchanged the shako for a small astrakhan fur *talpack* with braided busby bag, and in imitation of this the busby bag of British hussars was similarly ornamented.

During the years between the Crimean and the Franco-Prussian War, all the remaining Light Dragoons were converted to hussars, the last being the 19th and 20th Hussars in 1862, who had been altered from Bengal Light Cavalry to Light Dragoons in the previous year. The 21st Hussars who became the 21st Lancers in 1897, the year before Omdurman, were converted direct to hussars from the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry

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in 1861. The 18th Hussars had also been re-raised in 1858,* the busby bag being green instead of the original blue. It is said that the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, whose decision it was, having in mind the association of the old 18th with Ireland under their Colonel the 1st Marquis of Drogheda,† remarked, " Green, of course ! " disregarding the fact that blue was the ancient Irish colour, green symbolizing the later ideal of uniting Ireland by blending with it the orange of Ulster. The description of the bag as of " Lincoln green," confused the matter still further. However, in 1878 the 18th succeeded in getting the blue busby bag restored, but it disappeared again when the regiment was amalgamated with the 13th Hussars in 1922.

Mars-la-Tour (16th August, 1870) was the outstanding cavalry encounter of the Franco-Prussian War, as Jaroslawice (21st August, 1914) was of the Great War. In it 5,000 horsemen met in hand-to-hand encounter in what the two sides christened the " Todten Ritt " and " Chevauchade de la mort." On the French side the 2nd (ex-Chamborant) Hussars, forming with the 7th Hussars the Brigade of Montaigu, and joined by the 3rd Dragoons, especially distinguished themselves. Charging through a ravine they fell upon five Prussian cavalry regiments, inflicting great losses and being themselves decimated. Another French cavalry brigade was sent to their aid, consisting of the lancers and dragoons of the Guard, but the lancers being mistaken for uhlans coming to attack from the rear, a frightful *mêlee* ensued, in which French troopers sabred each other. The 17th Brunswick Hussars, our former allies, distinguished themselves on the Prussian side, at one time nearly capturing Bazaine and his staff who had to draw swords in self-defence. They were the only German regiment permitted to wear the battle honour " Mars-la-Tour " on the headdress. The result of the battle, which lasted till ten o'clock in the evening, was indecisive.

After 1870 the French hussars were all dressed alike in

* The three regiments of Bengal Light Cavalry were raised in this year by the East India Company.

† The old 18th served for forty-nine years uninterruptedly under his command on the Irish establishment.

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braided tunics instead of dolmans (the pelisse had been done away with in 1862), the colour being that of the old Berchény —sky blue with white braiding. Red booted-overalls were also universal, and a low shako replaced the *talpack*. British hussars changed from booted-overalls to knee boots early in the 'seventies (copying the Germans), and shabraques were soon afterwards given up for troop horses, though they continued to be worn on chargers till late in the 'nineties. Before the South African War sheepskin saddle covers (1897) and men's sabretaches (1888) were also discontinued, while after it officers' sabretaches met a like fate. The blue patrol also made its appearance in the 'nineties, replacing the stable jacket in drill order. After the South African War white shoulder belts* and pouches were done away with (except for the band), the " pillbox "† yielded to the peaked forage cap (about 1906) and the full-dress tunic was worn for " walking-out." While British hussars were thus simplifying their kit, their German counterparts were elaborating what were already sumptuous parade uniforms by the addition in several regiments‡ of a long *pelisse*, which was worn by all ranks till the Great War. In 1910 a " field-grey " braided tunic (*attila*) was introduced for service wear, and the last German Hussar regiment was raised at the same time—the 20th (3rd Saxon) Hussars—with a field-grey, instead of a black fur busby. This (or a black busby with a grey cover) was worn in the early days of the War by all German hussars.

It is interesting to contrast the uniforms of British and German hussars before the War, which had much in common. The British hussar tunic had six rows of braid as against the German five, but the latter was more elaborate at the back with trefoil braiding on the skirt. Instead of the netted caps, there were gilt or silvered rosettes. The German busby was also lower, with an inscribed metal band under the cockade, and

* Brown leather bandoliers were worn for a time with full-dress in marching order.

† The " Brodrick cap" made a short appearance about this time. Lord Midleton, in his recently published memoirs, disclaims its authorship. It was exceedingly unpopular, one cavalry regiment in India burning the consignment sent them.

‡ Amongst them the 5th Blücher Hussars, of which King Edward VII was Colonel-in-Chief, and the 3rd Zieten Hussars, in which the Duke of Connaught held the same rank.

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the busby lines ended in front of the neck.* The officers' busby was changed from brown otter to grey opossum fur in 1912. Shabraques,† sabretaches, shoulder belts with pouches, and braided boots were also worn by all ranks right up till the War. It is also interesting to note that one Yeomanry regiment still existing—the Cheshire—wore additional short cap lines‡ like those of the German Guard Hussars, while the West Kent Yeomanry had the distinction of being the only British hussar regiment with a tunic braided in the Hungarian figure-of-eight pattern. Most Yeomanry hussar regiments wore blue, but two —the Westmorland and Cumberland and Royal 1st Devon— had red shell jackets, while six—the Sherwood Rangers, Suffolk, Royal East Kent, Royal Bucks Hussars, Middlesex and " Sharpshooters "—turned out in green jackets or tunics, and officers of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars in a jacket and *pelisse* of Badminton blue. Nine Yeomanry regiments—(of the sixteen still mounted, including Lovat Scouts)—are hussars and some of these wore their full dress at the Coronation. The French hussars went into plain blue tunics in 1907,while after the Russo-Japanese War, Russian hussars, who for nearly thirty years had (with the exception of two Guard regiments) been converted to dragoons, were reconstituted, wearing astrakhan fur busbies and uniforms whose colours were the most varied ever seen.

As is seemly, nowhere is the outward expression of the hussar spirit more strongly manifested to-day than in the country of its birth. All officers of the Hungarian army wear as an evening uniform with the pre-War high kepi, the hussar tunic§ which is —dark blue for cavalry, green for infantry, brown for engineers, and black for the medical corps. Officers of generals' rank are on State occasions resplendent in their traditional costume from the time of Maria Theresa—scarlet braided uniform with white *pelisse* (called *mente*) and busby of brown marten fur. On the

* Similarly to British hussars till after the Crimean War.

† See illustration, CAVALRY JOURNAL, April, 1935, page 257. They were ornamented with Hungarian flower tracery.

‡ The origin of these cannot be traced.

§ Both types of *attila* are worn—the old Hungarian with short figure-of-eight braiding for ordinary occasions, and the modern German hussar form for " gala."

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same occasions the nobility turn out in fur-trimmed braided mantles, scimitars and jewelled fur caps, followed by their servants in busby or shako. The Kingdom without a Monarch has also three types of Guards—those of the Castle, Crown and Parliament—who wear scarlet or cherry hussar uniforms with a silver pointed helmet with eagle's wing and osprey plume—the "Zrinyi helmet," older than the busby, being named after a Hungarian hero-poet of the early seventeenth century. To see the procession of all this pageantry on Saint Stephen's Day in Budapest, is to realize that the hussar spirit is something which will never die.

The best thanks of the writer are due to the following authorities, who have contributed information contained in this article: Mr. Godfrey Brennan, the expert on cavalry uniforms; the adjutants of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars and Cheshire Yeomanry; Colonel Zoltan de Algya, Hungarian Army; Colonel J. Cuny, French Army and General Mariaux, the Director of the Musée des Invalides, Paris; also to Mess. Berger-Levrault, Paris, publishers of "Nos Vieux Houzards" (1934), and to Mess. von Diepenbroick-Grüter and Schulz, Hamburg, for permission to reproduce the plate of British hussars at the Waterloo period.

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BRINGING 'EM IN

By Reginald Hargreaves.

" Come,
Says the drum :
What if graves be hollow ?
Follow—follow !
Come,
Says the drum ! "
—*Joseph Lee.*

From the days of Alfred the Great's militia system of the *fyrd* onwards, Great Britain has frequently had recourse, in one form or another, to a measure of compulsory service, whereby to keep the ranks of her Regular Army at fighting strength. But the real strength of that peculiarly indomitable force has always resided in its possession of a generous leavening of " Old Sweats," whose steadiness and experience in action was a thing upon which Commanding Officers always knew they could rely with every confidence.

But even the oldest of " Old Sweats " must at some time or another have been no more than a mere " rookie," and before that a plain civilian, whose ears have responded sympathetically to that call to the Colours which, through some medium of " publicity," in one way or another managed to reach them. But " publicity," as we understand the word to-day, is a relatively modern art, and its application to recruiting a thing of more or less recent date.

Political propaganda, of course—perhaps the most insidious, as it is frequently the most devastating, form of publicity—was certainly practised by the early Greeks ; while, where the business of recruiting men to the Colours is concerned, the

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value of enticingly worded "advertisements" to "bring 'em in" is at least as old, in this country's history, as the struggle between Parliament and the Royalists.

Prior to the period of the Civil War, the extremely limited ability to read which characterised the general population, and especially that section of it which furnished the ordinary rank and file of the nation's army, had largely prohibited the use of the written or printed recruiting appeal. In any case, under the conditions of what amounted to universal compulsory military service which had hitherto pertained, such appeals would have been redundant. Occasionally a written or proclamatory notification might be made in the hope of securing a reinforcement of archers, for, as a highly-paid specialist and the first long-service professional soldier, your bowman was a fellow of some rudimentary education, quite capable, in many instances, not only of reading but of making a little something more than his "mark" at the foot of a pay-sheet or 'quittance roll. But for the most part, the man called to the Colours under one or other of the successive militia systems by which the Norman, Plantagenet and Tudor armies were recruited, learned of his destiny by word of mouth through the direct agency of his overlord's representative.

But with the war between King and Parliament, both armies were, in the first instance, very largely recruited on a voluntary basis; and exhortations to swell the ranks, by written "advertisement" as well as by verbal proclamation and "beat of drum" were common to either side. A typical example of a contemporary "recruiting poster" was that exhibited to attract men into the City Trained Bands; the backbone of the original Parliamentary army:—

> "Gentlemen, countrymen, friends!
>
> "To-day, freedom calls you from the shops of security and the counters of content, nor will you measure out honour by the ell or prowess by the pound.
>
> "Enrolment awaits all men of conscience and goodwill; and remember whose cause you have in hand that we may scourge this famous realm of enemies.

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> "All who would be Souldiers should present themselves to the Artillery Garden in Bishopsgate or at the Military Garden in St. Martin's Fields."*

The immediate post-Civil War period furnishes another written "advertisement," issued by an officer seeking to raise a regiment of horse for service overseas. With the general demobilisation which had followed the cessation of hostilities, the advertiser could reckon on no lack of would-be volunteers; a fact which enabled him to stipulate for those veterans who would enable him the more quickly to fit out his corps for speedy embarkation.

> "To Those Who Have a Willingness To Serve His Highness and the Commonwealth in the Campaign in Flanders:
>
> "The Captain, being an old soldier, chooseth rather to accept of such in the service; therefore any that are old soldiers, or gentlemen, if they repair to the Bell Inn in King Street, Westminster, or to the sign of the Pelican in Speenhamland at Newbury, may be entertained into the said troop.
>
> "And each man shall receive back, breast, headpiece, pistol, holsters, *and a considerable advance.* And in case any horse miscarry in the said service, it shall be made good to him that sustains the loss, who shall be furnished with another."†

No attempt has been made in this "advertisement," it will be observed, to adorn the terms of service with a glamorous top dressing; and the same forthright honesty of appeal characterises another "poster" of, roughly, the same period, which

* The anonymous author of the above would appear to have been reprehensibly well acquainted, for a Puritan, with his Beaumont and Fletcher, in whose play "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," a very similar passage—expanded, certainly and barbed with satirical malice—makes its appearance.

† A very necessary proviso since, in these days, it was the custom for the trooper to furnish his own mount—as under the Silladar system in India, many years later—whose value was credited to him at anything between £3 and £10, according to the class of animal provided. Furthermore, the horse soldier's pay was on a considerably more liberal scale than that of the infantryman, to allow for the purchase of the necessary forage for his mount which it was his obligation, not his officer's, to supply.

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runs :—

> " Whereas divers persons have expressed a Willingness (if they might have an opportunity) to serve His Highness and the Commonwealth in this campaign in Flanders: These are to give notice, that there is a Troop of Horse in the regiment under the command of his Excellency the Lord General Lockhart, the number where of is not compleat; and if the persons which are inclined to this service shall repair to Captain Richard Mill in Gardiner's Lane, Westminster, within six days, they will by him be satisfied upon what terms they may be employed."

Nothing ornate or declamatory here, but a blunt invitation based—as investigation demonstrates—on the knowledge that, for the moment, supply was so far in excess of demand that nothing more than a plain announcement of vacancies was required to fill the ranks to the limit of their establishment.

The same condition of excess of supply over demand accounts for the absence of anything save a few formal notifications of vacancies in the Horse and Foot during the whole period of the Stuart Restoration. Likewise, during the long years of the Marlborough wars, recruits were " beaten up " by " tap of drum "—followed by the personal exhortations of the N.C.O. in charge of the enlistment party—and so befuddled with unaccustomed liquor as to fall easy prey to what, in the Senior Service, was frankly referred to as the Press Gang. Such written or printed appeals as did make their appearance were sternly practical in tone and entirely disdainful of the mere vulgar arts of enticing " publicity."

It was not until the expansion of the Cavalry by the introduction of Light Dragoon regiments had been decided upon (*Circa*, 1745–59), that anything in the way of a literary flourish appeared to add a touch of adornment and allure to the blunt terms of the normal appeal for recruits. Among others to whom Royal Warrants for the raising of these new formations were entrusted were Lieutenant-Colonels John Hale and " Johnny "

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Burgoyne.* Both set about the business of filling their ranks with the utmost briskness and dispatch; Hale's intimation that a new regiment was in process of embodiment taking the following form:—

> "WANTED, for the ranks of the 18th† Light Dragoons:
> "Brisk lads, light and straight, and by no means gummy; not under 5 feet 5½ inches, or over 5 feet 9 inches in height. Liberal bounty; good uniforms; generous pay. Step lively, lads, and come in while there is time!"

Etymological research assures us that "gummy" may best be translated into modern parlance by the phrase "slow in the uptake." It is pleasant to be able to record that, at the time of the "advertisement's" appearance, there existed such a superabundance of "brisk lads, light and straight, and by no means gummy"—or "thick in the clear," to employ another synonym—that something under a month saw the ranks of the 18th filled to overflowing.

Not to be outdone in this friendly rivalry, "Gentleman Johnny"—who openly professed that the pen was the equal of, if not actually mightier than, the sword—produced the following effusion; as notable for its boisterous joviality as for the shrewd appreciation it exhibits for what would be most likely to appeal to the contemporary would-be recruit:—

> "NOW THEN!
> "Think of all the advantages that will be yours by joining in with His Majesty's 16th Light Dragoons.
> "You will be mounted on the finest horses in the world, with superb clothing and the richest accoutrements; your privileges are equal to two guineas a week; you are everywhere respected; your society is courted; you are admired by the Fair, which, together with the chance of getting

* Hale was with Wolfe at Quebec, and brought the news to England of the French defeat and the death of the hero of the Heights of Abraham. "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne had seen service on the Continent and lived to be the well-loved Commander of that ill-fated force which marched to disaster and ultimate surrender at Saratoga.

† A stop-gap Corps, raised by Lord Aberdour, temporarily held the number 17. Upon its disbandment, 17 was taken over as his regiment's number by Hale; and the 17th, or "Death or Glory Boys" they have remained ever since.

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switched to a buxom widow, or brushing with a rich heiress, renders the situation truly envious and desirable.

"Young men out of employment or uncomfortable, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken on the flood, leads on to fortune!' Nick in instantly and ENLIST!"

Again, the number of young men out of employment who were prepared, amongst other things, to better that distressing state by "switching" to a buxom widow, was only exceeded by the swarm of gallants who aspired to mollify their general condition of "uncomfortableness" by "brushing with a rich heiress"; and "Gentleman Johnny's" ranks were soon as generously furnished forth as those of his *confrère*.

Taking another aspect of the recruiting poster, it is not often that a regiment condescended to "boost" one of its most spectacular feats of arms as a method of indicating to the would-be recruit the superiority of its own particular ranks over all others. But in one instance, at least, the urgent need for fresh blood temporarily effaced a very gallant battalion's normal genius for an almost maiden modesty. The old 17th Foot was one of the line regiments dedicated to the ungrateful task of "tonking the tails off" their American cousins, in arms against an astoundingly obstinate King and an even more eggregious Government. On one occasion in the course of their service, it was their particular fortune to "bump" a flank-guard of Washington's Virginians, emerging out of the mist of the Trenton Road, near Princeton, Pennsylvania. Both sides promptly opened fire; but the volleyed musketry of the red-coats soon proved its superiority, and the Virginians fled in some confusion, the Leicestershire boys hard on their heels. Bursting triumphantly through an orchard which lay in their path, their eyes were astounded to behold the whole of Washington's main body, strung out in column along the valley road, a few hundred yards away. The Colonials outnumbered the lads of the 17th by about twenty to one; but, nothing daunted, they re-opened fire and then closed. For some critical minutes the mass of the Colonial militia wavered; and

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it was only Washington's personal example and skilful exertions which sufficed to restore the situation. But rally his men he did ; and the 17th soon found themselves virtually surrounded. There was only one thing to do, and their major in command promptly gave the necessary order. Wheeling round, his men threw off their knapsacks, gave three hearty cheers—and charged !

Somehow or other, the majority managed to cut and thrust their way through the massed array that barred their path ; and only one officer and seventy men—practically all of them wounded—remained in enemy hands.

The Americans celebrated the Battle of Princeton as a victory, and the 17th were well content to let them do so. They had turned a superior force out of a defended position in something under five minutes, and then taken on Washington's entire local army and come within an ace of routing it.

Some sixteen years later, finding his ranks more than usually depleted, the Colonel of the 17th authorised the publication of the following " advertisement " :—

" G.R.

17th or Leicestershire Regiment.

The Heroes of Prince-Town.

Who, alone, upon a former occasion, fought A WHOLE ARMY, being at that time and since that period mostly compleated by GALLANT LEICESTERSHIRE MEN, from Leicester and its neighbourhood.

" No doubt but that the 17th or Leicestershire Regiment will again, with their assistance, defeat the Enemies of our Good King and Old England.

GOD SAVE THE KING !

England and Leicestershire for Ever ! "

Recruiting methods, as the eighteenth century advanced ever deeper into a sullen condition of war-weariness, partook more and more of the nature of competitive baits—in the way of " bounties " both for the recruit and for whoever succeeded in " bringing him in," *i.e.*, persuading him to enlist—with which to bribe the disspirited and reluctant into a grudging assumption

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of the King's uniform. While the countryside teemed with hearty, strapping *embusquées*, swaggering safely in the uniforms of the innumerable Yeomanry, Militia, Volunteer and Fencible Corps, the Regular Army starved of recruits ; a motley collection of ragged, half-witted " Falstaff's men " being all the grist that the mill of voluntary service could find to grind out.

The far-reaching reforms, wisely instituted and energetically pursued by Frederick, Duke of York—" Commander-in-Chief for one thousand days and one thousand nights "—combined with Napoleon's threat of invasion strongly to re-invigorate the impulse to seek service in the ranks. Moreover, the new system of training inaugurated by Sir John Moore, not only conduced to the greater efficiency of the soldier in the field, but endowed the individual man of the rank and file with an infinitely higher degree of initiative, and consequent self-respect.

With better organisation and improved conditions, service in the Regular forces once again achieved a condition of living, the attractions of which were susceptible of judicious advertisement. Among the welter of recruiting posters which marked the period 1803–12, the following may be taken as typical: —

" A HORSE ! A HORSE !
MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE !

Now, my lads, for the 14th Light Dragoons, or the Duchess of York's Own. All of you who are kicking your heels behind a solitary desk, with too little wages and a pinch-gut master—all of you with too much wife, or are perplexed with obstinate and unfeeling parents, may apply to—

Sergeant Hammond,
Rose and Crown,
Whitechapel.

" You are quartered in the fertile County of Kent, where you have provisions remarkably cheap. Luxurious living to the brave and ambitious is but a secondary consideration, else thousands would repair to the Standard of the gallant 14th, could they obtain the honour of being received.

" Those of address and education are sure of preferment. Your comforts in this service surpass all the clerks or

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mechanics. An hospitable table, and a capacious bowl of punch that will float—or sink—the little Corsican Chief!

"God Save the King!"

Although a little disjointed in its composition, the artful suggestion of difficulty in obtaining entry into so exclusive a brotherhood doubtless reacted favourably upon the latent snobbishness of more than one clerkly hesitant, dubious as to whether or no he might be "lowering" himself by condescending to exchange the snuff-coloured coat of a scrivener for the brighter plumage of the King's jacket of scarlet, gold and blue.

One thing can be said in favour of eighteenth-century soldiering without fear of contradiction; "pro forma" had not yet become the curse that later armies were driven to anathematise. But as an aid to recruit-hungry officers, less blessed with the literary graces than versatile "Gentleman Johnny," something in the nature of a standardised recruiting "advertisement" was issued; carefully set up with neat blank spaces for the insertion of the name of the particular regiment who had ordered a consignment, together with that of the Commanding Officer. In its "raw state," it ran:—

"To all aspiring heroes bold, who have spirits above slavery and trade, and inclinations to become a gentleman by bearing arms in His Majesty's —— regiment, commanded by the magnanimous ——, let them repair to the drumhead (tow-row-row!), where each gentleman volunteer shall be kindly and honourably entertained, and enter into present pay and good quarters; besides which, gentlemen, for your further and better encouragement, you shall receive one guinea advance; a crown to drink His Majesty King George's health; and when you come to join your respective regiments, shall have new hats, caps, arms, cloaks and accoutrements, and everything that is necessary and fitting to complete a gentleman soldier.

God save their Majesties and success to their arms!

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!"

And, so long as the local type-setter contrived to match-up fairly closely with the "fount" in which the original bill was

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printed, doubtless all was well.

With the end of the eighteenth century, military bands were beginning to make their presence felt—and heard!—to no small tune. So that a recruiting "advertisement" of a slightly different character began to make a fugitive appearance, of which the following, culled from the *Daily Advertiser* for June, 1774, may be taken as a typical example:—

> "WANTED immediately, a person qualified as a Master Musician to a Military Band of Musick, who is a perfect master of the French Horn, and performs on other wind instruments, as great encouragement will be given. None need apply who is not a perfect master, and can be recommended as a Person of great Sobriety and Good Character."

The newspaper columns as a medium of appeal were doubtless a novelty, and one promising a fruitful response only in the case of the relatively better educated musician into whose hands the notification would be likely to fall.

For methods of recruitment both more direct and infinitely more enticing, we must hie us north to bonnie Scotland. When, in 1777, the enrolment was commenced for that regiment from which the present Gordon Highlanders are descended, after the first wild inrush of recruits enlistment momentarily hung fire. It was then, so tradition not only asserts but insists, that the beautiful Duchess of Gordon, "in her bonnet and soldier's coat," offered to clinch the attestation of each new applicant, not only by handing him a substantial sum of money, but by bestowing upon him a kiss from her own fair lips.

Now, undemonstrative as the average Scot may be in most things, no one has ever accused him of lack of response for a gesture of spontaneous gallantry. So the present writer, for one, most emphatically refuses to entertain the suggestion that it was the offer of "money down," rather than the chance of a little osculatory indulgence with her highly attractive ladyship, which operated almost instantly to swell the ranks of the Gay Gordons to the uttermost limit of their capacity!

Certainly the inducement held out by her Grace of Gordon, may be regarded as an infinitely more seductive method of

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"bringing 'em in" than that practised by Wemyss of Wemyss. He it was who, in 1779, raised the 93rd Highlanders—now the 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—by the simple process of lining up all the likely young men of the district and offering them a pinch of snuff out of his own sacrosanct mull; after which magnificent condescension refusal of service was obviously quite out of the question.

Nor need too much emphasis be laid upon the methods of recruitment employed in raising a (thankfully) temporary Transport Corps, which acquired the sinister but appropriate cognomen of "The Newgate Blues"—blue from the colour of their uniforms, and Newgate from the "spiritual home" wherein the bulk of them had been enrolled. It is hardly necessary to stress that the alternative to service with this peculiar corps was transportation to the plantations. It must have been with a sigh of profound relief that the Army in general heard of its disbandment after a career as turbulent and spectacularly lurid as it had mercifully been brief.

* * * * *

It is a far cry from the jocular and flowery appeals of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries to the curt but stirring

YOUR KING AND COUNTRY
NEED YOU.

of the last Great War. And although some of the later recruiting appeals of the world-crisis period touched the nadir of vulgar blatancy and the limit of cheap "stunt" publicity methods, the most fastidious purist could scarcely cavil at the restraint and dignity of the quotation from Pericles' *Address to the Athenians*, which made an all-too-brief appearance on the hoardings:—

> "We have more at stake than men who have no such inheritance. If we sing the glories of our country, it was the warriors and their like who set hand to array her, . . . For you now it remains to rival what they have done and, knowing the secret of happiness to be freedom,

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and the secret of freedom a brave heart, not idly to stand aside from the enemy's onset."

If we may judge from the official use made of "wireless" during the September crisis of '38, the future will see the radio even more extensively utilised as a channel for gubernatorial communication. That the erstwhile Recruiting Sergeant and his satellites, "rounding 'em up by beat o' drum," will presently be represented by a Loud-Speaker Van belching the recorded exhortations of the current Secretary of State for War, is one of the minor horrors of peace to which future generations must look forward with such resignation as they can engender.

It may be found a trifle old-fashioned in him, but provided that the necessary degree of allurement in the donor is the subject of strict guarantee, the present unregenerate scribe would cheerfully own to an unhesitant preference for the methods so successfully employed by her adorable Grace of Gordon!

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REGIMENTAL MASCOTS

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S., Member of the Society for Army Historical Research.

Part I.

Introductory.

Animals and birds with a history never fail to interest us and those which have had the good fortune to be associated with military forces are usually accorded special notice by the public. Geese were simply "something for the table" until, according to Roman legend, some of their kind saved the Capitol from capture by the Gauls in B.C. 390, since when they appear to have acquired their lordly strut and elevated themselves to the squirarchy of the feathered world.

Animals and birds that live with troops give the camp or barracks a homely appearance but they would scorn any idea of being regarded simply as "peace-time soldiers" or merely as decorative features. When the bustle of packing-up for active or foreign service is in progress they seem to sense what it is all about and take good care to be "present and correct" when their regiments are embarking. We shall see in the course of these articles that this has not always been accomplished with that ease they would have wished, and comic incidents have sometimes resulted when the mascot or pets were being surreptiously smuggled on board troopships.

Whilst the choice of a mascot by a regiment has very often been fortuitous, some have deliberately chosen animals which are in some way associated with their regimental titles or badges. Having mascots to correspond with regimental badges can be adopted in a limited number of cases only, because our regiments wear badges in which lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, snakes

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"SCOUT"
IRISH TERRIER

Served with "The Royal Dragoons" throughout the South African War 1899-1902

Reproduced by the courtesy of Brigadier-General Sir Ernest Makins, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.P.

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etc., appear. No doubt a young lion that regarded troublesome inspecting officers as real toothsome morsels would become very popular among the soldiery, but the regiment that owned the young Leo could hardly expect to be regarded with favour by the military hierarchy. As regards adopting a snake as a mascot, there would probably be some difficulty in keeping its ceremonial harness above its hips.

1st THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

"Scout"—an Irish Terrier.

The Royal Dragoons, our oldest Cavalry Regiment of the Line, had a very remarkable dog for their mascot during the 1899–1902 South African War. She was an Irish terrier, or at least that is what she looked like most. But whatever her breeding, her courage and stamina were unsurpassable.

On 26th November, 1899, a sleepy young puppy gazed out across the harbour of Durban,* Natal, probably thinking of nothing more than where to find its next meal. It took no notice of a troopship, the s.s. "Manchester Port" that was coming in until the soldiers' boots began to clatter down the gangways as they disembarked. She blinked and sat up and took an interest in the proceedings. Presently the regimental baggage began to be unloaded and she saw perspiring Cavalrymen wrestle with all kinds of stores. During a lull in these operations some of the soldiers made themselves comfortable on their kit-bags and ate their haversack rations. Up till now the pup had viewed the proceedings from the security of her observation post in a pile of sacks but the sight of food caused her to abandon this position and she walked up coyly and expectantly to the group. Nor were her expectations misplaced. The soldiers fed her with tit-bits to such an extent that she became distinctly uncomfortable in the region of her waist-line. When

* There is a British military association with Durban, in that it is named after General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, a distinguished Peninsular Officer. He was an able administrator, and after holding appointments in the West Indies, was appointed Governor of Cape Colony in 1834, and held it for four years. During this period he took a kindly interest in the welfare of British settlers at Port Natal, who named it "Durban" as a mark of their gratitude.

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the men resumed work she just flopped down where she was with the intention of " sleeping it off " but as she was in the way, one of the troopers carried her back to her pile of sacks, where she was soon lost in the land of dreams.

She was up and about early the next morning but not early enough to have breakfast with her new-found soldier friends, for they were already in trains in the dock siding, ready for their journey " Up Country." Excitedly she ran round the docks in search of them and at last she came to the siding. There were no soldiers on the platform, only the railway officials, and one of these drove her away. As she was passing one of the carriages, looking very hang-dog with her tail tucked well between her legs, one of the doors opened, and a soldier called her. Her expression changed at once, her body shook joyfully and needing no second invitation she jumped into the carriage. From that moment she was the Mascot of The Royal Dragoons.

From the comfortable life about the docks at Durban she embarked upon one of hardship and adventure with many hair-raising experiences.

That first train journey took The Royal Dragoons to Pietersmaritzburg, where they were encamped on the racecourse for a week. The puppy took to the horses right away and as soon as she noticed them being saddled-up to go out on duty she became very excited, running amongst them and barking happily. Wherever the regiment went, there was the little dog about 20 yards in front, and it was because of her habit of leading the regiment that she was given the name of " Scout." Not only did she keep ahead of the regiment but she also kept the road clear and would make furious onslaughts on every living thing that came in her way, from a bullock to a butterfly.

In the operations leading up to the battle of Colenso (15th December, 1899) Scout accompanied the regiment on all its patrol duty by day or night, and was invariably the first on parade. It was at Colenso that she received her baptism of fire but her only contribution to the British effort was to bark furiously at the Boer's famous big gun—" Long Tom "—across the river. She was present at the battle of Spion Kop and

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twice crossed the rushing, turbulent River Tugela during the operations. On the second journey she nearly lost her life. As the current was very powerful, a dozen or so swimmers stripped and entered the water to assist any man or horse that might get into difficulties. Scout, however, plunged in boldly but her strength was no match for the current and gradually she was borne downsteam. Fortunately a clump of tall rushes arrested her progress to certain destruction on the rocks below, from which she was rescued by Major E. Makins.*

This experience neither damped her spirits or her ardour for she took part in the storming of the Tugela Heights and led the way over Pieter's Hill. No doubt many a Boer marksman must have been surprised to see a little dog leading The Royal Dragoons and to find it presently snapping at his legs as he lay in the trenches. The entry into Ladysmith followed and Scout, as was her custom in the field, led the regiment into the town.* There was a stay of some weeks here during which Scout increased the numbers on the strength of the regiment by presenting it with a litter of assorted pups. Though a good mother she did not permit her maternal responsibilities to interfere with her regimental duties, and every parade found her " present and correct."

From Ladysmith The Royals advanced on Newcastle and this was followed by a long and wearisome trek through the Eastern Transvaal to Belfast, Krugersdorp, Pretoria, Springfontein, etc., during which Scout marched all the way: a great test of her

* Now Brigadier-General Sir Ernest Makins, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., Colonel of 1st The Royal Dragoons since 1931, and to whom I am greatly indebted for much first-hand information about the mascots of his regiment.

* Ladysmith is another South African town which has an interesting association with the British Army, dating from Peninsular days. The siege of Badajos in Spain took place in April, 1812, and on the following day two young officers of the Rifle Brigade were in their camp just outside the walls, discussing the events of the previous night. As they talked they noticed a Spanish lady with a young girl approaching them. When they arrived the lady said she was about to join her husband, a Spanish officer, but before doing so wished to find someone in the British Army to take care of her young sister who was only fourteen years of age. Captain Harry Smith, one of the young officers, said he would take care of her and the lady departed. Young Juana and Harry Smith were married four days later and she accompanied him through all his campaigns. As a Major-General he won a great victory at Aliwal, in India, in 1846, for which he was created a baronet. In the following year Sir Harry was appointed Governor of Cape Colony and Lady Smith accompanied him to South Africa. It was during his period of Governorship that two townships were founded and they were named respectively " Ladysmith " and " Harrismith." " Aliwal North " in South Africa refers to Sir Harry's victory in India.

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endurance. She disdained all offers of a "lift" and trotted mile after mile, now and again scampering off to turn up a hare or chase a flock of sheep.

An incident occurred at Senekal which illustrates the feelings all ranks of the regiment had for their mascot. Scout showed signs of approaching maternity again when The Royals bivouacked at Wonder Kop. At dawn one morning the horses were saddled, outposts withdrawn, and the troops moved off. They had gone four or five miles when it was discovered that Scout was not in her accustomed position in front. Colonel Lord Basing immediately had enquiries made, and as no one had seen her that morning he sent a search party back to the bivouac to look for her. As the party drew near Scout was seen rushing about in great excitement and when she caught sight of the horsemen she came out to meet them. After running round the party a few times she led it to a small ant-bear hole where were discovered two whining puppies. Scout was very proud of her offsprings but made no ado when the troopers carefully picked them up and mounted their horses. She sensed that they were now safe and as the party hastened to rejoin the regiment Scout ran alongside the little cavalcade barking joyously.

Following this The Royals were engaged in a number of large scale drives, which included some record night marches but through them all went Scout, ever to the fore. Her powers of endurance were marvellous and her fame spread far and wide.

When peace was declared she marched into Bloemfontein at the head of her regiment and repeated this performance when it went to Cape Town to embark for England. Here the Customs authorities would not permit her to embark with the regiment but Lord Basing arranged with an officer who was staying in Cape Town for her to come home later, which she did, only to spend the usual period in quarantine before being allowed to rejoin The Royals at Shorncliffe.

For her services during the war Scout wore the Queen's Medal with six bars and the King's Medal with two bars: a record of which any soldier would be proud.

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"Of her many peculiarities," wrote General Makins, "perhaps the most remarkable is that she acknowledged no individual as master; she was the same to all. To-night she would sleep at Brown's feet; to-morrow she would share Jones's meals and the next day Smith would have the honour of her companionship, and so on. She was wonderfully prolific, having given birth to certainly not less than forty assorted specimens of the canine tribe. She evinced a marked antipathy for Kaffirs and would furiously resent the presence in camp of a strange dog. She was very clever at catching and bowling over sheep and pigs, and many men would tell how she helped them to get their dinner."

Barrack life at Shorncliffe was not to her liking after the long runs on the wide veldts of South Africa. In 1903 she accompanied The Royals to manœuvres on Salisbury Plain which gave her new life.

On the 27th January, 1904, The Royal Dragoons sailed for India, Scout being one of the first to embark. The arduous life she had led during the war had prematurely aged her and the conditions of Indian life proved a great strain upon her weakened resources and she died in the summer of 1905.

For pluck and endurance, faithfulness and affection a better example it would be hard to find.

"Jemima"—the Hen.

It was also in the South African War that The Royals picked up another pet which rivalled Scout in their affections; this time it was one of our feathered friends, a good old barndoor fowl. But their paths seldom crossed, because whilst Scout's sphere was active service on the rolling veldt, "Jemima" stayed at home and ruled the camp or bivouac. Unlike Scout, she did not "enlist" direct into The Royals but was a "transfer" by way of the Royal Field Artillery. Although she was pure white in colour and therefore showed an abundance of "white feathers," paradoxically she was far from being "chicken-hearted." After the manner of her sex, she kept her age a dead

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secret, but was the feathered equivalent of our "fair, fat and forty" type.

At the beginning of the siege of Ladysmith, Jemima and a few of her run-mates considered how best they could help the British Army. They seem to have received intelligence that new-laid eggs (or, in fact, any vintage eggs) were hard to obtain and so decided to place their natural ability at the disposal of a nearby battery of Royal Artillery. They went in deputation to Major Gouldburn, the commander of the battery, laid their proposal before him and gave a demonstration of their intentions by laying him some fine eggs. Both the proposal and the eggs were approved and the hens were at once taken "on the strength." Whether their legal owner regarded them as "deserters" or approved their action we do not know, but the Royal Artillery Officers' Mess saw that they remained with it.

Jemima and her mates grew ever bolder in their search for food. Boer shells dropping in the besieged town did not disturb them and when they had worked out the precincts they calmly set off in the direction of the enemy's lines when better prospects pointed that way. It was when on one of these foraging expeditions that a Boer Scout took a shot at Jemima. Although he did not succeed in killing her, the bullet broke one of her legs and she was only just able to hobble back to her own lines. Some of the officers who previously had been of opinion that Jemima was a fit subject for the cooking pot, now had visions of seeing their hopes realised. But, alas! Major Gouldburn had other views. If Jemima were killed she would provide only one meal for the mess, but the egg-laying capacity of the battery-run would be permanently reduced. The long view won the day and Jemima was spared the cooking-knife. Her leg received very careful attention and the break mended, but not quite perfectly. It left her with a limp which gave her a comic gait when she took her walks. She seems to have been proud of the "Chelsea Hospital" touch in her physical make-up and as a wounded warrior became the subject of much affection.

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When Ladysmith was relieved Jemima's battery moved to Rooi Point. It had not been there long before it was ordered on a long trek and as Major Gouldburn could not find room for a travelling farmyard, he presented Jemima and three of her run-mates to Major E. Makins, Commanding Officer of "C" Squadron, The Royal Dragoons, and so "Jemima," "The Speckled Hen," "Little Brown Maid," and "Jolly Roger" were officially transferred from The Gunners to The Royals.

From the first the three hens (Jolly Roger was a cock) took a great fancy to the Squadron Leader and always laid their eggs in his tent. But whilst the other two would dart in, drop their eggs and dart out again in a vulgar manner, Jemima followed a certain ritual. She would approach the tent from a flank, peep inside to see if it was "all clear" and then withdraw to consider the matter. This was repeated a few times until she reached a point of certainty in her calculations which gave her the necessary confidence to enter and perform the egg-laying operation. She was on such good terms with Major Makins that she would lay her eggs whilst he was in the tent. But if he were impatient and wanted an egg at once she would give him a stern look when he placed his hand under her to ascertain whether it was *un fait accompli.*

In the course of the War The Royals came to Newcastle, Natal, where they remained a few weeks. So that Jemima might be allowed to exercise her maternal instinct she was permitted to keep one egg and hatch it. Rations were fairly plentiful so her daily egg was not missed. As the day of hatching approached excitement grew and much speculation was indulged in as to the sex, colour, etc., of the chick. At last the result was announced—a coal-black Kaffir chick who evidently "took after father." At first Jemima looked with a disapproving eye at her offspring whose colouring had not followed the maternal side of the family. After a while she accepted the situation with resignation and actually became proud of her chick. Sometimes, however, owing to her wounded leg, she would nearly squash the life out of it when it got on her wrong side.

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From Newcastle The Royals went to Belfast in the Transvaal. On arrival they were ordered to prepare at once for a three weeks' trek to the north via Roos Senekal to Middleburg. Jemima did not accompany the regiment on this occasion and she, her chick and the other fowl were left behind. Whatever terrors they may have experienced on trek could not have been more disastrous than those about to be related.

When the regiment set off Jemima and her friends were all hale and hearty, but little did they realise what a horrible fate awaited them. The Royals seem to have been over-trustful of those members of the regiment they left behind. Be that as it may, one night the hen roost was " all present and correct " and in the morning the sole survivor was Jemima : even her chick had disappeared. Great was the consternation when the roll was called. Truly there had been a " Massacre of the Innocents." Intense questioning brought to light nothing more than suspicion on the Bandmaster who for some time had been complaining of indigestion and was always on the look-out for something more appetising than bully beef. Many tales were told of this wielder of the baton, sitting over a fire in some distant corner, roasting the Speckled Hen over a fire made of defaulter sheets, rubbing his hands with glee as he contemplated the gastric holiday which resulted from his successful nocturnal raid on the regimental fowl run. No one actually saw him in this frenzy of joy, but all suspected him of doing it.

The loss of her chick threw Jemima into long fits of depression for a time and she moped about the camp. The troopers were indeed sorry for her—and perhaps a bit sorry for themselves that they had not foreseen this raid and shared in the spoils—and made extra fuss of her. With the philosophy of her kind, which is used to seeing its produce taken from it daily, she gradually recovered her normal self and limped solitarily about the camp.

She never forgave The Royals for not having an adequate guard on the hen run and took her revenge by not laying a single egg ever after. This somewhat harsh decision did not, however, influence the regiment against her and though she

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showed nothing for the food and attention lavished upon her, she still retained her place in its affections. She could hardly be the " Cock of the Walk," but she certainly was the boss of the horse lines and every charger had a great respect for her.

In order to redeem its character in the eyes of its feathered mascot The Royals now began to take steps to ensure that Jemima was properly guarded at all times. This was a bit difficult sometimes, especially when the regiment came under the Boer shell fire, when she had to take a chance. In camp she was constantly in danger of being lured away and stolen by men of other regiments who were in search of anything that would give them a change from bully beef. When on trek a " seat " was always reserved for her in the Officers' Mess Wagon. She knew the signs when preparations were being made for a march and would be a trifle difficult, in that she would keep right away from the cart and would have to be rounded up. No doubt being chased reminded her of her early days with Jolly Roger.

With the close of the war The Royals went to Bloemfontein for a time and Jemima settled down to a peaceful life, but even so she sternly refused to lay an egg. Perhaps by now she had lost the art ! A little later the regiment moved to Capetown en route to England. She was more fortunate than Scout, who, it will be remembered, was not permitted to travel with the regiment. Jemima had a nice coop built for her and she took to the sea from the start. Every day found her promenading the deck just like everyone else.

She was Colonial born and was now on the way to her Motherland—but tragedy was to intervene. As the troopship was steaming up the Channel, with the shores of England in sight, Jemima took her stand early one morning to view " the Promised Land." Just then a team of sailors came along swabbing the deck and an extra powerful jet of water from a hosepipe caught her and forced her into the sea from which she was not recovered.

After such long active service it was a cruel and tragic death. She deserved something better than a watery grave, but she

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still lives in the memory of those who served with her and will never be forgotten by The Royals whose fortunes and vicissitudes she had followed in South Africa.

"JOCK"—A GOOSE.

The geese that saved Rome may have been fabulous or otherwise, but there is no doubt whatever about "Jock," the goose mascot of the 1st The Royal Dragoons for eight years since the Great War. Jock owed his long military service to the tender-heartedness of the Officers' Mess Sergeant of the Regiment, who could not muster sufficient courage to have him killed, although the said Sergeant had already visualised him as the *piece de resistance* on the Mess Dinner table.

Mr. A. G. Drury was the Sergeant in question and he has kindly supplied the details of Jock's entry into his Regiment. He says that when he was Officers' Mess Caterer in Ballinasloe, Ireland, in September, 1921, he decided to change the diet of the officers from the perpetual beef, lamb and poultry and so attended the weekly market in the village to see how this could be done. On looking round he espied a rather large and fat goose, which he immediately bought and took him in the Mess Cart to Garbally Court (Lord Clancarty's seat).

Sergeant Drury allowed Jock to wander about until the day of "execution" arrived, but when it did come the goose was reprieved because the "executioner" could not steel his heart to do the foul deed. Jock, in fact, had become one of the Mess Staff, having taken to the men and horses the moment he saw them. His particular domain was the kitchen yard, and woe-betide any civilian that entered therein. After repeated warnings the milk boy ventured to enter Jock's sanctum, but he made a hasty exit with the goose hanging on to the seat of his pants. This incident sent up Jock's popularity with the troops.

As Christmas was only a few months away Drury decided to purchase some young geese, turkeys and ducks and rear them for disposal in due time. Forty birds were bought, but no difficulty was experienced in looking after them, for Jock made

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Capt. S. C. Dumbreck
The Lady Ampthill
Sir Derek Keppel, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., C.I.E., V.D.
H.M. Queen Mary
H.R.H. Princess Mary
Maj. E. W. T. Miles, M.C.
Col. H. Tomkinson, D.S.O.
H. M. King George V
Capt. P. R. Davies-Cooke, Adjutant

By courtesy of the "Illustrated London News"

1933, showing King George V and Queen Mary with Jock at Aldershot.

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that his own self-appointed task. It was this utilitarian trait in his character that made his master decide never to " send him to the block."

When the time came for The Royals to leave Ireland for Hounslow in 1922 some of the gourmets looked longingly at Jock and continually asked Drury when he was going to be killed. The idea of disposing of him in this cold-blooded manner was repulsive to the Mess Sergeant, who began to cast round to see how this could be avoided. One day he mentioned the matter to Captain C. Swire, who said he could travel as the " Regimental Pet." A suitable crate was promptly made and when Jock arrived at Hounslow he found that he had acquired a new status: no longer a lucky survivor of the Mess Table living on sufferance, but the Regimental Mascot, to enjoy all the honours attached to that exalted position.

As though conscious of his new dignity Jock soon began to assert his authority over all dogs and cats that did not belong to The Royals. He had an eye for canine and feline trespassers and would descend upon them from " nowhere " like a tornado, accompanied by ear-piercing shrieks.

He was a regular Nosey Parker and could never resist waddling up to any group of soldiers he saw about the barracks. He would take up a position in company as though he were participating in the discussion, and cock his head on one side in a knowing manner as though he fully appreciated what was said. One day in 1923 he noticed a party of officers and ladies in the barracks and thinking this was an irregular occurrence, waddled up to enquire into it. To his surprise he found that one of the officers was His Majesty King George V, and one of the ladies Her Majesty Queen Mary. Jock was formally introduced and the story of his " enlistment " told. Their Majesties were very interested in him. After this his waddle became even statelier.

One of the badges of The Royals is an Eagle which they wear in commemoration of their gallantry in capturing a French Eagle standard from the French at Waterloo. As the regiment had not a King of the Air for their mascot, no doubt Jock

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considered he was just as good, hence his newly-acquired snobbish gait.

In 1927 The Royals were ordered to Egypt and Jock's future once again became a matter of urgent consideration. As a mascot he was definitely on the strength of the regiment and accordingly took his place before the Medical Officer. He was passed fit and his accommodation on board the troopship duly arranged for. The sea trip out appears to have developed his appetite amazingly, for on not a few occasions he would chase dogs from their dinner and devour it himself.

Abbassia was The Royals station in Egypt, and here Jock was given quarters in the Officers' Mess Garden, where a pool was specially built for him.

A brief sketch of Jock's soldiering appeared in "The Eagle,"* the Regimental Journal of The Royals in the form of a poem.

JOCK.

"Some years ago at Christmas time,
In Erin's Isle this goose was spared;
Since then he's been the regiment's pet,
And on the best of food has fared.
He likes his home in Egypt's clime,
But lives alone—not in a flock;
He doesn't seem to want a wife;
(Please "listen in" ye Subalterns)
A good example in our Jock."

When the Officers' Mess was pulled down for reconstruction he was lodged in the stables, but he felt the loss of his pool and garden very much and began to pine away. Eventually he refused to eat and in an effort to save him from self-extermination he was taken back to his beloved garden. He commenced to pick-up right away, but it was only a flicker, he had gone too far, and within a few days he passed quietly away, in 1929.

And so Jock was to meet the same fate as Jemima, to die in land far from his native heath, in the cause of devotion to duty.

* For January, 1929.

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17TH LANCERS.
BEARS

The origin of the 17th Lancers is associated with Canada, which may account for its liking for bears as mascots. When Wolfe lay dying on the Heights of Abraham, outside Quebec, on 13th September, 1759, he requested that Colonel Hale should take the dispatches of the great victory to England. Hale came home and in recognition of his services—he had a brilliant active service record—the King commissioned him to raise a regiment of Light Dragoons, of which he was appointed colonel. This regiment became Lancers in 1822, and in 1922 it was amalgamated with the 21st Lancers to form the present 17th/21st Lancers.

Colonel C. Field* gives an account of a bear that was presented to the regiment by Prince Adolphus of Teck in 1887. It was christened Lizzie, and was taught a number of tricks. Whilst the regiment was stationed in India Lizzie was stolen, and although a thorough search was immediately made of the surrounding district, she was not found. About eighteen months later a troup of Hindu jugglers visited the town where the regiment was stationed, and they had with them a bear that was doing a number of tricks with bottles. The soldier's suspicions were raised and on closer inspection it was found to be none other than the long-lost Regimental mascot.

Lizzie came home with the 17th in 1889. As she grew older her docile disposition gave place to ill-temper, and in 1889 she was placed in the Dublin Zoo for safe-keeping. When she left for her new home she had a great send-off, being played-out of the barracks by the regimental band.

An account of Lizzie was broadcast in the Children's Hour of the B.B.C. on 6th February, 1939, and a few days later I was very fortunate in receiving from Mr. H. E. Davey, late Regimental Sergeant Major of the 17th Lancers, an account of two other bear mascots which his regiment had during his service. (1910-1933). The first one was caught in India in 1908,

* *The British Army Book* by Colonel C. Field.

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when it was quite a cub and no bigger than a collie pup. He was called " Teddy." Owing to its size it was housed in an ordinary regimental box in the barrack-bungalow. Here he was in his glory, for having learnt the knack of opening the soldier's kit bags he would scatter the contents about the rooms. This kind of thing may have been alright once in a way, but when articles of clothing and equipment were required in a hurry for parades it was a bit of a nuisance for a trooper to run and find his best trousers here, his shirt there and his boots somewhere else. When Teddy learnt to climb he was banished from the bungalow and chained up outside.

He felt the heat very much and always enjoyed buckets of water being thrown over him. Whenever he saw a bhisti (water-man) coming his way he would rear up on his hind legs and spread his arms out wide in invitation for a splash. He was generally good-tempered and would wrestle with the men. His favourite diet was walnuts and it was interesting to see him take them in his forepaws, crack them with his front teeth, and then suck or nibble till every bit of the kernel had been eaten.

The greatest care was taken with his diet and he was never allowed to have raw meat. But, alas, one day he had some, to his undoing. He saw some parrots in a cage and meant to have them, and have them he did. That was the first and last raw meat he ever had. From that moment he became uncontrollable. He resented having a collar and chain on, and by continually working to get them off he galled his neck badly. Although the Farrier Major dressed the wound, Teddy would not allow it to heal and eventually he had to be shot, a few months before war broke out in 1914.

The 17th Lancers had another bear as a mascot. Perhaps " mascot " is not the right word because it was very ferocious and apparently had no " nice " manners. He caused a certain amount of amusement among the troops owing to his liking for bottles of pop and the resultant fit of the hiccups. When given a bottle it would press down the glass stopper with its claw, rear up on its hind legs and drink off the contents with the bottle held between its forepaws. He always drank so quickly that hiccups invariably followed, which gave him a queer appearance.

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19TH DIVISION

"POILU"—THE LION

One of the distinguished cavalrymen of the Great War was the late General Sir Tom Bridges, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., LL.D., etc., who commanded the 19th Division. In his book "Alarms and Excursions" he tells how he acquired a young lion which became the mascot of his division. He writes that "in the Spring of 1916 I got a recruit for the division. During a short leave while lunching with Arthur Capel in Paris, I saw something strange in his garden, which proved to be a lion cub, won in a Red Cross raffle a few days before. He offered me the beast and I took it away in a champagne hamper in the car to its new home. We called him Poilu, and he had a sister, Cleo, who belonged to the Duc d'Orleans, and was subsequently sent to the Zoo in Regent's Park."

When General Bridges arrived at his headquarters his staff eyed the champagne hamper with pleasurable expectations, hoping for the best, but when, on lifting the lid, a young lion sprang out, they regarded the matter more soberly. Poilu made himself an honorary member of the Mess, and soon began to dominate life around him. His presence in the village of Boombezeele, right under the enemy's guns, was somewhat extraordinary, and although the British soldiers gave him a royal welcome the local inhabitants viewed him with undisguised distrust, and sought the aid of the gendarmerie to have him removed to such a distance that their young children would not fall a sudden prey to his growing appetite. Poilu was not led upon a leash, but ran about quite loose, hence the apprehensions of the natives, who would shin up the nearest tree when they saw him coming their way. Stolid army mules that never turned a hair at an enemy bombardment a few yards away, were suddenly galvanised into life at the sight of him. Kitchens and meat stores received more than a passing glance from Poilu and the hearts of master cooks began to beat with normal regularity only after he had passed well away.

Trying to satisfy this young Leo's appetite was no joke, and General Bridges tells us "that it was one aide-de-camp's

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job to see that he did not go hungry and this officer would be heard sometimes telephoning, 'Anybody got a dead horse this morning? All right, I'll send a car down for a haunch.'" Poilu tried with remarkable persistency to take everything he saw. On one occasion he was banished to the garden during lunch as a punishment for misbehaviour. Unfortunately his eye caught sight of a particularly toothsome morsel on the Mess table, and in he came, bounding through the window, smashing the glass and frames *en route* to seize his prize.

Although the lion mascot was very popular with the troops, his presence in the trenches was frowned on by certain members of the hierarchy and hints were passed on to General Bridges that the Commander-in-Chief viewed such a proceeding with disfavour. On this aspect General Bridges writes: "He was not *persona grata* with the Adjutant-General and I had intimations from him that the Commander-in-Chief disapproved and that Poilu should be sent away. But the answer was, 'Come and take him, or words to that effect.'" Well, no one came for him, but his removal was brought about through other circumstances. A writer in *The Times* some years ago, who appears to have been on the staff of the 19th Division, stated there was nothing against Poilu in the Regulations, that he lived on the country, and was no expense to the State, that he was the least of the terrors to which the local inhabitants were constantly exposed and that he filled a distinct function in helping to keep the troops amused. We do not know whether these ingenious reasons "went down" at General Headquarters. About this time rumour had it that Poilu was being trained to "go over the top" to help the tanks scare Fritz. In the division it was well-known that if the Adjutant-General wanted their mascot he would have to get him in the teeth of fierce opposition, not only from Poilu himself but from the whole Division.

The same writer tells of an amusing incident, which no doubt brought Poilu an amount of undesirable notoriety. He says that "a certain well-known politician thirsting for information, accompanied by a resplendent 'General from the Back,' called on us one day and after tea in the dug-out Mess, climbed the

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hill behind the Scherpenberg to see the famous panorama of the front line. A few minutes later they were back in the Mess. 'I can scarcely believe it,' said the statesman, 'but did or did we not see a lion in the path ?' Restoratives were administered and Poilu explained, but the famous panorama was left to the imagination."

General Bridges deals with the same incident in his book in these words: "My headquarters were then in dug-outs in Scherpenberg Hill, a prominent point where distinguished visitors could come and actually see shells bursting. Such callers were frequent, and they very often dropped in for refreshments. Mr. Asquith came one day but his climb to the hill-top was interrupted by meeting Poilu face to face. 'I may be wrong,' he said, 'but did I see a lion in the path ?'"

Whatever entertainment the Divisional Staff enjoyed at the expense of a leading statesman, no doubt the incident was reported to "the proper quarter," inclining General Headquarters to strengthen its determination to have young Leo evacuated. General Bridges was wounded in September, 1917, and was sent home. His successor did not have the same liking for carnivorous mascots and so Poilu was despatched to England in the care of his keeper, Bombardier Leather, and two A.D.C's. He was now a good size and a large crate had to be made for him, but a rough channel crossing helped him to escape from the indignity of close confinement and for some minutes he roamed the deck at large, taking complete command of the ship, whilst the crew and passengers made good their safety by tree-ing up the rigging. Leather, however, soon coaxed him into a first class cabin and eventually he was re-boxed more securely.

On arrival in England he was placed in Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake's private collection near Maidstone. "Always the perfect gentleman," writes General Bridges, "he contrived to die, aged nineteen, on the 19th June, 1935, the mascot of the 19th Division. In a newspaper which announced this important fact it added, as if in afterthought, The Duke of Wellington died yesterday on Waterloo Day."

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THE FORD OF KABUL RIVER

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. R. Murphy

Kabul town's by Kabul river,
Blow the bugle, draw the sword,
There I left my mate for ever,
Wet and dripping by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford of Kabul river,
Ford o'Kabul river in the dark!
There's the river up and brimming,
And there's half a squadron swimming
'Cross the ford of Kabul river in the dark.

Kipling.

The incident to which these lines refer happened sixty years ago; but the story of it has never been fully told and would in any case bear telling over again. Though no one was to blame, it was a disaster of a strangely tragic kind; just one of those episodes inseparable from war, when even the best of men may be caught in the clutch of circumstance.

Ordinarily, of course, the fording of a river does not involve any difficulty, and the long annals of military history show that British soldiers have been called upon to ford rivers under all conceivable conditions. The established practice is for the width of the ford to be carefully marked out beforehand on both sides by means of strong pickets driven into the bed of the river. The tops of the pickets which should stick out well above the water, are then joined together by stout ropes, strongly fixed to holdfasts on the banks. When these precautions have been taken, all is plain sailing; and if the bottom be hard and the current not excessive, cavalry can ford a stream up to a depth of 4 feet without risk. On the particular occasion before us, how-

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ever, the operation had to be undertaken in very awkward circumstances, as the reader will soon discover.

During the second Afghan war, in the spring of 1879, intelligence had been received that a *lashkar* of about a thousand Ghilzais had collected in the plain which lies on the right bank of the Kabul river and stretches away to the north-west of the Siah Koh. Upon receipt of this news, Brigadier-General Macpherson was ordered at short notice to move against this concentration with a force consisting of a squadron each of the 10th Hussars and the 11th Bengal Lancers (Probyn's Horse), with a mountain battery and about 900 rifles drawn from various regiments.

The column started from Jalalabad one night towards the end of March, 1879, and shortly afterwards began to ford the Kabul river at two points by moonlight. The lower of these two fords which was used by the cavalry and which upon the arrival of the British force in Jalalabad had been staked in the manner already described, was of a difficult and winding course. The crossing stakes had, however, been *subsequently removed at the request of the friendly inhabitants*, to whom the difficulties of the ford had proved an effective defence against the raids of the rebels. These latter were unfamiliar with its dangerous intricacies, and the people of Jalalabad, fearing that their bloodthirsty neighbours would now learn its course from the guide-marks, successfully petitioned the military authorities for the removal of the stakes which gave away the secrets of the passage. This important point is mentioned in the " History of the XI King Edward's Own Lancers (Probyn's Horse)."

On the night in question, only two guides (both Afghans) were available to point out the exact line of the ford. The squadron of Probyn's Horse, with these two guides, led the way and crossed the river without mishap. They were 120 strong, and passed over in half-sections, namely, two abreast. Soon the banks became very slippery and, the stream being strong and rapid, the column occupied a very considerable length. By the time the squadron of the 10th Hussars arrived at the ford, the moon had disappeared behind clouds ; but as the success of

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the attack depended largely upon the element of surprise, *no lights were allowed*, and the men of the X.R.H. had to find their way by following the leading squadron as closely as they could in the dark. They were told to keep up with the *pakhal* mules of the Indian cavalry.

Thus, without either crossing-stakes or guiding lights, and clinging precariously to the tail of an invisible squadron, the X.R.H. found themselves confronting a hazardous situation. But hazardous or otherwise, the job had to be tackled without delay.

It is a well known fact that whenever a ford is being crossed, even in the daytime, the eye insensibly follows the current. Each man, without being conscious of it, gets lower down the stream than the one in front of him, and the column keeps on edging away towards the lower side of the ford until those in rear get off the ford altogether. This is what must have happened on that fatal night, for Captain Spottiswoode says that soon after the X.R.H. had entered the stream, the water came up to his boots and then to his knees, which looks as though the Hussars had struck the river at the very edge of the ford, if not indeed below it.

Captain Spottiswoode relates that he and Lieutenant Hon. James Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala) entered the water together. Following them were three other subalterns, Greenwood*, Harford and Grenfell, and 75 rank and file in half-sections. When they had got out into the stream, the two pakhal mules belonging to Probyn's Horse and ridden by bhistis, were swept away in front of them. The rear half-sections of Probyn's Horse had no doubt inclined too much down stream, because the X.R.H. seem to have got off its S-shaped course almost at once. The ice-cold river, swollen by rain and melted snow, was running like a mill-race. Horses were swept from their footing, and soon the whole squadron were floundering in deep water. Officers and men, encumbered with accoutrements and ammunition, and wearing long boots, were unable to swim. A good many, however, contrived to keep

* Awarded the Royal Humane Society's medal for bravery at the ford.

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themselves afloat and to struggle across into shallow water; but Lieutenant Harford, 46 N.C.O.'s and men, and thirteen horses were drowned. Some of the bodies were washed right down the river into British territory as far as Nowshera. Captain Spottiswoode himself had a narrow escape and was only saved by his charger, a magnificent horse named Malabar.

About midnight, the quiet of the camp at Jalalabad was suddenly broken by the distant sound of horses galloping, and in a few moments by the light of the moon, riderless steeds to the number of 25 or more could be seen rushing into the camp, bespattered with mud and foam, coming evidently from the direction of the Kabul river. There had been no shots heard in that direction, and everyone was at a loss to guess what dire news these messengers of death and disaster were bringing.* Shortly afterwards, a few men came toiling across the fields, dripping with wet. The story of the disaster was soon told.

A few days after the accident, Sir Samuel Browne expressed the following opinion which I append by permission of the Secretary of State for India :—

> "The squadron of the 10th Hussars, following a squadron of Bengal Lancers across the Kabul river and yielding to the strength of the current, left the ford, which is 60 feet wide with an average depth of 2½ feet, and went over the rapids into deep water. It is assumed that just at that moment a wave or spate came down, as the column of the 10th, 140 yards long, were all at once carried into deep water. There is no other way of accounting how a long column could all instantaneously have been washed off the ford. Immediately after, the river was reforded by some of the men without accident."

Not long ago, this tragic episode was recalled by a strange circumstance. One of the troopers who was drowned, had with him a sword belonging to a subaltern named Bryan, afterwards Lord Bellew. Many years later, this sword (which had the owner's name on it) was discovered in a village on the North-West Frontier. It was subsequently returned to him, and now hangs in Barmeath Castle, County Louth.

* *The Graphic.*

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"*KHAKI.*"

By "INVICTA."

KHAKI as a military dress started in the cavalry; although, to be more precise, the corps which first adopted the colour for uniform was comprised of both horse and foot—the Corps of Guides formed at Peshawar in December, 1846, for service on the Indian North-West Frontier.

Lieutenant (afterwards Lieut.-General Sir Harry) Lumsden, who raised the Guides, took the view that the border *banditti* could be best dealt with in a manner which they would well understand, if his own men wore their native style clothing rather than adopt the semi-European dress then current in the Indian forces, and which the infantry battalions of the Punjab Frontier Force raised at the same time as the Guides were wearing.

No attempt at uniformity appears to have been made until the Corps had been in existence for more than a year, when were adopted a smock and wide pyjama trousers made of coarse home-spun cotton material, a cotton turban, and over all in the cold weather jerkins of sheepskin and wadded cotton jackets. All were dyed locally with the product of a dwarf palm known as *mazari* which possessed the property of colouring white cloth a drabbish grey. An indigenous method of producing camouflage clothing developed by the tribesmen as the result of constant vendettas and domestic wars. The leather jackets dyed unsuccessfully with *mazari*, so mulberry juice was used instead, which produced a yellowy drab shade. Thus was the origin of drab or khaki uniform.

Camouflage clothing for those engaged in hostile operations where concealment afforded a prime factor to success was not

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THE FIRST KHAKI UNIFORM

A SOWAR "THE QUEEN'S OWN CORPS OF GUIDES" IN 1850

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a new military idea. Its first use on any scale was during the colonizing wars in North America, two regiments then being dressed in short brown coats to make them less conspicuous in the woods. Then came the development of the rifleman dressed in dark green operating as a scout and a sharpshooter to deal with the snipers who greatly harried the troops. Rifle regiments were subsequently formed, whose chief characteristic in tactical operations was concealment—hence no colours were carried to mark the rallying point, no polish or pipe-clay which would show them up. So thus for a time green became the principal colour for concealment in the armies of the world, including that of India.

Khaki, however, was best suited to the barren rocky mountains and plains of the Indian North-West. All the units of the Punjab Frontier Force save one—"Coke's Rifles" who stuck to indigo green—adopted khaki shortly after the Guides established it. Practically all the units hastily raised in the Punjab for service during the Great Mutiny 1857–58 wore it at that time.

White uniform dyed dust colour was also then taken into use by British units, the first being the 52nd Foot, now the 2nd Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, at Sialkot on the 25th May, 1857. During the Siege of Lucknow, which began in July, 1857, archivists have recorded that the 32nd Foot, now the 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, dyed their white uniforms an earth colour to make themselves less conspicuous. These two, however, despite what may be said to the contrary, were not the first British units to wear khaki, for the present 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry wore drill doublets so coloured during the Kaffir War in South Africa in 1851–53. These, however, were isolated instances. And, what is more, khaki, except in a few instances, went out of general use in India as soon as the Great Mutiny was over.

It was reintroduced as a working dress in 1861 to the abhorrence of the parade ground soldier, who saw it abolished in favour of white three years later.

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White drill, dyed khaki on the spot, was used by all troops who took part in the Afghan War of 1878–80—the lessons taught by the red-coated battalions passing through the frontier defiles in the war of 1839 had been learnt.

After this war khaki became the official service dress in India. It was dyed regimentally, all kinds of pigments being used for the purpose—tea, coffee, mud, curry-powder. Each corps had its own recipe, some of which smelt high to heaven when dyeing operations were in progress.

Fast-dyed khakis invented by Spinners of Manchester were patented in 1884, but were not adopted in India for some years, the Queen's Own Corps of Guides continuing to dye their own until 1904.

Grey was the first British choice for active service, and soldiery so dressed were sent to Egypt to serve alongside khaki clad troops from India during the campaigns of 1880–82.

For the reconquest of the Sudan, 1897–98, all the troops were uniformed in khaki and it was this campaign which really brought about its establishment as universal service dress for the British Army.

And so by the time of the second Boer War in 1899 the word khaki—the Persian for dust colour—had begun to find a place in English dictionaries.

The textile used was cotton drill, a most unsuitable material for the South African winter.

Woollen cloth known, then as now, officially as drab, afterwards became the normal active service and working dress for temperate climes, and so remains.

The Americans started the adoption of khaki in the early nineteen-hundreds, Japan in 1905, the French following suit for their colonial forces about 1910, the Belgian and the Spanish armies in 1919. It is becoming more and more universal, and as a British War Minister a few short years ago said, when pressed to return the troops to " coloured " magnificence, "the uniform outlook gets drabber and drabber."

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INTELLIGENCE

By Michael Cobb.

(*By kind permission of the "Windsor Magazine."*)

From time to time the powers that be suddenly decide that the standard of education in the Army has sunk to so low a level that something must be done to raise it. The result of these deliberations is that courses of instruction in various subjects are organized, usually assembling at out-of-the-way places where a certain number of officers who don't know much teach others things they don't much know.

In a good Regiment like the Light Blue Royal Hussars (Queen's Own Royal Regiment) these courses are all taken as a matter of course. From time to time comes an order from higher authority that an officer from the Regiment will be required to attend one. So a junior officer is detailed by the Colonel to go to it, selected from the list kept in the Regiment, not because he may have some particular aptitude for the subject of the course, which would be a sign of earnest endeavour and therefore rather, tiresome, but because it is his turn to go, which is only fair and just. By this means everybody does his share, and the courses do little harm.

It was as a result of this system that the name of Forbes appeared in orders to attend the next Intelligence course, due to assemble on the first of next month.

Major Roberts, "Old Stuffy," snorted.

"Do him a lot of good," he remarked dryly. "Heavens knows, with all this business of becoming engaged to be married, Intelligence is the one thing I should say he needs above all others, and no mistake. Don't you let me catch you getting engaged to anyone, Young Kingscote, or there'll be trouble."

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Forbes went off on his Intelligence course, where he came into contact with many other officers from many other regiments, some of whom had been selected on the same principle as himself, and others who came there determined at all costs to benefit by the opportunity afforded them of improving their minds. The latter took copious notes, asked many questions, and read many books.

The Grand Finale of this course was a performance invented by one of the instructors, known as an Intelligence Exercise.

There was in the vicinity of the town a military arsenal which supplied most of the ammunition and equipment used by the Army in India.

For this Intelligence exercise, each student was told to go off independently and to make a full report on this arsenal, describing its position, size, personnel and output ; its capacity, turnover, specific gravity and location, in fact anything he could find out about it. But he must not be seen, or he would lose marks. He must not ask questions, or he would lose more marks. In fact, the Intelligence exercise was hemmed about with the most elaborate system of rules, designed to test the ingenuity of the victims and to make them feel that they were at grips with the stern realities of life. Furthermore, the expert declared his intention of secreting himself with a pair of field glasses in some unspecified observation post, from which point of vantage he would be able to perceive any of the students if they were at all careless as they wormed their way through the undergrowth.

To Forbes, the prospect of creeping dismounted round a lot of bushes, and of concealing himself under tarpaulins disguised as a missionary or an arsenal worker, held few attractions.

He consequently went to the Club, took the local directory, which gave a plan of the town including the arsenal, together with a list of its officials ; purloined a copy of the Armaments Year Book which described its activities, and copied out of the Encyclopædia a few generalities on the subject of arsenals as a class. Armed with these various items of information, he approached the Chief Clerk at Command Headquarters, and by

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judiciously crossing his palm with suitable coinage, arranged for him to produce an enlargement of the plan, and a typewritten statement embodying his notes and the extracts from the directory and from the Year Book.

He then returned to the Club, consumed sundry refreshments had his hair cut, went for a swim, played a game of billiards, against his left hand, which he won, hands down, and went out to lunch.

On the way back in the evening, he called at Headquarters, collected his plan and his typewritten report, signed it, put it in an envelope, and handed it in for correction.

He then went to have a bath and to dress for dinner.

On his way out to dine, he passed some of his fellow victims, returning hot and tired, from their expedition. Still adhering to their clothing were deposits of mud or fragments of vegetable matter, depending on whether they had elected to crawl along the ditches, wet in this season, or had wormed their way through the dense scrub which grew so profusely on the local landscape.

On the day of the correction of the Intelligence Exercise, the whole course congregated in a state of suppressed excitement. At last the expert arrived with a sheaf of papers under his arm, and an expectant hush fell over the assembly.

"Gentlemen," he began. "It is only by a close attention to detail that the Intelligence Officer can hope to succeed, and to produce his information at the required time and place. It is only by the display of the utmost ingenuity and by keeping before him constantly the object to be attained, that he can obtain the knowledge that is so urgently required. It is only . . ." he continued at great length, gradually working himself and his audience into a state almost bordering on frenzy.

"Now to take this exercise," he went on. "Lieutenant Wilberforce very ingeniously disguised himself as a native washerman; unfortunately by his neglect to remove his field boots and spurs, he completely gave himself away, and lost seven marks. Mr. Dilberoglue arranged to have himself tied up in sacking and conveyed into the arsenal by a coolie with a

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wheelbarrow. Unfortunately he was not aware of the regulations which require all parcels to be examined not only on leaving, but also on entering the arsenal; consequently his presence was disclosed and he would have lost twelve marks if he had submitted a paper. Perhaps," continued the expert, turning to the first officer, "you will be good enough to explain this to Mr. Dilberoglue when he comes out of hospital, where he is at present detained with concussion, caused by the sentry endeavouring to verify the coolie's statement that his wheelbarrow contained nothing but firewood."

The expert shuffled with his papers.

"I have here a list of those officers who were seen either by myself or my assistants, either inside, or approaching the arsenal. I am sorry to say in contains the names of all the officers on the course with one exception. This is Lieutenant Forbes of the Light Blue Royal Hussars (Queen's Own Royal Regiment). And here, before you all, I must congratulate Mr. Forbes, not only because he is the only officer who took the trouble to have his report typewritten, which when one has a large number of papers to correct, is a great help; not only because he is the only officer who took the trouble to make an accurate map of the whole arsenal, and here, gentlemen, I will again remind you of my remarks in my first lecture, on the value of maps in a report; but also, because his report is by far the most detailed, elaborate, complete, accurate, analytical report of all, and yet by its brevity, conciseness, directness and excellence of style, manages to convey the whole of the information required in a minimum of verbiage."

The expert paused, as well he might, and there was a murmur of approval.

"Perhaps," continued the expert, "Lieutenant Forbes will be good enough to explain to the class the methods he employed which enabled him to escape detection and yet to furnish such an excellent report."

There was a murmur of expectation.

"Kindly stand up, Mr Forbes," said the expert, "and explain to us how you proceeded."

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Forbes stood up somewhat uncertainly, and glanced around him. In every direction he met the earnest glances of his fellow students, their pencils ready poised to take note of his masterly and unique system.

"Well, as a matter of fact," he began unsteadily. "As a matter of fact, I never went anywhere near the arsenal."

There was a murmur of astonishment.

"You never went near . . ."

Forbes shook his head.

"No," he replied firmly. "To tell you the truth, I haven't the vaguest idea where the arsenal is. I've never seen it."

He then proceeded to explain how he had produced his report, omitting perhaps for the sake of policy his game of billiards and his swim, and dwelling at greater length than was strictly true perhaps on his researches into local current literature. Gradually as the story unfolded, an awed hush fell upon the assembly, and when he had finished they all looked round expectantly at the expert, anxious not to miss a rod of his denunciation of such illegitimate methods.

But the expert was not an expert for nothing.

When Forbes had completed his narrative, he sat down, and the expert stood up.

He cleared his throat.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "what you have just heard fully confirms the principles I have endeavoured to explain to you throughout this course, and constitutes in my opinion a fitting climax to our work here. As I have said before, it is only by a close attention to detail that the Intelligence Officer can hope to succeed, and to produce his information at the required time and place. It is only by the display of the utmost ingenuity, and by keeping before him constantly the object to be attained, that he can obtain the knowledge which is so urgently required. It is only . . ." By now the expert had got his second wind and there was no holding him.

"Now to take this exercise," he went on. "Mr. Forbes's first object was to produce a report. He has produced it. His second was, not to be seen; he wasn't. His third was, not to

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ask any questions. He didn't, making full use of such information as his ingenuity and common sense told him was available close at hand. You will agree with me, therefore, gentleman, when I say that Mr. Forbes has truly understood the inner meaning of Intelligence, has grasped the fundamental principles underlying my instruction, and has shown himself capable of assuming responsibility, a quality without which such work must inevitably fail. I shall recommend that Mr. Forbes be given the mention of Distinguished on the report which will follow him back to his Regiment. . . . Gentlemen, I thank you."

Thus it was that Forbes returned to his Regiment with the best report of the whole course.

Now in addition to such courses, all junior officers are required by regulation to pass an examination for promotion. This does not mean that they will be promoted when they have passed the examination, but merely indicates that they are considered fit for another step in rank when the time comes.

This time, Forbes felt, might now come at any moment for him and should it come before he had passed his examination would result in his being passed over. It was to avoid such a contingency that he sought out Old Stuffy and asked him for assistance.

Old Stuffy snorted.

"It's all very well, Forbes," he began, "but I don't know that I'll be able to manage it. In the first place, this old back of mine gives me a lot of trouble, and I have to rest it a good deal every day. In the second place, I've got an awful lot to do in my squadron, and I'm not certain I could spare the time. In the third place, you're not in my squadron, and it's really more Major Blackwood's place to help you. In the fourth place, I'm rather out of touch with all that sort of thing, as everything has changed so much since I first joined the Regiment. In the fifth place . . ."

By the time Old Stuffy had explained his ninety-seventh reason for not being able to assist him, the morning was far advanced and Forbes began to realize that he was asking for the impossible.

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"I'm sorry to have given you so much trouble," he said apologetically. "I'll have to ask Major Blackwood after all."

Old Stuffy jumped to his feet.

"Half a minute, half a minute," he growled. "If you really want to pass that exam. of yours, you'd better come to me after all. So come back here at two sharp, and bring all your books, pencils and paper, notebook, india-rubber, compass, field glasses, and the Manual of Military Law. And now I must go down to my squadron for midday stables."

So saying Old Stuffy stamped off.

He attended stables, went to the squadron office to deal with correspondence and sign letters, and having finished his morning's work, marched off back to the mess for lunch. On the way, coming round a corner of the barracks, he met Lieutenant Kingscote, whom he had last seen at stables with his troop. Young Kingscote fell into step alongside him and together they walked towards the Mess.

Old Stuffy was strangely silent.

Suddenly he turned to Young Kingscote and said:

"By the way, I want you to come over to my bungalow at two sharp this afternoon."

"Very good, sir," said Young Kingscote.

Old Stuffy grunted.

"And bring with you all your books, pencils and paper, notebook, india-rubber, compass, field glasses, and the Manual of Military Law."

"Very good, sir," said Young Kingscote dutifully. He couldn't understand what Old Stuffy wanted, but he was too well drilled by his mentor to ask any questions.

"If you want pen and ink, I can provide it," added Old Stuffy.

"Thank you," said Young Kingscote.

Punctually at two o'clock Old Stuffy, Forbes and Young Kingscote started work, and kept it up at full pressure for two hours. At four o'clock, Old Stuffy declared himself satisfied, and told them to come back again next day at the same time.

Forbes gathered up his belongings and went back home, leaving Young Kingscote and Old Stuffy behind.

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Young Kingscote began collecting his own things.

"By the way," he demanded suddenly. "What exactly is all this about?"

"All what about?" said Old Stuffy.

Young Kingscote indicated the elaborate paraphernalia which lay on the table.

"All this work we've been doing this afternoon," he explained.

Old Stuffy grunted.

"Promotion exam.," he said laconically.

"Promotion exam.!" repeated Young Kingscote in astonishment. "But I'm not going in for my promotion exam."

"Oh yes, you are," said Old Stuffy firmly. "I've put you down for the next one."

"But I can't be promoted for years," said Young Kingscote. "I've only just joined."

Old Stuffy shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't help that," he replied. "That fellow Forbes is going in for his, and I'm determined he shall pass, in spite of all he says. Came here this morning and tried to argue with me about putting it off or something. Fellow'd talk the hind leg off a donkey. And as I'm not going to waste my time teaching you young fellows your job one at a time, I've decided you're to go in for yours as well. So come back again here to-morrow at two sharp, and mind you learn up all I told you in the book. And as you're here you may as well stay and have tea. And after tea, if you're not doing anything, we might go for a ride together."

Thenceforward every afternoon punctually at two o'clock Forbes and Young Kingscote set to work under the guidance of Old Stuffy. He drove them hard and cursed them freely, but nevertheless they felt that they really were learning something.

Early the following month, as the training season was getting advanced, the Colonel decided to hold the first of a series of night operations.

The summer had turned out to be particularly hot that year,

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and as any serious training was out of the question during the heat of the day, night-time was the best period to carry out manœuvres and schemes.

The scheme was perfectly simple.

In the late afternoon, one squadron would move out of barracks and establish a camp at some spot which must be within a twenty mile radius of barracks. As soon as it was dark, the rest of the Regiment would set out to look for them, and deliver a night attack on them.

The squadron selected to establish the camp was to be "B" Squadron, commanded by Old Stuffy.

The rest of the Regiment would be commanded by Old Stuffy's arch enemy, Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt.

The Colonel himself would act as chief umpire.

As the Colonel explained, the means used for concealment and the methods employed to discover the position were left entirely to the parties concerned. Presumably the officers of "B" Squadron would carry out some sort of preliminary reconnaissance. It was to be supposed that they would require some sort of dinner, for which their native servants would have to be sent out in advance. It was reasonable to expect that they would discuss the matter amongst themselves, and perhaps even with a certain number of the men. That, as the Colonel further explained, was entirely their own affair.

On the other hand, whatever means Major Blackwood and his myrmidons employed to discover their intentions, would be legitimate, and it was to this end that he had detailed Lieutenant Forbes to assist him, and give him the full benefit of that expert knowledge which had earned him such distinction on the Intelligence course.

The only stipulation the Colonel made was that from the time "B" Squadron actually moved off until nightfall, when Major Blackwood's command was due to march, all attempts to discover the enemy's intentions should be suspended.

At the finish of the conference, Major Sir Archibald Blackwood called Forbes aside.

"Just a moment, my dear fellow, what?" he said. "It's

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about this night operation, quite, quite, quite. Now I want to discuss with you in detail exactly how we are to proceed, what ? Now, it's only a very small point, what, but this fellow Roberts is an extremely foxy individual, what ? Yes. Quite, quite, quite."

Forbes nodded in a business-like manner.

" Qu . . . I mean yes, he is."

Sir Archibald Blackwood's face took on a look intended to convey deep cunning.

" Well, then, it's up to us to be more foxy than he is, what ? " he explained. " I mean to say we ought to be able to get the better of him, and I'm relying on you to keep your weather eye open and see to it where they get to. Now while the Colonel was talking I was thinking matters over, and I've come to the conclusion that you had better do all the er, ah, er, ah . . . the er . . . underhand business, you see what I mean, what ? "

Forbes looked blank.

" Well, I don't quite see what you do mean."

" Perfectly simple, my dear fellow, what ? " said Sir Archibald impatiently. " Get hold of the servants, what ? and bribe 'em. See ? Don't show yourself openly, but operate from the background, and all that sort of thing. For my part, if I see Roberts riding about anywhere I shall keep a pretty sharp look-out for him, what ? Put two and two together, what ? Yes, quite—However, we must discuss all this later. Can you come to my bungalow this afternoon at two o'clock ? what ? "

Forbes paused, remembering his promotion examination.

" Well, as a matter of fact, sir, if you don't mind I'd sooner come later. You see, I go every day to Major Roberts and work with him and Young Kingscote for my promotion exam."

" Ah yes, of course, what ? "

" I could put him off if you like," said Forbes doubtfully.

Major Sir Archibald Blackwood shook his head vigorously.

" By no means, my dear fellow, what ? Just the very thing we want. Lull them into a false sense of security, and find out what they're doing. You continue going to work with them and keep your eyes open. Come along to see me this evening

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and we'll work out a plan of campaign, what ? Quite, quite, quite."

Old Stuffy held his private class that afternoon as usual. As usual, he drove them hard and cursed them freely, and at four o'clock he declared himself satisfied, and stopped work.

Forbes gathered up his belongings and went home, leaving Young Kingscote and Old Stuffy behind.

Old Stuffy watched him go.

Presently he sat up in his long chair.

" There goes a fellow who's trying to lull me into a false sense of security, or I'm a Dutchman," he declared.

" How do you mean ? " demanded Young Kingscote.

Old Stuffy chuckled.

" If Blackwood and Forbes think they can hoodwink me, they'll find they've drawn a pretty short straw. Didn't you notice it ? "

Young Kingscote had to admit he hadn't noticed anything peculiar about Forbes.

" Well, to me," continued Old Stuffy, " he looked like a defaulting company promoter who's just been asked to step inside a police station. Shifty looking and trying to appear innocent ; wouldn't deceive a new-born babe. You, perhaps, Young Kingscote, but not me."

Old Stuffy ordered tea, and they consumed it in silence.

" If you're not doing anything this evening, Young Kingscote, come round here, and we'll go for a ride together and have a look round. And on your way back here, look in at Major Blackwood's bungalow, and ask him some question or other. And if he's out, tell his servant that you came to borrow his field glasses."

" But I've got a pair here," protested Young Kingscote.

Old Stnffy rounded on him.

" Will you or will you not do what you're told," he snapped. " Do what I tell you and hurry up about it."

Young Kingscote went off, and presently he rode back to go out for his ride with Old Stuffy.

" Well, did you see him ? "

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Young Kingscote shook his head.

"No," he replied. "He's gone out riding."

"Get the glasses?"

"No. His servant says he took them out with him."

Old Stuffy chuckled, and mounted his horse.

"Come along, Young Kingscote," he said. "We'll go out for our ride, and I'll show you a bit of Intelligence work that'll make 'em all sit up. And I've never been on a course, either. In my time, when I first joined, they didn't exist, thank God."

They rode along in silence for a couple of miles.

Suddenly Old Stuffy turned round in his saddle and looked sharply at Young Kingscote.

"Ever take your field glasses with you when you go out riding in the evening?" he demanded.

"Can't say I ever have."

Old Stuffy snorted.

"Ever seen me go out riding in the evening with them?"

Young Kingscote admitted he hadn't.

"I'm not such a fool," said Old Stuffy. "And, besides, one doesn't go out for an evening ride to use field glasses. So why should Blackwood want his?"

"Perhaps he wants to look at something," suggested Young Kingscote.

Old Stuffy laughed.

"Yes, and I can tell you what he's going to look at. He's going to look at us."

By this time they had passed the Marble Rocks and were riding out into the open plain beyond.

"If that isn't that clown Blackwood sitting up there in the top of the Marble Rocks, I'll eat my hat. No, don't look round. He's there right enough. We'll ride straight on as if we hadn't seen him."

They continued on towards a small hillock which stood out by itself in the middle of the plain about four miles away. In the distance on the skyline was a low range of hills and rocks about fifteen miles away.

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"Now in among those hills would be an excellent place for our camp next Tuesday evening, so we might push on a bit and look at them. But we'll make straight for that hillock first and then get behind it so as to give Blackwood a chance to follow us. Must help the fellow and make him feel he hasn't brought out his field glasses for nothing."

They made their horses trot out fast, and soon reached the hillock, and rode round it, so that it was in direct line with themselves and the Marble Rocks.

"Just about now," explained Old Stuffy, "Blackwood is getting on to his pony behind the Marble Rocks and is galloping like a scalded cat for this hillock. All I hope is when he dismounts and leaves his pony, it'll break loose and leave him to walk home."

In silence they rode on until they were close to the distant rocks. Presently Old Stuffy pulled his horse up to a walk and finally, having reconnoitred the ground to his satisfaction, he decided on a suitable site for his camp.

"But we'll have to come out again to-morrow and have a final look round. Still, I think this ought to do us."

"But what about Major Blackwood?" demanded Young Kingscote.

Old Stuffy jerked his head carelessly towards the small hillock behind them which stood out in the distance like an island about the haze of the early evening.

"He's over there," he explained. "Straining his eyesight looking at us through those field glasses of his."

"But then . . ."

"Never you mind about that," interrupted Old Stuffy. "You leave him to me. And now if we're to get back before it's dark we'd better get a move on."

Next evening they rode out earlier, taking with them a horse holder. Old Stuffy adopted a more circuitous route this time which, however, shortly brought them back again to their hillock and to the camp they had reconnoitred the previous day.

Old Stuffy decided on the final details of the camp, the position he would take up to defend it, and the various details required by the scheme.

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That night after dinner, he and Young Kingscote worked out their exact dispositions, outposts, horse lines, watering arrangements in rough draft form, and then made a fair copy of it.

Finally, Old Stuffy declared himself satisfied and announced that it was time to go to bed.

The following afternoon Old Stuffy drove his two pupils like slaves, and at four sharp he sent Young Kingscote off to the Squadron Office to get some maps, while Forbes lingered behind discussing the work they had just done.

Old Stuffy stood up and stretched his old back.

"Untidy young devil that fellow Kingscote," he muttered. "Littering his rubbishy books about all over the place. Here, have a cigarette!"

Old Stuffy collected the books and dumped them down on a small table, while Forbes went over to collect an ash-tray, lest he too should be bracketed together with Young Kingscote as an untidy young devil.

"Now, don't you forget what I told you, Forbes, about that business, and for goodness sake mind you learn up that list in the Manual for to-morrow. You haven't got much time left now. And come back again at two to-morrow. I may be a bit late myself, but if I am, you can get everything ready for us."

Forbes collected his books, replaced the ash-tray in its appointed place, and went back to his bungalow for tea.

Presently Young Kingscote returned with the two maps, and saw his books lying in a heap on the table where Old Stuffy had put them.

He picked one up at random to put it straight, and opened it.

"Hullo!" he said. "Forbes has taken away one of my books, two of my books even . . ."

"Three of your books, Young Kingscote," said Old Stuffy. "And one of them is the Manual. But don't you worry. He'll bring 'em all back to-morrow. And now you leave those books alone where I put them. I've told Forbes you're an untidy young devil and it's no use your spoiling it all by putting them straight. I'll explain the whole business when we go out for our ride this

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evening. Give that half-witted servant of mine a shout and tell him to hurry up with the tea."

Meanwhile Forbes's tea, unheeded, was getting cold.

He had poured it out, given it a preliminary stir, and, leaning back in his chair, put his hand out lazily for the Manual which he had brought back with him. After all, he reflected, there is no time like the present and that list would take a bit of learning for to-morrow if he was to know it sufficiently well to please Old Stuffy, and Old Stuffy could always be relied upon to see to it that he *was* pleased.

He noticed that somehow he had got hold of Young Kingscote's book. He really was, as Old Stuffy said, an untidy young devil, chucking his books about all over the place and getting them mixed up with other people's. There were a lot of loose papers in it. Probably notes that he had taken. He glanced at them idly.

It was from that moment that Forbes's tea settled down to the steady business of getting really cold.

For after the first glance, all Forbes's idleness vanished and his gaze was riveted on the papers he held in his hand which he had mistaken for notes. He read them through three times. The first that he might gather their general sense, the second that he might make certain of their particular sense, and the third that he might make particularly certain of his own senses,

He then snatched up his hat, and, quite oblivious of his tea. rushed off to the bungalow of that redoubtable warrior, Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt., whom he found complete with field glasses, preparing to set out for his evening ride.

"We've got 'em!" he shouted in triumph.

Sir Archibald paused in astonishment.

"Ah, good morning, what?" he said, in spite of the lateness of the afternoon and forgetful of the fact that he had already so greeted his subordinate some eleven hours earlier. "I mean to say, what d'ye mean, what?"

Forbes waved the papers in the air.

"I've got the whole thing here," he said breathlessly. "The rough draft of "B" Squadron's plan of campaign for Tuesday

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night. All through that untidy young devil Kingscote leaving it in his Manual, and then leaving his books all over the place and getting them mixed up with mine." He explained the whole sequence of events as they had occurred.

Sir Archibald Blackwood decided that he would not ride that evening. His hand quivered as he took the papers.

"Really, my dear fellow, what?" he said. "This is an extremely important document, what? Have excessively far-reaching consequences! Make this fellow Roberts look pretty foolish, what? Yes, quite, quite, quite. Come inside and we'll study it with the map."

Putting two and two together, as he had already threatened to do, Sir Archibald Blackwood had no doubt that he now held Old Stuffy in the hollow of his hand. The result of following him and watching him through his field glasses, and the evidence of the papers that Forbes had found all fitted in perfectly. He knew as much about "B" Squadron's exact dispositions, outposts, horse lines, and watering arrangements as Old Stuffy himself.

"No doubt about it, what?" he said. "We'll be able to take our time over it, and capture the whole lot. We'll march right round them, and attack 'em in rear, and then round 'em up from the front simultaneously. Soon put a spoke in that fellow Roberts's wheels, what? Show him he can't fool me. The next thing is, of course, it's only quite a small point, but mind you contrive to slip that book back in amongst Young Kingscote's when he's not looking, what?"

Forbes nodded reassuringly.

"Soon manage that, sir," he replied. "He'll never notice anything. He's an untidy young devil!"

Sure enough, there was no difficulty the following afternoon. Old Stuffy himself was late, but then he had said he might be, and Young Kingscote was very late and was duly cursed by Old Stuffy for being not only untidy, but unpunctual. Still, the net result had been that Forbes had been able to slip the books back into the heap which was lying about exactly as Old Stuffy

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had left it, and to pick out his own books, without anybody being the wiser.

As Major Sir Archibald Blackwood remarked when the result was reported to him : " A most successful piece of subterfuge, my dear fellow, what ? "

He dined in Mess that evening and after dinner agreed with Old Stuffy that whoever lost the battle would pay the expenses of the winners.

" Good mind to have a few guests," said Old Stuffy.

Sir Archibald Blackwood chuckled.

" I have no doubt that if you can persuade anybody to attend such an extraordinary entertainment, and if we don't find you, I shall be quite pleased to defray all expenses."

Old Stuffy smiled grimly.

" Right you are," he said.

On Tuesday afternoon, at about half-past five, Old Stuffy and his squadron marched out of barracks, moving in a northerly direction, to the secret amusement of Sir Archibald Blackwood, who realized that he thus hoped to conceal his eventual destination, which lay in the opposite direction.

Soon after dark, Sir Archibald Blackwood and his troops marched out of barracks in a southerly direction, where by means of a cleverly devised system of compass bearings, he would be able to surround Old Stuffy and annihilate him in a military sense.

About an hour later, Old Stuffy and his squadron, moving in a southerly direction, marched back *into* barracks, where, after the normal preliminaries, the horses were put back into their stables, and the men went to bed.

Old Stuffy and Young Kingscote went back to the Mess, and switched on all the lights.

They had not long to wait. A large van belonging to a well-known firm of caterers drove up, and as soon as the servants could be found, a huge buffet was erected in the mess room, Presently for this surprise party to which they had only just received invitations, the guests began to arrive, and at half-past ten the regimental band, which never goes on night operations, began to play.

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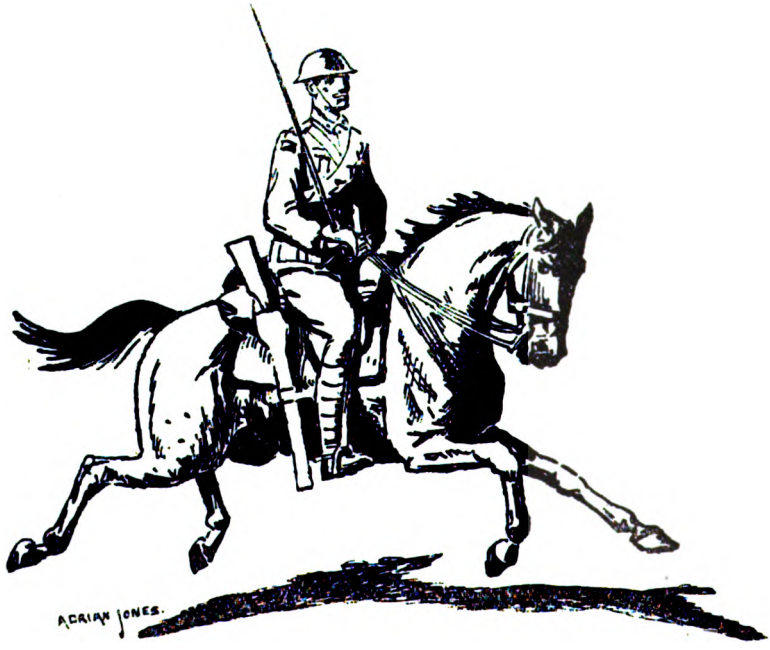
Although informal, it was a most successful dance, and everybody enjoyed it immensely. Still, all good things come to an end sooner or later, and at four o'clock Old Stuffy and Young Kingscote stood on the Mess steps watching the red tail light of the last car going down the drive.

Old Stuffy nodded his head solemnly and looked at his watch.

"Just about now, Young Kingscote," he said, "that fellow Blackwood and his fellows are beginning to think that something's gone wrong with their plans. And if those crackers we put out there worked all right, they've probably been attacking each other with great gallantry but little effect. So, you see, it isn't enough to conceal your own plans, but you must give the other fellow something wrong to believe, so as to keep him quiet and stop him from ferreting round. Still, if that fellow Forbes got a distinguished certificate on that Intelligence course, all I can say, is 'Heaven help those who didn't.'"



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PIGSTICKING THIRTY YEARS AGO

By H. S. STEWART, late 17th Cavalry.
(*Some time Honorary Secretary, Bareilly Tent Club*).

THE Kadir Cup and the Muttra Cup have made the Meerut and Muttra Tent Clubs so generally well known, that to many these clubs represent Indian Pigsticking.

But before the last war there were a great many other Tent Clubs which provided excellent sport, which were somewhat less expensive, and more confined to circles of personal friends. Such was the Bareilly Tent Club, and the following describes what used to happen in its hunts.

The writer contributed the following note about the club to *Modern Pigsticking*.*

> "The Bareilly Tent Club was founded in 1878. The biggest year's bag on record is 169 boar, killed in 1897. The average bag is 94. The biggest pig on record is 39 inches. The country consists of *baghs*, *jhow* and grass. The *bagh* country predominates. The short spear is used under hand. The Bareilly pig are very fierce. The country has a lot of blind wells. Small fast handy horses are most useful, as the pig have to be caught between covers."

At the time when the record bag was made, the club used to hunt the Moradabad and Budaun districts as well as the Bareilly civil district. But during the years that the 17th Cavalry was stationed at Bareilly, these districts were maintaining Tent Clubs of their own. The Budaun district then had a very keen and sporting Collector named Cotton, and the Bareilly and Budaun Tent Clubs held some joint meets in his area by invitation. H.H. the Nawab of Rampur also allowed the Club to pay occasional visits to his State.

*Wardrop.

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In spite of the decrease in area, the two years 1911 and 1912 resulted in the best average bags ever obtained by the Club, if the record year 1897 be omitted.

The main interest of pigsticking however, is the life, not the bag; and the following tells how the officers of one Indian Cavalry regiment spent three or four days each week in the extreme hot weather, before the days of *tea dansants*, cinemas, motor cars, and dashes to England by aeroplane.

A great shady bagh is dimly shown up by the rosy light of the Indian dawn, which is just beginning to break. The air is by now fairly cool and refreshing, compared with the intense heat of the early part of the night before.

There is an irregular circle of camp beds, swathed in white mosquito nets; interspersed are small khaki *kabul* tents dotted about under the trees. A little way off a couple of great elephants, whose *Mahouts* are fitting on their pads, gaze with interest on a riding camel that his *Sowar* is taking to the nearest railway station for the daily supply of ice. Nearby there are rows of empty bullock carts, and lines of picketed horses; amongst the latter bustle *syces* and orderlies, saddling them for the hunt.

The early birds amongst the "spears" are already at the long table in the middle of the camp, shouting for breakfast; others are getting out of bed, calling for shaving water, or pulling on boots and breeches.

From all directions of the surrounding country come streams of *coolies* anxious to be taken on as beaters. To each on arrival the *Shikari* issues a gun-wad or a tin disc, so it will be known to whom pay is due in the evening. If there were no means of identification the whole countryside would collect, claim to have been beaters, and clamour for pay.

The pick of the beaters are the *Nuts*. These are members of a "criminal tribe"; they are great natural *shikaries* and possess a number of small mongrel terriers with good noses for pig. One *Nut* is worth three ordinary *coolies*; they were paid accordingly, and followed the Tent Club from place to place. They had long dishevelled hair and the "spears" thought they

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looked like European musicians ; so they were named Kubelik, Paderewski, etc. These names so took their fancy that they adopted them amongst themselves and seemed to forget their original appellations. The *Jemadar Nut* received a rupee a day ; this was eight times as much as the ordinary *coolie*, who gladly came for two annas, a handful of *channa churbaina* (parched grain and sugar), and a share of the pig.

The average Mohammedan shudders at the mention of pig ; but the *Shikari* and the *Chaprasies* of the Bareilly Tent Club strangely enough were Mohammedans. They were members of the decadent Rohilla Pathan community, which had once conquered Rohilkhund. As such, they were still feared to a degree, by the ordinary Hindu villagers.

The *Shikari* rode a horse ; his *chuprasies* walked with the coolies, carrying old muzzle loading guns, from which they fired blank (or sometimes very small shot) to rouse lazy old boar which were unwilling to break.

Sooner or later all is ready for the hunt. The " spears " are fed ; and lighting pipes, cigarettes and cigars they move off to the " meet " either on one of the pad elephants or on hacks. The " drinks " are distributed to the *bangi-wallahs* (men who carry two light loads balanced on the ends of a springy split bamboo rested on the shoulder), and the lunch is packed on the elephants. The *coolies* follow behind these in procession, led by the *Shikari* and shepherded by the *chaprasies*. The *Nuts* and their terriers mingle with *Bangi Wallahs* and the *Tom-Tom* men ; the latter having the job of making a noise outside heavy covers into which beaters cannot penetrate.

After a short march a cover is reached ; sometimes it is a grass patch that is to be beaten, more often it is a *bagh*, and occasionally it is *jhow* of the Kadir variety. The " heats " are quickly arranged according to the ground, and the hunting begins.

Bagh hunting differs from grass and *jhow* hunting in that in this case the heats accompany the " line." The " line " (using the elephants as guides for direction and alignment) moves forward as silently as the beaters can be induced to go, so that the pig

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will not break prematurely. The beaters, being afraid not only of pig but also of panther, consider that a certain amount of noise adds to their chances of personal safety!

In *baghs* conditions are different. The pig as a rule live in thick thorn patches from which it is very difficult to induce them to depart. *Tom-Toms*, empty kerosene oil tins, crackers, barking dogs and blank charges, however, raise a fearful and continuous din; and this sooner or later induces the pig to break out in search of more quiet cover. The skill of the *Shikari* lies in so disposing his beaters that a road to other cover is always left open; the secretary, who is field master, has a similar responsibility for the "heats" which must post themselves under cover in positions from which they can see without being seen.

First out of the *bagh* come small unrideable boar, then odd sows, followed by sounders of various strength. The old boar, of which there will be only one or two, is cunning; he either tries to sneak away early, or else he waits till he can no longer remain, always ready if necessary, to attack anyone interfering with his road to safety. If an old boar sees that he cannot escape by speed, he will come out and try what can be done by fighting.

He may be old and fat; in which case he is easier to catch, but not to kill. The boar is probably the bravest animal in the *jungle*—I have frequently seen them charge elephants engaged in the beating; and tiger or panther will avoid a quarrel with a fighting pig.

When a boar has broken, and the "heat" decide he is rideable, he is given enough "law" to make sure that he will not be able to turn back to the cover; and then—"Over the valley, over the level, through the *dak jungle* they ride like the devil!"

The risks are not all on the side of the boar. There are hidden wells, quick-sands, rivers, thick *jungle*, *kunker* pits, and many other hazards. If a horse put a foot wrong, the rider is out of the hunt; some pigs do get away by sheer cunning, others win safety by fighting.

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Probably the best sport is obtained when one or two "spears" go out without coolies, relying on the *Shikari* and the *Chaprasies*, and a few *Nuts* and their terriers, and if possible an elephant. Here the plan is to beat out from smaller covers pig that have been previously marked down.

The writer looks back on several such days as the most enjoyable that he ever spent. The drawback of being entirely alone is, that the evening in camp (where there is no light to read by and the only relaxation is talk) is long and inclined to be wearisome without any companion whatsoever.

No man can consider himself a "pig-sticker" until he has killed one or more boars single handed, without any assistance from other members of a heat.

Success in a single-handed combat with a pig depends mainly on the skill of the hunter with his spear, although the most skilful at times meet with mishaps, which can not be altogether avoided. This is as it should be, the mishaps are what make pig-sticking a sport and not a butchery.

A pig, which succeeds in dodging a spear, can easily knock down, rip, or disembowel a horse. A pig has little to fear from a man on foot; and no *single man* armed with a spear can successfully defend himself against a large wild boar.

One day at Bareilly a number of rideable boar broke at the same time, and each member of the heat went after his own pig. One sportsman stuck his boar and wounded him badly, but had his horse knocked down and his spear broken. He tried unsuccessfully to use the butt of the spear (with its heavy lead end) as a mace; but eventually he only saved his life by laying face downwards in a ditch and allowing the boar to slash the part he used for sitting down. He was actually saved, from what probably would have been deadly injury, by some mongrel dogs; these attracted by the smell of blood, continued to yap at the wounded boar, and thereby partly occupied his attention until one of the other members of the heat (having killed his own boar) was able to come to the rescue.

* * * * *

Go pigsticking on a good horse; you can buy a new horse, but not a new neck. Well trained handy horses are seldom

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cut; it is the unhandy brute that brings you and himself to grief. *So train your pigsticker as carefully as your polo pony.* Have a sharp spear and don't fancy any old bamboo with a lance-point fitted on to it is suitable. A pig-sticking shaft should be short, thick at the butt, and rapidly taper to the head. It should be very strong, and if possible slightly flexible. *Don't taper the shaft to fit the head; have the head made big enough to fit over the shaft*; otherwise it will break off in a pig and leave you weaponless.

* * * * *

You cannot pigstick all day in the hot weather when the thermometer stands at 105° and more in the shade. In grass country it is necessary to stop fairly early for a long midday interval, say, four or five hours. In *bagh* country the interval can be much shorter; but whatever it is, lunch is always one of the events of the day.

It is carried on the elephants, or on the heads of coolies; and is a substantial meal at which many favour beer, trusting to the heat of the afternoon to work it off!

There are always drinks "on the line," each "heat" having its own *bangi-wallah*. The allowance per "spear" is about a dozen and a half "minerals" a day, perhaps more.

All good things come to an end; and as evening falls the hunt *treks* for camp; to bathe, put on clean clothes, have tea and more drinks; and, finally, after sundown, dinner.

Fowls, eggs and vegetables, reinforced by things out of tins, formed the staple diet; meat would not keep in the heat. Whiskey, beer, and sometimes wine were plentiful, and there was usually some excellent Justelini and Brooks brandy. The cost of these, the wages of the coolies and a daily allowance of a rupee each to the elephants, were pooled. The rupee was the perquisite of the *Mahout*; elephants, like princes and high officials, used to be supplied with green fodder by the countryside without charge.

When the coolies were paid each evening, they sit in a circle and tendered the discs or gun wads that they had been issued with. As these were collected, the men were counted by the light

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of a lantern, and every eighth man received a tap on the head to stand up to receive one rupee; with this he paid the preceding eight men. It was not practical to carry enough small change to pay out a couple of hundred coolies; this was understood and there never were any disputes. They were all friends and neighbours.

The bag, if any, was then weighed and measured. The syces pressed round to mark any pig on which their master had gained "first spear," so as to exercise their privilege of taking away the hair and skin.

After the tusks (and occasionally the heads) were secured by those who speared them, the carcasses were distributed amongst those who wished to eat them; the *Nuts* had first share, the *Syces* second, and the remainder went to the coolies. Needless to say hunters in India never eat any form of pig. If they did, they would be despised by the Indians; and it is quite certain that no Mohammedan servant would touch, much less cook, an Indian pig. The writer has no idea whether it tastes anything like European wild boar or not.

In camp after sundown before dinner there were short drinks and long ones; and after dinner there were more drinks, for those were the days when good liquor was cheap, and men doing strenuous pig-sticking are all the better for good liquor in moderation. The after dinner social circle, which gathered round in camp easy-chairs, was one of the most enjoyable parts of the day; all the events of the day were told and re-told together with reminiscences of other "meets." The Tent Club was the basis of enduring friendship, soldiers and civilians lived as comrades. People who eat and sleep in a circle in a *bagh* soon get to know each other very well.

Those who are not in the habit of spending the nights of the "hot weather" in the open country, do not realize how much cooler than cantonments this is. We used to dread the return to the cantonment (with its radiated heat from the buildings and macadamized roads), and to over-heated rooms, made more unbearable by kerosene oil lamps. Life in India in the old days had compensating advantages; but hot weathers in small

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cantonments with few distractions could be nightmares. Those accustomed to electric fans and lights have little idea of the discomforts that these have gone far to banish.

Winter pigsticking can be great fun. During the day climatic conditions are of course ideal. The objections to it are: firstly it is then difficult to get leave from military duties; and secondly it interferes with serious polo; thirdly apart from such drawbacks the cold season is a bad season for obtaining coolies, who are then employed in agriculture; fourthly there is always the question of damage to crops which has to be paid for, and so adds to the expense. Tents are essential in the cold weather as it is very cold for sleeping out of doors after sunset. Even with "British warms" and a big camp fire, dining out of doors is a little trying. However the Christmas holidays do solve the leave difficulties; and tents, even mess tents, were not difficult to provide.

Pigsticking is impossible without "preservation" of some sort. Nor is "pig preservation" really unpopular amongst the villagers, who obtain great profit from the visits of a Tent Club. Tent Clubs give some compensation in cash, and the right kind of civil official sees that the districts in which pig do damage, are not too highly assessed in revenue. Besides, whether there is preservation or not, wild pig will always damage crops; their numbers may go down where they are allowed to be shot, but any consequent gain to the villagers is balanced by their loss in what they would make from the Tent Club.

The members of Tent Clubs are usually extremely popular with the country folk, who hire out their carts for transport and themselves as beaters. Apart from the money they make, they all like to "know" *sahibs*, especially civil service *sahibs*.

The ordinary people get more pig to eat from the Tent Club than they would ever get any other way. While this may not necessarily apply to the better class of landowner, these are often quite keen to take part in the sport themselves.

Not the least appreciated of the Tent Club benefits is the medicine chest that accompanies a Tent Club everywhere, and the doctor who is also always found in every Tent Club. To

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village people being looked at by a European of any sort, is a curative treatment in itself.

There can be no doubt that the European officer, civil or military, learns more about the way people of India live and what they think, in a few weeks spent with a Tent Club than they would learn in years in *Kacheries* (Civil Courts) and Cantonments.

Anyone who has anything to do with the management of a Tent Club must speak Hindustani, so as to understand and be understood. He must take every opportunity (apart from "meets") of seeing what is going on, as regards preservation, and seeing that grass covers (which have been paid for), are not being cut down when no one is looking. At the same time he must see that the *Shikari* and *Chaprasies* do not exploit the preservation agreed upon for private vendettas or for unlawful gain.

To conclude, there is this advice to beginners: Cut down your kit as much as possible; but remember that pigsticking is a pastime, and that the climate demands some degree of comfort. "There is no reason because you hunt the pig to live like one."*

Do not turn up at a "meet" (or allow your syce to do so) in white or other conspicuous coloured clothing. Disregard of this (apart from ensuring that you see no sport), will certainly result in your being very soundly "told off" by the Honorary Secretary, even if you are not asked to go home.

Unless you prefer to hunt in a shirt, wear a thin khaki coloured coat of hard faced material that will not catch in thorns. In any case you require a quilted spine pad; without this you may get a touch of the sun. Thin breeches rub one; it is better to put up with the heat and wear thick cord ones. Avoid gaiters; boots are more convenient, and protect you from thorns.

Wear a double thickness Cawnpore Tent Club *topee, with a strong chin-strap going over the top.* If you fall, this will probably save your head.

See you have good saddles with strong arches, and that these really fit your horses. It is sickening to have to go home because

**Modern Pigsticking*—Wardrop.

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a bad saddle has given your horse a sore back. Don't forget to protect your horse's legs with well-fitting pigsticking boots; these will perhaps save him from ruin if attacked by a pig; and they will certainly protect him from thorns, etc.

Read carefully (if you can obtain them) Baden Powell's "Hoghunting" and Wardrop's "Modern Pigsticking." These books give complete information about this subject.

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THE LAST LAP.

By H. C. Maydon.

It was early September: the Worcester Yeomanry had just marched up from the sweltering Valley. They were Corps cavalry now, that thankless job, like a dog lent to any master. The old Yeomanry brigades had been broken up and in their place now strutted the Indian veterans of France and Mesopotamia. Yet, for all the sense of new brooms in the air, a certain vague resentment that the old corps, who had borne the brunt since Gallipoli days and all the dust and toil of Sinai and Palestine, were now disintegrated, yet, with it all, came a feeling of new blood—new life.

There was something brewing.

Even in the cool and restful back-water of Jerusalem rumours eddied. XX Corps H.Q. lay in the Hospice, and wherever dwells the brain of a Corps there will the eggs of rumour hatch.

"It's time for the usual winter stunt to start," said one. "Palestine has not been much in the news lately, and we've got to push, if only to relieve the pressure in France. I thought it was coming in the Valley when they sent us down there again. The 'Bull' will never be happy until he takes old Shunet el Nimrin. But now they have pulled us up here again, I'm not so sure. It may be a push in the centre towards Nablus?"

His listeners laughed. "So that's why they called the old Worcesters back, is it? Can't win a battle without them, can they? No, if you ask me, I think it is coming in the West. I hear all officers' leave has been stopped down there and regiments are pushing up north of Jaffa."

"You are wrong, old boy," broke in another, "this is the very latest. I had it from the barman himself, so it must be

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true. The whole of the best hotel here has been reserved for the 'Bull' and his staff. They are expected any day now. What do you think of that? It can only mean that the push is coming from here, up the hills, in the centre."

Bringey had learned enough to believe nothing he heard and only half he saw, but yet he sensed an undercurrent leading to great events.

The storm clouds gathered suddenly—so suddenly as to leave men breathless—yet so mysteriously that none could guess where the lightning would strike.

The Colonel was summoned to Corps H.Q. and ere ever the dust of his car had settled, Bringey was sent for by Q.

D.A.Q.M.G. had a map open before him. "Hallo, Bringey," he nodded, "you see where our front line goes? I want you to ride on at once and choose a camping ground for your regiment—somewhere about there——" and he pointed with his finger. "That's a fair day's march from here and will put you a few miles behind the line. Yes, close by the Jerusalem—Nablus road. You'll find the Blankshires in the line, if you get as far. Don't block the road, of course. You must find water, but we'll feed you by lorry from here."

"For how long, sir, and when will the regiment go out?" asked Bringey.

But the D.A.Q.M.G. was not to be drawn. "Can't tell you anything, Bringey, but don't waste time."

Bringey rode the same day with the Assistant Adjutant, a couple of men and a pack-horse. Beyond the confines of Jerusalem they soon shook off the baggage trains and the turmoil of an army and picked their way over mountain shoulders, chequered with olive groves and slashed by the yellow streaks of new roads, camouflaged with vine-like screens at vital defiles.

Queer conflicting thoughts flitted through Bringey's head. If only they could be left in peace for a week or two, just the regiment on its lonesome! He would find them an ideal camp in some shady, grassy nullah, and already his eye was roving for good grazing for the horses and likely haunts of francolin.

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He had borrowed an old, confiscated 12-bore from a pal in the police and he itched for a shot again.

They reached their destination in good time and before sundown examined the obvious place for a camp, hard by a mountain brook. But it had many drawbacks. The grazing was poor and squadrons must piquet their horses by troops, since all the valley lay in stony terraces, with no 100 yards of continuous flat. The shade was scanty and the camp exposed.

"Not good enough," muttered the fastidious Bringey; "we'll look for a better in the morning. I noticed a topping place a mile back, a secluded hollow, but I'm not sure of water."

Alack, they never found their ideal camp. As they rode back up the road next day in quest of it, they met the advanced party with the regiment hard on its heels.

"Never mind, Bringey," said the C.O., "your first place will do, as long as there is water. It will not affect us, as the regiment —dismounted—goes into the line to-night."

The next seventy-two hours remain to Bringey but a mass of dim memories. To be left in charge of the led horses is always a thankless task and on this occasion it seemed to be worse than usual. Forage and rations were always late, he was short handed, watering down and up a staircase of terraces was difficult and a score of anxieties assailed him. On the second night he rode up and visited his regiment in the line. Following ravines and gulleys it was possible to ride within half a mile of Regt. H.Q. The "trench" line was nothing but a few holes and scratches on the bare mountain side, but things were fairly quiet.

On the third evening Bringey went on a stroll from his camp, and, following the road a trifle, climbed to a neighbouring height, which gave a view in most directions. It might have been imagination, but there was a queer sense or foreboding of movement in the air, as if some great sleeping monster were slowly coming to life. From towards Jerusalem, where a network of roads took their beginning, came the vague, far-away sound of stir and in his fancy the dust clouds hovered. Suddenly down the road at his feet, from the back-areas direction, came

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the thud of hooves. A horse battery galloped up, swung off the road, unlimbered and in lightning time burst into action, firing salvoes. Seldom before had Bringey seen such rapid, methodical gunfire. A dozen times the battery blazed, then, just as inexplicably and mysteriously they ceased fire, limbered up, and turning, galloped back the way they had come. There was no sign of any other man or horse on all that darkening road. Questing for telephone news from the regiment, wondering if the Turks were attacking in force, Bringey headed for camp. A few Turkish whiz-bangs buzzed overhead—the first he had heard nearby in this camp—and exploded harmlessly on the bare hillside, somewhere near where the battery had been.

In camp there was no news. A lately-arrived ration man reported that all troops behind them were standing to till dark, when they were moving westward towards Jaffa and the sea. That their own central arteries were deserted. That for days past the Jordan Valley had been draining dry of troops, their places filled by L. of C. men and oddments.

Late that night Bringey received news from his C.O. "Be prepared to bring up led horses, regimental transport and everything at short notice, probably before dawn to-morrow. A mounted advance is expected."

"Well, I'm damned," said Signals.

"Another bit of hot air," growled the Assistant Adjutant.

But Bringey, with an undying memory of Arras, 1917, and the "Gap" which never came, was not so sure.

At some hour after midnight the whole world went mad. Gunfire in Palestine had never the same numbing, all-hell effect that it had in France; the stage seemed bigger, the mountains dwarfed the struggles of pygmies, but, nevertheless, that night's bombardment was something to remember. From west and east, over twenty miles and more of hill and dale, the thunder rolled and the earth rocked. Firing there had been before like the drone of bees, but this was the trumpeting of elephants. It was all far-away from Bringey and his horses, masked and deadened by hilltops; even where the regiment lay—three

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miles away—it might be a backwater. It was Johnny Turk who was catching it to-night—would his line break ?

Two hours later Bringey's orders came, " Have the horses here at 4 a.m.," and with that brief order commenced the greatest thrill of the war for the Worcester Yeomanry, for from that moment they were caught in the first tiny trickle which led to the tide of victory.

Little recked they then of victory as they jogged up the dusty, moonlit road, hemmed in by the ghostly bulk of mountains, and while to east and west to all eternity the storm thundered, yet here they rode in peace down a long, deserted valley.

It was hard on 4 a.m. and the dawn was not far away when Bringey halted his long column under cover of a minor precipice. From the heights above came the rare crack of a rifle, the distant whistle of a shell, the sharp burst of an automatic rifle. Bringey met his Colonel half way up the bluff.

" They've gone, Bringey," murmured the Colonel ; " nearly all our patrols are back and never a Turk to be seen. It's just what G.H.Q. expected and my orders are to push on mounted at dawn and find touch with their rear guards."

" How far are they likely to have gone, sir ? Had you much in front of you, do you imagine ? "

" No telling, Bringey ; it's our job to find out. No, I don't think there was much against us just here. They've been thinning their line hereabouts for some days. That bit of road behind there, just visible from our lines, was thick with dust and movement all yesterday. That's the 10th Division hammering them on our left, and, if all goes well, we may be ten miles forward to-night."

The last dismounted patrol was in before the first flush of dawn. No Turks had been seen bar a few dead and wounded in the deserted trenches. In the first thrill of a growing excitement the regiment climbed into their saddles. An advanced guard squadron jingled off like wraiths into the lightening gloom, followed the screened wadi bed, then mounted the

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crest line, and, fanning out left and right, broke away into the unknown of no-man's land. Never a shot greeted them.

For four hours the regiment plodded forward, with jerks and bounds, cautiously feeling its way, suspicious of knolls and ridges, heedful of man-traps and hidden bombs on the road. Not a soul was seen at close quarters, they might have had the world for their own; only on the hilltops and ridges, miles away, flamed the furnace of war. The 10th Division on the left were indisputably making headway and at wondrous speed. One outstanding hilltop had but yesterday been miles behind the Turkish lines, now on it was centred a tornado of shell fire, and by midday a swarm of ants seemed to flood its open glacis, while on the breeze came the sound of far-off cheering.

By sundown the regiment had reached a broad, stony valley where, hard by a deserted village, stood a half-destroyed bridge, evidence of the mortal haste of the flying Turks. This was their objective, a dozen miles behind the late Turkish front line, an objective chosen with little hope of attainment. Yet still they had seen few signs of Johnny Turk, save the ever-increasing debris of a rout.

It was here, as they off saddled, rather vague of purpose, that a motor cyclist despatch rider overtook them. He brought orders which left them almost as much in the dark as ever. Phenomenal success can be as difficult to gauge as a reverse. The Turks were on the run; from all indications it was not a retirement, but the beginnings of the flood of debacle. In the west, on the coastal plain, the Turkish right had crumpled utterly. Our cavalry were through, striking north and east, and no man knew where they would be arrested. The Turkish centre was holding in places, but so isolated that already such defences were like islands in a rising tide.

The Worcesters were to push ahead at dawn on the Nablus road; briefly, they were to make themselves as useful as they could to the advancing divisions of their corps, both for liaison and contact with the enemy.

Here they slept in their boots, ready for any emergency, while the battle on either flank muttered to a standstill. Some-

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time in the small hours came sudden brief alarm when the staff of a horse battery clattered down the road seeking a forward position. It was not till then that the C.O. realised that he was already stranded by the ebbing tide and at dawn the Worcesters marched.

Within five miles they were caught in the swirling eddies which fringe a battlefield. Long before daybreak the sullen mutter of distant gun-fire had increased and swept across the whole front, growing most fierce on several fixed points, and thus indicating how the advance progressed and where the resistance was stiffening. Now, as they approached Nablus—but yesterday one of the Turkish safe back-areas—it became obvious that the advancing columns were converging.

Lines of British infantry appeared on either flank, strung out across the hills, dipping into hollows, cresting the heights, ever moving forward. Further back, in dense columns, followed the reserves. On the road the Worcesters followed, yesterday almost deserted, the throb of life increased. Transport wagons, lorries, gun limbers, ambulances, plodding forward and, now, a steady trickle backward of groups of sullen prisoners and our own wounded.

News realiable there was none ; the Turks were on the run ; came tales of success from every side, but of orders, of any plan for the future, no man knew. The infantry could not go on for ever, they were tired already, and what of supplies ?

As they neared Nablus they entered the zone of action. The road followed a narrow mountain plateau, girt on either side by rough country and minor gebels. Ahead this plateau widened into a great plain, a mile or more square. From the left or west a narrow defile led up from the coastal plain and in this gorge lay huddled the town of Nablus, astride the main road which there branched westward to the sea littoral and the northern route via Nazareth. Another road to the north and the Jordan Valley avoided Nablus and bore straight on across the plain.

As they rode nearer, slowly an inkling of the position dawned on Bringey. Nablus was still in Turkish hands. Up its gorge

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from the sea coast poured a mass of broken Turks, bent on flight to the north by any exit, only to find the open, easy plain a veritable rat-trap, bare of cover and commanded by the guns and rifles of the advancing British.

The plain itself was, so far, no-man's land, the coverless bottom of a fry-pan, raked by fire from all sides and avoided by all. In the broken ground, to the south of it, lurked and rested our bone-weary infantry, exhausted by their long, victorious advance; on the hilly slopes of the west hordes of Turks from Nablus abandoned the bullet-swept road and took a short cut across the hills to the north. Eastward, as far as Bringey could judge, was impossible country, free of man, and there only remained the distant northern low barrier enclosing the plain. Here it was obvious a lingering Turkish rearguard still held open the approach to a defile, a last door of escape. A hostile battery or two fired intermittently, as if to say, "Beware the plain. Don't bite at our heels too closely." As Bringey watched, the far-off tail of transport or guns vanished over the rim and the dust clouds sank below the horizon. "Just too late to make a haul," thought Bringey. "If only we were a cavalry brigade."

As the Worcesters paused irresolute, wondering where to fit into the chess board, their C.O. perceived the flutter of a Divisional H.Q. flag.

"Ride across and ask for orders, Bringey," said the C.O. "Co-ordinate your map, if you can, and find out what is doing."

Bringey found himself in the presence of the G.O.C. X Division.

"Who are you?" was his greeting. "Thank God for some cavalry at last. Can't you do something? My infantry are dead beat and the Turks are leaking out of the trap."

For a G.O.C. tired and at the tether of his effective action, with the fruits of complete victory slipping from his grasp, he was exceedingly courteous; but now the cavalry must do something, even if they only rode two squadrons strong. (The third squadron had been temporarily detached for contact and to water horses.) What it was to be was left to the cavalry

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commander, but any fool could see what was wanted—fresh, untired troops to seize the high ground above Nablus and west of the plain and so to cut off the retreat of the Turks.

When Bringey rode forward to his regiment again their duty had seemed clear enough; but when he reported to his colonel it all sounded very vague. "General Longley expects us to do something, sir," was all he could say; "his infantry are cooked and he wants us to cut off the Turks over there," and he waved his arm vaguely towards the western hills.

"It's madness, Bringey," his C.O. replied. "I've been watching while you were away. There are several thousand Turks swarming away across the shoulders. They are covered by two batteries at least on the far side of the plain and all that rough ground below the fugitives is not only unfit for horses, but dotted with machine guns. We could do no good and should only lose men and horses."

In his heart Bringey knew that his senior was right, but there had been a certain sting in the General's words, "Can't you cavalry do something?" Well, couldn't they? To the heat of his words his Colonel was very patient. He too itched to do something, but he was an older man, more capable of sifting common-sense from rash sentiment.

Fifty yards away "Paul" Hornby was methodically inspecting his squadron horses—as unmoved and unimaginative as ever. Here was a steady rock to lean upon.

"Go and call Hornby, Bringey," said the C.O., "and let us see what he thinks."

In those short fifty yards, as they walked back together, Bringey used all his wiles of persuasion. "We must do something, Paul; the infantry are jeering at us and the Colonel is wavering. For God's sake back me up."

The Colonel was busy with his field-glasses when they joined him on a miniature ridge. Before them stretched the open plain, still bare of life. On the left, broken ground overlooked the beginning of a defile which led down to Nablus, a mile away, hidden in the valley. Beyond the defile, west of the plain, and so on their left front, a ragged slope of descending

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hillsides led to the north. On this slope, jinking and switch-backing, like a horde of marching ants across rough ground, swarmed disjointed columns of Turks, all bearing northwards. On the far northern horizon, two miles away, where the plain dissolved and faded into a deep drop, enemy guns still barked intermittently.

On the Worcester's immediate right an exhausted British infantry brigade lay panting in the folds of a low hilltop, sucking empty water bottles. North-east of them was rugged land, bare of life.

"Well, Bringey," said his Colonel, "there is the situation. What do you suggest doing?"

Thus faced with a direct problem and question, it was hard to answer. At a ticklish crisis it is always easier to be told what to do than to make up your own mind. It was easy to say, "Charge the Turks; occupy a position on the western slopes and try to cut off the rout from escape." But supposing, in cold blood, that they were galloping into a wasps' nest? The Turks, although in rout, were in thousands; it meant crossing the fire of two batteries, 3,000 yards away; there might be a score of machine guns hidden in the scattered buildings on the foot of the slopes. Supposing his decision merely meant throwing the regiment away for no good object? He began to choke with excitement, torn by the conflicting goads of action and the whisper of discretion.

"I agree with Bringey, sir," said the quiet voice of Paul. "The infantry have done all they can, now it is up to us. Keep the Turks on the run and hound them out of that strong position covering their retreat. It will be something."

"Very well," said the Colonel, snapping his field-glasses into their case, "we'll try it. Get the regiment mounted, Bringey. Column of troops under this ridge. We'll work to the left under cover and then gallop up the west edge of the plain."

Five minutes later they were following the Colonel at a sharp trot, with two squadrons in column of troops at their heels. Suddenly their protecting ridge petered out and a gap opened to the broadening plain. The Colonel turned sharply right-

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handed and the column clattered out into the open. They were committed for better or for worse. A lone infantry piquet stumbled to their feet and cheered them forward.

In front, a yard behind the C.O., rode the Adjutant, Paul Hornby, Paddy Hampton (commanding D squadron), and Bringey. Their objective had still to be sought. Giant whips cracked in the distance ; an odd shell or two whistled overhead or thudded amid the rocks, vomiting splinters, but these were trifles, fading soon to increasing irregularity, since, if the truth were known, the Turkish gunners took to their heels. More menacing was the swish of bullets overhead from unseen machine guns lurking in a hamlet a thousand yards ahead. The regiment broke into a steady canter. For most of a mile they swept forward hugging the edge of the plain, with a gentle slope rising on their left, too stony and slashed by minor ravines to encourage horses. The shell fire had died down to stagnation, there was no sign of humans, friend or foe, save the disorganised bands, who still hurried northwards on the heights, 1,000 yards above them. Yet machine guns still barked and rattled from somewhere on the left and their target was the Worcesters, though so far with little effect.

Suddenly a huddle of stone buildings amid a sprinkling of trees came into sight round a shoulder and the fire doubled itself. By some happy fluke the galloping squadrons crossed a stretch of dead ground and were screened at the critical moment. Fearing to leave this hornet in their tail undealt with, Bringey fell back with the rearmost troop, and, dismounting in the hollow of dead ground, crept up and lined an old stone wall. He and his dozen rifles were now within 400 yards of the houses, two of which, being double-storeyed, towered up among their brethren and were doubtless the eyries of the machine guns. But although they had been spitting venomously as the squadrons passed, just sited wrong for that particular mark by the grace of God, they were now silent as the grave. It was not their aim to be caught like rats in a trap and the squadrons had long vanished round the swell of the hill.

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Bringey was now set a problem. How to attack one or more machine guns hidden in a hamlet, of whose actual site you are uncertain? They might be in either of the two-storeyed buildings or in both, or actually in neither. Between him and the hamlet lay two parched fields enclosed by stone walls, beyond was a leafless orchard and from it a stone-walled lane led into the village. Both opponents glared at one another, invisible and silent.

"Pepper them both," said Bringey to the troop leader, "it may draw a response and we'll know where they are."

But bar dust and stone splinters the meagre rifle fire drew no result. Meantime Bringey was looking about him. Both squadrons had dismounted and come into action on the slope of the hill half a mile ahead. They were bringing their right shoulder forward, so that their extreme right, well up the slopes, was able to command the route of the fugitives. Even as he watched a large mass of Turks seemed to detach itself from the rabble and to move down towards the squadrons. As the firing in that sector ceased it must betoken surrender.

A hand twitched Bringey's sleeve. "Look," gasped Goodson, "coming right into our lap," and signalling his Hotchkiss gun forward, he pointed to a column of men who seemed to be heading down into the hamlet. They were 600 yards away in better order than the distant mob, and it looked a gift. But Bringey was apprehensive. "Are you sure they are Turks?" he hissed. The Indians must be on the fugitives' tail—or the French. They look far too well disciplined. For God's sake don't fire until you are certain."

As they hesitated, clutching field-glasses, nervous with excitement and arguing over unfamiliar headgear, suspicion suddenly nudged the newcomers and they swerved away into dead ground. The opportunity had come and gone. They were Turks.

"Curse it, Goodson, I am sorry," spluttered Bringey. "You were right enough. Well, let's have a go for the machine guns. They may see the game is up and chuck it."

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But hardly had Goodson begun to skirmish forward, hugging the stone walls, when a machine gun came to life, spraying the walls and anchoring everyone on the spot. The Hotchkiss spat a reply, but even now the exact site of the enemy was doubtful.

"Stop where you are," roared Bringey. This was ludicrous, but he wasn't going to throw away a dozen men for nothing. They wanted bombs and they must extend and stalk it from a dozen different quarters. As he wondered he faced a new problem. Coming slowly towards the hamlet across the bare slope of the hillside and from the direction of his own two squadrons, surged a great mob of Turks. For the moment he thought things were nasty, until he saw that fringing the mob, scattered like sheep dogs, a dozen men to half as many hundred, rode nonchalant British Yeomen. In the van rode the cheerful figure of one of his own sergeants, conducting the prisoners.

"Right into the damned machine guns," blurted Goodson. "They'll turn the tables. Hell, can't we do something?"

While his Yeomen yelled and waved in vain, Bringey commenced to write a message—but time was too short. He ordered a man forward, but that meant delay and explanation. No, he must go himself; rather fun, no worse than stalking an ibex.

It was 400 yards to the hamlet and the mob of prisoners and their escort were not much further, entering the houses from the north. The machine gun had stopped firing, but in two minutes would be able to rake the unsuspecting escort at 100 yards. Bringey went up a convenient length of stone wall like a rabbit, dodged at a gap, reached another stretch of stone wall and peeped at the two ominous buildings now 150 yards away with his heart in his mouth.

"Blast and damn their eyes," he muttered. "If I only knew in which house they were." Then he saw his escort-duty sergeant 100 yards away and yelled to him to skirt the village. The man had his wits about him and did not pause to ask questions. Even a blinkin' field officer didn't crawl about on his tummy for no reason. He diverted his direction. The prisoners and their guards filed slowly past and never a shot

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was fired. Most of the Turks still carried rifles, but their tails were down. They had finished with the war. Not quite, though. As Bringey watched them curiously, now half a mile away, there came a roaring zoom overhead and one of our planes stooped at the wretched Turks, unsuspecting that they were prisoners. Two bombs dropped in the mob and a machine gun spluttered. Then, as the mob scattered, the plane buzzed on like an angry wasp.

Bringey never took his machine guns. As he planned another effort his two squadrons thundered back, still hugging the base of the hills.

"Things are getting too hot, Bringey," gasped his C.O., breathless from the gallop. "We'd better get out while we can. We've snaffled a bunch of them, but there is half an army sweeping over the hills. Cover our gallop for a bit, then follow."

D Squadron followed their Colonel in line, extended over the coverless plain. As Paul pulled up under cover at the head of A Squadron, those accursed machine guns began to sputter again. Bunches of Turks were firing from the hillsides and the air hummed like a hive of angry bees.

"Can't see any blasted reason to quit," growled Paul, unperturbed, to Bringey, "we'd got 'em tamed as long as we sat up there. However, I'd best be moving. You coming, too?"

"Yes, as soon as you're clear. Get a hustle on."

As Goodson's troop mounted under cover of their wall they had far too good a view of A Squadron's farewell send-off to add to their comfort. The air was full of vicious zipping and a wave of dusty spurts kicked at the heels of the galloping line.

"Come on, Goodson," yelled Bringey, making a very poor mount on his own rearing charger and thanking God it was not Zulus on his tail. Then they were off, hell for leather, in a cloud of screening dust. Not so bad now with a good horse between your knees and the ugly cracking lost in the thunder of hooves.

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To his amazement they were half-way across the plain before a horse went down, its rider staggering a pace before he fell. A shoeing-smith and his mate, Serrefiles, had pulled up and were quietly assisting. "All right, sir, we'll see him safe home," they grinned. And they did.

The last troop crossed a shallow ravine at last, and, as they emerged and swung right-handed into the low hills, they were cheered by an infantry piquet and realised that the storm was over

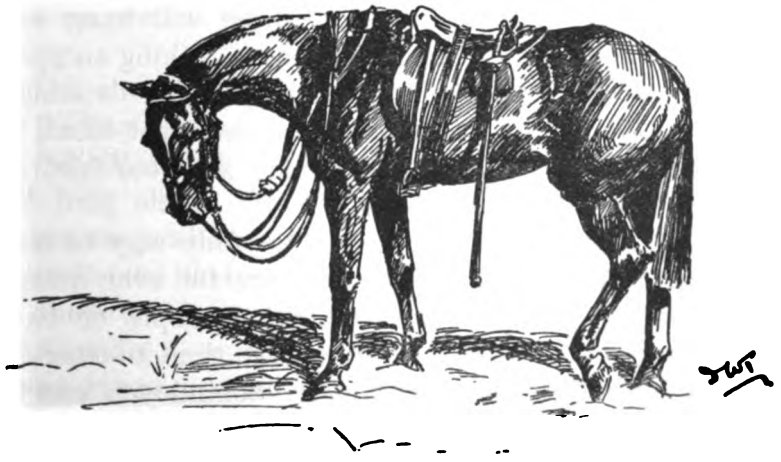
"Gor blime, mate," yelled a footslogger, "what 'ave you done to Johnny ?"

"Twisted 'is ruddy tail, the bastard," replied a hoary old Yeoman. "But lumme can't 'e bark ?"

Bringey reported all in to his C.O. "One man killed and about a dozen wounded, as far as I can make out, sir, but I'm afraid we have a lot of horses hit."

"Not a bad price, my boy," said his elder. "Six hundred prisoners, a fillip to the rout and two enemy batteries abandoned, they say, at the top of the gorge. Our aeroplanes are at them now and it's God help them in a crowded defile. We're getting a bit of our own back at last."

But Bringey had turned to Paul. "Thank goodness we chose right, old bird. There's life in the old horse sojers yet, but God knows why they didn't blow us all to Glory."



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ABOUT SNIPE

In many of the shooting books certain rules are laid down for the benefit of the novice who would try his 'prentice hand at snipe. He is advised to walk up-wind, down-wind, or across the wind, according to the fancy of his particular mentor, but when he comes to put these ideas into practice I am afraid he will find that they do not always work out successfully. As a matter of fact the snipe is one of the most inconsequent of birds, and you can lay down no hard and fast rules about bringing him to bag. His pace, angle, and twist as he goes away are never quite the same, and you have only a split second in which to decide how to take him.

The two safest rules to follow in snipe shooting are go slow and make as little noise as possible. You can't travel fast and shoot straight when crossing a bog, and if you talk or otherwise advertise your presence, the birds will very soon begin to make themselves scarce. Snipe have ears, and if you walk down-wind they are more likely to hear you than if you approach from the opposite direction, unless there happens to be half a gale blowing. In the latter case a snipe will hang for an appreciable time before getting under way. Taking an up-wind course you get nearer your birds, but they go off twisting and flying low. Walking across the wind, on the other hand, tends to make the shooting easier, as you may get your bird at an angle after it has finished screwing.

Practice and still more practice is the only way to become proficient as a snipe shot. The birds are for ever doing the unexpected. Perhaps you have killed a couple or two by snapping them in front before they had time to start their wicked twisting, then one rises quietly behind you and is off into the blue before you can turn round. A snipe can offer a

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very easy shot or an extremely difficult one. Success in snipe shooting, however, depends not so much I think on skill with the gun, as on a knowledge of woodcraft, call it snipecraft if you like, that enables you to judge what the birds' movements will be according to the state of the weather.

Although I have said that no hard and fast rules are applicable to snipe shooting, there is one that usually holds good, *i.e.*, that certain spots if you know them, invariably hold a bird or two irrespective of what weather conditions may be. Such a spot may consist of a spring in an otherwise dry pasture field, a few yards of wet ground amongst the heather, or a definite section of a large bog or marsh. From such places you can be practically sure of flushing at least one snipe, and if you kill it there will be another to take its place and afford you a shot on your next visit.

Snipe are for the most part nocturnal feeders, spending the dark hours probing with their sensitive bills for worms and other fare. By dawn they have that comfortable feeling of fullness after eating, and their next need is for sleep. They will not, however, sleep on wet ground. Should the bog or marsh on which they have fed provide dry lying in the shape of rough grass, rushes or heather, they may remain on it for the day, but if there is no dry cover they will shift to other sleeping quarters where they can rest in comfort. This is why you find snipe lying in fields and open hillsides at some distance from a marsh, on ground where a novice would not expect to get any shooting.

When the night is very dark or stormy snipe may stay on their feeding grounds until quite late in the morning. If not fully fed after such a night the birds are apt to be wild and afford long shots. Should the night have been favourable, however, they will be satiated with food, and if the day is fine they are quite likely to lie like stones. Frost causes snipe to shift their quarters, for they cannot bore for food in hard ground, and too much rain will do the same. Snipe are fond of ground where cattle are pastured, for the stock break up the earth, and the animals' droppings provide many a *bonne*

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bouche. If you examine the cow-pats you will often find them full of little round holes, evidence of where snipe have probed them.

Snipe shooting, to get the best out of it, is really a one-man job. If you have a friend who is knowledgeable in the ways of snipe, can keep his mouth shut, and knows how to walk bad ground, then the two of you can have a happy day together. If you are depending on yourself to gather all the snipe you kill, then you must mark their fall accurately. A snipe is a small bird weighing about 4 oz., and even when killed is often difficult to find in thick cover. Small as a snipe is it leaves a strong scent, and some, but not all, dogs become very keen on it. A steady retriever is a useful dog to take out snipe shooting. In some parts, more especially Ireland, snipe are shot over pointers and setters. Spaniels, too, are often very handy on snipe.

As already mentioned, snipe are influenced in their movements by the weather, and they are highly sensitive to impending weather changes. With a storm in the offing, snipe which have been lying well may suddenly change their mood and become wild as hawks. The majority of snipe are not home-bred birds. The latter leave their breeding grounds in August or September, and later their places are taken by foreigners from Northern Europe.

While snipe are usually got by walking them up, some very good bags have been obtained on certain estates by driving. The Dunwich Marshes, in Suffolk, have been systematically driven, the ground being divided into beats, with butts for the guns. Before driving was instituted, the total of snipe for a year was about forty, since when as many as 359 have been killed.

Much larger bags have been made in other parts of the British Isles. The late Patrick Halloran, one of the professional shooters of County Clare, in Ireland, killed 1,376 snipe to his own gun during the severe winter of 1880–1. Probably record bags were made by Lord Elphinstone and Mr. J. D. Cobbold on the Island of Tiree. Shooting on nine days, 25th October

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to 3rd November, 1906, they killed 1,108 snipe. Of these nine days two were only short ones, on which fifty-six snipe were shot, leaving 1,052 snipe for seven days' shooting. In 1908 the same two guns in eleven days killed 1,292 snipe, their best day being 217 birds. Large bags of snipe have been made in India, Egypt, and Spain. On the 18th February, 1900, Mr. W. K. Dods shot 262 snipe to his own gun at Danlatpur. In 1896 four guns shooting six days in all on Bullee Bhil jheel within fifty miles of Calcutta, killed 1,327 snipe and sixty-one golden plover. Their best day resulted in 462 snipe and forty-eight golden plover. Good bags of pintail snipe have been made from time to time in Ceylon, and similar bags of Swinhoe's snipe have been got near Hong Kong. In the United States and Canada the snipe shooting is often very good, where the Wilson snipe takes the place of our own full snipe.

In this country we have the great snipe, the full snipe, and the jack snipe. The first mentioned is comparatively rare. As its name implies it is larger than the full snipe, and weighs from 6 oz. to 10 oz. The little jack snipe tips the scales at about 2 oz. It is usually found singly, but sometimes congregates in wisps. Unlike the full snipe, which rises and disappears into the blue, the jack does not fly far and quickly settles again. It rises quietly and looks very easy to hit, but many a jack has been missed on that account, being, like the woodcock, a deceptive mark. Sometimes a common snipe will settle after a short flight, and when this happens it pays you to walk the bird up as it will generally lie close. Where snipe form the major portion of the bag, it is wise, I think, to use cartridges loaded with No. 8 shot, but if grouse or duck may be expected, too, No. 6 shot will be found most useful.

The areas of ground which snipe love have been gradually disappearing since those days 200 years or more ago when England was for the most part swamp. Then drainage was started, and is still going on to-day, so that snipe have been driven further and further from their old feeding grounds. Not that snipe object to the proximity of human habitations, however, if the right kind of food is to be had there, as witness

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the number of snipe which visit the sewage farms near our big towns.

Even in a first-class snipe district the areas in which the birds are found comprise but a fraction of the whole, and it is surprising how small some of these areas are. While drainage has spoilt many an old-time snipe ground, it plays its part in improving unsuitable areas from a snipe point of view. Snipe do not like too much water, nor do they appreciate too thick cover. Where the water is deep they cannot reach their food, thus a few drainpipes judiciously placed may make all the difference between a blank day and a few couple of snipe in the bag.

I suppose many of us have at times emulated the man who said he always shot zig as the snipe flew zag, but probably few have accomplished the feat of Quartermaster Molloy, of the 64th Regiment, who when quartered in Ireland used to go after a certain jack snipe at which one day he fired no less than eighteen unsuccessful shots. The bird served him for nearly a whole season, until one day when he was crossing the bog up rose the jack, and exclaiming, "There's my old friend!" the gallant Quartermaster threw his stick at it and killed it on the spot.

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THE ROAD

By Colonel F. A. Hamilton, Late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

" Much travelling is needed to season rawness ! "

To quote that great writer on Persia, the late Gertrude Bell, " For myself I am sometimes tempted to believe that the true pleasure of travel is to be derived from travelling companions. Such curious beings as you fall in with, and in such unexpected places ! Although your acquaintance may be short in hours it is long in experience ; and when you part you feel as intimate as if you had shared the same slice of bread and butter in your nursery. The vicissitudes of a journey have a wonderful talent for bringing out the fine flavour of character ! One day may show a man in as many different aspects as it would take ten years of the customary life to exhibit.

" Moreover, time goes slowly on a journey, and a man is apt to better its pace by relating the incidents of his career to a sympathetic listener. Like packmen, we unfasten our wares, open our little bundle of experiences, spread them out and finger them over ; the caravan reaches its destination, and silks and tinsel are gathered up and strapped upon our backs and carried—God knows where ! "

The Persian's idea of a road is a track not always very well defined, and at some points, especially going over the passes, so narrow that one can only hope that two caravans will not meet !

To take the road as a plain civilian you will be wise to go with a caravan, that is, a string of animals ; donkeys, mules and camels, laden with merchandise and hung with bells, there may be twenty or there may be seven hundred or more. Let us

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suppose that our caravan consists of more than one hundred and sixty souls, men, women and children, made up of all sorts and conditions of people, though for the most part they are merchants of the smaller kind, carrying their wares, carpets, grain, raisins, to the more prosperous cities of the North. In addition we carry some twenty corpses in various stages of decomposition, wrapped in long wicker baskets, the bodies of devout "Shias" being conveyed to their last resting-place at Holy Kerbela in far-away Mesopotamia. The mules are in charge of the Charvadar or Head Muleteer, a truly admirable type, short, thick-set and hard as nails. His face is tanned, he is inured to long weary marches in all weathers, he is earnest, reliable and fearless, the brotherhood of the road is the cardinal principle of his creed and he will share with you his bread, his tea and his pipe. He has an excellent temper; abuse him as you like, he always comes up smiling. You simply cannot help liking the Persian Muleteer; he is one of nature's gentlemen! As transport his mules are quite superb. They move along in droves quite free. They all carry bells. The Ispahan mule bells have a deep tone and are of brass, the mules and ponies of a caravan are equipped with them, and although they greatly add to the weight carried, they sound glorious as they go along, especially when there are, as is often the case, 1,000 mules in a convoy. The camels of a caravan also carry bells made of copper, which have a very deep and pleasing note. The camels also carry sewn on to their trappings small bells and gaily coloured wool, with large tassels. If we add to this the weird crooning songs of the muleteers and the cries of the donkey boys, a journey in Persia is not without its musical charm.

Certain districts of Persia are much infested by robbers who systematically pillage any defenceless traveller who happens to pass through their domain, with the result that no caravan will venture upon the road until such time as it has accumulated sufficient "fighting men" to enable it to protect itself against robber raids, and so with most caravans you will see some half-dozen horrible-looking ruffians; dirty, unshaven, armed to the teeth and mounted on raw-boned quadrupeds. These are the

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Road-guards. " They " have detailed themselves to look after " you " during the march ! You are unwillingly compelled to take them on ! If not, you will merely be robbed by bandits, who are usually the road-guards themselves ! The average road-guards are not famed for their gallantry, and should the caravan be attacked by real bandits they will forthwith prepare for battle, not by boldly advancing to meet the enemy, but by riding " hell for leather " to a safe distance in the opposite direction, where they will make as much noise as possible with their voices, and by firing their rifles in the air. In any case the road-guards are often in with the robbers, much as the old-fashioned stage coachman had a liaison with the highwaymen. A friend of mine, a mission padre, travelling with a caravan was robbed with the rest of the travellers in the dark hours of the early morning. At dawn, when the caravan was once more on the march, he was not a little surprised to see his long black clerical frock coat, only used for very special occasions, adorning the person of the chief of the road-guards !

Those captured by robbers in Persia are often put to horrible indignities. A friend of the writer, a very fine type of officer of the Indian Army, was going home on sick leave via Tehran. He was stopped eighteen miles from Ispahan, and he and his servant were stripped stark naked, robbed of everything, and left to find their way into the city. Fortunately a friendly caravan overtook them and clothed them sufficiently to get them respectably into Ispahan, where the Consul took them in his care. Other members of the caravan met with a worse fate. These robbers were under one Reza-Khan Bakhtiari, a notorious bully, now no more !

Let us take the road.

All being well the caravan starts at 5 a.m. I say, " all being well," for it takes very little to postpone the departure of a caravan. For instance, should anyone be heard to sneeze as the caravan goes through the main gateway, it is looked upon as an ill omen, and the caravan will as likely as not put back until some more auspicious occasion, possibly some weeks hence.

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In our case all is well, and we take the road without any regrettable incidents. The first stage of the journey is pleasant enough, and we breakfast by the roadside at 9 a.m. Then comes the heat and the dust with it. Sunshine, sunshine, tedious, changeless, monotonous. The long straight track lies ahead, the desolate plain stretches away mile after uninterrupted mile. At last, at about three o'clock, we see in the distance a large clump of trees and near by a great walled enclosure with a noble entrance arch. It is the Caravanserai of Pulifassa, our halting place for the first night. Close to it is a little mosque with a blue-tiled dome, set amongst some meagre poplar trees. Many of the blue tiles have fallen from the dome unnoticed by the local inhabitants, and certainly unreplaced. The Serai has loop-holed towers at each corner. A mud village lies a few hundred yards away, a typically Persian village, picturesque, but indescribably dirty.

Soon after three, the best hour for reaching camp in the East, we dismount from our tired horses and enter the Serai.

> "This old battered Caravanserai
> Whose portals are alternate night and day,
> Where Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
> Abode an hour or two and went his way."

Why "night and day"? Because the entrance to the Serai, made for the purpose of defence, is zigzag, and is dark at one turn and light at the next, until after several twists and turns you pass into the enclosure. Let me show you round it.

Imagine a small square courtyard surrounded by buildings. In the centre is a raised platform to which the animals are tethered. Around the courtyard, raised about 4 feet from the ground are a number of small rooms for travellers. These possess a doorway each, but no door (used long ago for firewood), a fireplace, but no chimney. Most of these Serais were built 300 years ago by "Shah Abbas the Great," and have not since been kept in repair. They are often used by local shepherds for their sheep and goats, and you may reluctantly have to deprive these animals of their night's shelter to acquire your

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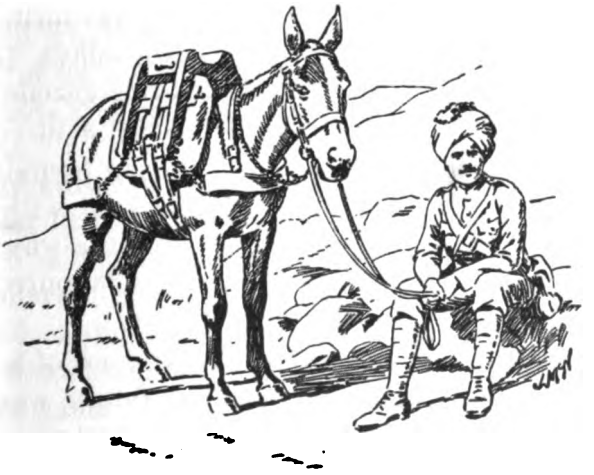
bedroom. The packs of merchandise are stacked in the centre of the Serais.

Night settles down, and all over the courtyard little fires spring up as the muleteers and servants cook their evening meal. On the verandah a fellow traveller is cooking a curry over a fire made with bricks on the floor. In the courtyard sits another group in the light of a hurricane lamp. One of them is cooking meat, another is boiling rice, all for a " pillay " such as only Persians can make. If you look up from your camp bed, in a few hours' time, a silvery moon is shining on the animals and on the sleeping muleteers. The smoke of the camp fires goes spiring up towards a purple starry sky, the never-to-be-forgotten smell of it fills the nostrils. The caravanserai is asleep.

" One moment in annihilation's waste,
One moment of the well of life to taste,
The stars are setting, and the caravan
Starts for the Dawn of nothing ;
Oh, make haste ! "

Omar Khayam.



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MOUNTED SPORT IN PERSIA

By Colonel F. A. Hamilton, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

"The sweetest wind from heaven is that which blows between a horse's ears."

—*Persian Proverb.*

Persia has been a land of horsemen ever since the legendary times when Iran and Turan played polo for the world's championship some three thousand years ago. In the fifteenth century it was written of this Persian national trait: "On horsebacke they fight with the enemie, on horsebacke they execute all afairs as well in publicke as private, on horsebacke they buy and sell, and on horsebacke they confrère and talk with one another: and the difference between the gentleman and his slave is that the slave never rideth nor the gentleman goeth on foot." This is true to the present day.

In the old times the wild ass was their favourite quarry; latterly he has almost disappeared. Nowadays parties of sportsmen armed with rifles and shotguns ride gazelle, hares or bustard, firing from the saddle with the utmost skill.

They course gazelle and hares with Persian hounds and the writer enjoyed many a day's sport of this kind with Persians in the vicinity of Shiraz. The gazelle almost always got the best of it unless the hounds (Tarzies) were favoured by soft ground after rain, or in some unexpected way.

The Persians had a way of combining the use of hound and falcon so as to defeat their quarry. The falcon was released and quickly overtaking the gazelle, hovered fluttering over the head and eyes. This so handicapped the gazelle that it became an easy prey for the hounds.

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In the following extract from " The Glory of the Shia World," of a young Persian Khan describes hunting expeditions in which he was allowed to take part with his august parent.

" I well recollect the journey to Saiidabad, the capital, over a high range where we rode in every direction in search of partridges. Our sowars spread out on each side of the track, and as partridges only fly a short distance, they were shot in large numbers or seized by falcons, of which His Excellency kept a large number. To see the intrepidity with which the Sowars galloped up and down steep mountains and shot hares and even partridges at full speed, would prove to any one the Persian sowar has no equal !

" A few weeks after our arrival at Saiidabad it was decided to go on a shooting expedition, and I was allowed to join the party on a well-trained horse. As soon as we were clear of the town and had reached the open country, our sowars spread out—two and two—leaving an interval of about 500 yards between each couple, until the whole plain was covered. In the centre my father, Aga Ali (his chief gun-bearer), and myself rode, and, on both sides of us, the line of sowars was slightly thrown forward like a crescent moon.

" We proceeded slowly in this manner for perhaps a mile or two when suddenly Aga Ali, whose eyes were like those of a hawk, espied a herd of seven gazelles which were grazing a long way ahead of us. When they, in time, sighted us, they threw up their heads and galloped off, while we continued on exactly as before.

" This went on for half an hour when suddenly, the gazelles, which do not like leaving their grazing ground, stopped, turned round, and galloped between my father and Mohamed Mehdi Khan, who was on his left. At first the two groups moved slowly on, inclining inwards ; but, when it was clear that the gazelles had made up their minds and were flying like the wind, both parties galloped to cut them off. So successful were they that the gazelles passed within 15 yards of my father who, with his No. 10 gun—loaded with slugs—shot two of them.

" Imitating him, by throwing my reins on to the neck of my

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horse, I also shot a gazelle which much pleased my father, who shouted: 'Thanks be to Allah! The lion's whelp will be like its sire.' I was so elated at hearing this from my father who scarcely ever spoke to me, that my head turned round. Aga Ali, too, who had taught me to throw down my reins and to always turn in the saddle when shooting—a feat no European has ever learned—paid my father many compliments, and was promised a gift of a hundred tomans. Such a Hatim Tai* was my sire!

"That night we camped near the swamp and as sixteen gazelles had been shot, everyone was much elated, and, round the fires, the ramrods of the rifles were covered with meat; indeed, Allah knows, I never tasted such delicious meat as that of the gazelle roasted in this fashion."

The prestige and circumstances attached to the falconry in Europe in bygone days had its counterpart in Persia. "The Persian Shahs never went hunting or hawking but they took over 500 dogs and as many hawks, and everything that rose before them was considered to be fair game." It was said of one Shah: "For flies he hath sparrows, for birds merlins, for gazelle eagles, and for other quarry some hawks or another."

War and the chase were the pursuits of the Persian Kings. In battle, the Shah occupied the centre of the line and was expected to display much courage. In hunting, with the aid of dogs and his bow and arrow, he was often required to face a lion or a wild boar, an effort requiring no small amount of nerve. Things are not done quite so elaborately nowadays, though the sport of hawking is still kept up.

The great Persian work on Falconry is the "Baznama," or Book of Hawks, written some sixty years ago by Prince Taimur. The following extract from it is vastly interesting to all lovers of wild birds and their ways:—

"There is no bird to equal the common crane in valour and a fine sense of honour. When your Balaban (Hawk) takes one, if there are a hundred others in the air, they will one and all drop from the sky, attack the hawk and perhaps kill her. Till they

* Hatim Tai is the example in the East of a generous Arab chieftain. On one occasion, having no food, he slew his famous mare to satisfy the hunger of a guest.

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release their captured comrade they will not again take the air. Ah! Had a sovereign but five thousand cavalry possessed of the valour and resolutions of the common crane he would conquer the world!"

Since the invention of the breech-loading gun falconry has, alas, declined in popularity; but even in recent years petty tribal fracas on the frontiers of India and Persia have originated in the theft of a favourite merlin, falcon or other hawk. Much money is staked on hawks and on Tarzies (hounds), as well as upon horse races. Competitions of this sort often cause considerably more feeling amongst the attendants of the animals or birds in question than the more level-minded owners. The saises or grooms, the dog-boys, and the hawk-keepers.

In Sir John Malcolm's book, he tells of a match between a British Envoy's English greyhound "Venus" and an Arabian dog "Kessab." The latter's Persian master, with true and fulsome Oriental politeness, was saying "What pretensions can my poor Arabian dog have to run against the Envoy's beautiful English greyhound?" When a native groom, with eyes flashing red, burst in with "By all powerful God, the Arab dog will triumph!"

In the end "Venus" proved the faster, but "Kessab" lasted the better. The gazelle beat both, so all was well.

It is said that polo originated in Persia as early as three thousand years ago. From old Persian pictures we gather that the goal posts were of stone, often very ornamental, and were solidly fixed into the ground. The polo stick was very like our weapon of the present day. Sides were not limited in numbers but often it was a single combat. The audience invariably included the King surrounded by his Court. In one picture, the highest handicap player of the time is depicted giving a demonstration before his monarch, and is said to have far exceeded all previous performances by hitting the ball with such force and skill that it completely disappeared into "that inverted bowl they call the sky" never to return.

There was, we fancy, little team work in those days, and each player rode a line of his own and played very much "to the

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gallery." The ground was more often than not a village street, there were no rules and no limit to the length of time that a pony was asked to play. Nevertheless, to the ancient Persians we owe a debt of gratitude for discovering the best mounted game in the world.

At Shiraz, in South Persia, the writer was instrumental in re-starting polo. We made a full-sized polo ground, built a low mud wall on each side to take the place of boards and before we left Persia, the polo at Shiraz had reached a comparatively high standard. Several Persian officers and officials took part in the game and much enjoyed it, especially in the slower chukkers. Our difficulty was to produce sticks and balls, as our Indian supply rapidly grew less. As polo secretary, the writer had to do something about it. and consulted an old Persian carpenter who produced a hard wood which he declared was the *imlie* wood which had been used by the ancient Persians and was therefore good enough for meaner clay such as us. He made us balls and heads for polo sticks which he attached to our original canes. Our General, Sir Percy Sykes, was as keen a player as any of us and gave much support to the game to say nothing of prestige amongst the Persians.

The Headquarter's Staff won the first tournament at Shiraz. They were good days and the polo kept us very fit. During the troubles when Shiraz was invested we had to be ready to abandon the polo stick for the revolver at a moment's notice. Before the polo ground was made we used to practice in the early mornings on a very old disused Jewish cemetery the only available level spot. We made good practice hitting back-handers between the tombstones. The Jews made no objection and on occasions even retrieved the ball for us.

A very popular mounted sport amongst the garrison of Shiraz in the non-polo season was paper-chasing. The going was good and there were plenty of useful ditches and mud walls to jump. The season ended with a very well organised point-to-point meeting.

When writing on the subject of mounted sport in Persia it would be churlish and the reverse of politique to omit the

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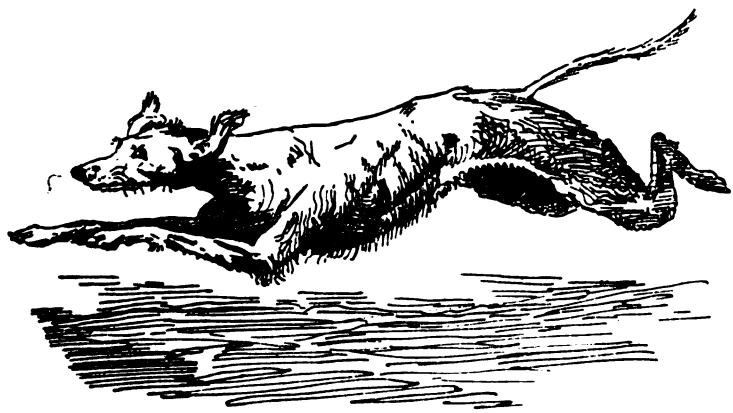
name of the greatest of all national heroes of Persia, King Bahram, born A.D. 420, of whose deeds of valour in war and in the field much has been written.

The Persians regard him with much affection, mainly due to the fact that he was in their eyes the greatest hunter of all time. So greatly did he distinguish himself in the chase that he received the soubriquet of Bahram-gur (the Wild Ass). This animal was his favourite quarry and in those days the swiftest animal on foot. On his hunting expeditions he was usually accompanied by a lady often depicted perched on the back of his hunting camel, and carrying some musical instrument. "Azada," his favourite, carried a harp; "Dil-aram" (her name means ease or rest to the soul) carried a horn of sorts. This latter fair lady was with him when he came upon a gazelle scratching its ear with its hind foot. With a skilful combination of hand, eye and arm, Bahram succeeded in transfixing with an arrow its foot, ear and head, so establishing a record. There is much that could be told of Bahram. Let it suffice that as a king and mighty hunter he was a hero of whom the Persians are all justly proud. He died full of years and honour, losing his life in a bog when in pursuit of a wild ass!

"And Bahram, that great hunter, the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head and cannot break his sleep."

—*Omar Khayam.*



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THE FIRST THREE MONTHS OF THE WAR

By "OBSERVER"

The war which for so many years the world foresaw and feared came upon us at long last at the latter end of August, 1939. It is some measure of that general fear that war's coming was hailed, in this country at least, with a feeling almost of relief. The period of suspense, of dread, of uneasiness and shame, was over; at last we now knew where we stood. The worst had happened, we were "up against it," but our choice and the part we now had to play, was clear. We had been slow, perhaps too slow, to take up arms against the forces known by all of us to be evil, realised by most of us to be powerful and growing, which were fast strangling all that was fair and free in Europe. At last we had taken our stand against them—none too soon for our well being or our good repute, but with the knowledge that we had tried to the utmost every other possible means. "Here I stand; I can do no other," might each one of us have said, from Prime Minister to humblest citizen, on that fateful Sunday morning in September, when we knew ourselves to be for the second time in our generation at war with a Germany grown too formidable and insolent for the world's peace. Here, where we stood then, we all stand to-day—all, that is, apart from an insignificant and contemptible few, who, loudest voiced in their slogan "Stand up to Hitler!" when they misguidedly thought it could be done on the cheap, are now equally vociferous for negotiations which could end only in a peace on Hitler's terms, or in no peace at all.

These notes that follow, which it is hoped will form a regular feature of the war-time CAVALRY JOURNAL, are not to be read as a current history of the second Great War. They are in the nature of comment only, and purely individual and uninspired

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comment at that, by one who has no other sources of information than those open to any member of the public, but who has for many years studied war and the development of affairs in Europe which have led to the present conflict. The views that follow are given for what they are worth and should be considered as sidelights, from an individual angle only, on the course of the war from quarter to quarter.

After a summer spent in diplomatic jockeying for position, Hitler's Germany, faced by a firm coalition of Britain, France, and Poland, with Soviet Russia, Turkey, Greece, Rumania as possible additional adherents in certain circumstances, decided to buy off the most formidable of these potential foes even at the price of making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness—that Bolshevism against which she had always proclaimed herself a bulwark of European civilization and order. Just how much these proclamations were worth the world learnt on that August morning when it heard the news of the conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet pact, of which the hidden implications might well seem even more cynical and ominous than the barefaced manner in which two pseudo-idealist creeds were suddenly shown up for what they really were and always had been—pretexts for aggression and domination. Not a small State, from Portugal to Iran, but felt its independent existence in jeopardy from this alliance of mighty opposites, who after "swearing that they would ne'er consent" to shake each other's bloodstained hands, had so suddenly and scandalously consented to unite in a new and sinister blood-brotherhood.

The first of the questions that the world was asking: "what was the price each had asked of the other?" soon became clear enough. Germany was to have a free hand in Poland, at least up to a line roughly equivalent to that country's former frontier with Russia proper prior to 1914; Russia was to be allowed to recover her predominance in the Baltic area, the loss of which had been one of the greatest sacrifices forced on her by the victorious Imperial Germany of 1917. Thus the whole of North-eastern Europe was to be cast into the melting pot, to come out remoulded nearer to the heart's desire of the two

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dictators. That remoulding has been the primary political event of the past three months of the war on land. But how far it can be regarded as complete, and, still more, how far it must be considered as permanent, depends on factors not altogether within the conspirators' control. "All these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet."

For there can be no doubt that one of Germany's main purposes in selling her birthright for a mess of Red pottage was to frighten or depress the Western allies of Poland into an acceptance of her own conquest of that unhappy country. That conquest, indeed, she duly achieved with a rapidity and completeness as great as, if not greater than, she could even in her most sanguine moments have hoped for. But though the body of Poland soon lay prostrate beneath the heel of the Nazi jackboot, her soul remained unsubdued, and in like manner her resolve to fight on for the retrievement of that conquest. Indeed Hitler owed much—how much we shall never know till the full story of the Polish campaign comes to be told—to the effective, though, it may be suspected, not altogether welcome intervention of the Red Army, which advanced against the rear of the reconstituted Polish forces just as they were solidifying on a shorter and stronger line after their initial defeats, and as the whirlwind onrush of the mechanized German columns was spending itself to an enforced halt. How far the prearranged sharing of the spoils of victory, too, was modified by this Soviet intervention we can only surmise; but we may be sure that Stalin then, if not earlier, extorted his full pound of flesh, and that Germany, however unwilling to pay it to the full, was left no choice in the matter.

Elsewhere, too, she has had to liquidate her debts. In the Baltic lands Germany had always arrogated to herself a mission of civilization among the barbarous Slavs of the hinterland, though what of value they could learn from Nazidom may well elude one's comprehension. For good or evil, that mission has now come to an end, and such tuition as the little Baltic peoples may in future have at the hands of their greater neighbours will be of the Red and not the Brown complexion. Estonia,

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Latvia, and Lithuania have all accepted Russian tutelage—a tutelage so all-pervading and all-embracing as to make them distinguishable from subject states in name only. Finland alone resisted; willing to negotiate as an equal, she refused to thrust her head blindly under the Red yoke. Stalin, borrowing the Hitler technique, itself in conception as old as Aesop's fable of the wolf and the lamb, called this aggression and provocation, and fell in self-defence on an almost unarmed people totalling in numbers and resources an infinitesimal proportion of his own. As we write, this glorious feat of arms, the conquest of a nation of four million people by one of a hundred and sixty millions, is in course of achievement. When it is accomplished, as, despite the heroic resistance of the Finns, it can in the end hardly fail to be, another little people will have been wiped in blood off the map of Europe.

The chief military feature of the Polish campaign—not altogether unexpected for those who remembered and could draw the necessary deductions from the Italian operations in Abyssinia—was the enormous advantage bestowed on an army by a full panoply of up-to-date modern weapons against a brave and numerous but less well-armed opponent. The possession of an overwhelmingly strong air force, combined with a high degree of mechanization and motorization, enabled the Germans to carry through with great speed and thoroughness the lightning war beloved of their theorists. The inferior Polish air force, largely surprised on its aerodromes by a sudden dawn onslaught delivered without any previous warning, even that of a declaration of war, was quickly rendered impotent to dispute the command of the air with the Germans. There was no continuous fortified front facing the invaders, who could, therefore, carry out their favourite tactics of infiltration through the undefended gaps and swift exploitation of success with the utmost effect. Poland's famous cavalry, on which such reliance was placed by her High Command, proved unable to keep the field against the opposing mechanized forces, which were operating in conditions exceptionally favourable for them. Not for half a century had so fine and dry an autumn been known in Poland;

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once more it seemed, as Foch once said, as if "*le bon Dieu était Boche.*" Even if it be admitted that the Red Army's stab in the back gave the *coup de grace* to the sorely tried Poles, it remains true that it merely advanced the date of the inevitable *debacle* and made it more crushing and complete. The issue of the campaign had been decided before a Soviet soldier set foot on Polish soil. The lesson to be drawn seems to be that modern perfection of armaments has widened and deepened more than ever before the uncrossable gap between the first-class and the second-class army, and rendered the superiority of the former so overwhelming that swift and easy victory lies well within its reach. This of course is only so provided that conditions allow of that superiority making itself felt. Against a weaker foe fighting under peculiarly difficult conditions of terrain or climate, that superiority may well be much reduced or even nullified; a wet Polish autumn in 1939 would have set Germany a far more knotty problem. But on a fair field with no favour the second-best military machine to-day can be no match for the best.

Thus Poland passed into German hands, a beaten yet not a broken nation, as so often before in her long and chequered history, falling only to rise again. Her rulers, against whom some serious mistakes of judgment and policy may fairly be urged, had at least this great thing to their credit, that they had deliberately courted temporary ruin, in the sure and certain hope of resurrection after an Allied victory over Germany, in preference to a tame and non-resisting acceptance of a state of vassalage, which would have brought their new masters a step nearer the hegemony of Europe, and thus sealed their own fate for ever. It was a great and chivalrous decision, by which, once again as more than once many years ago, Poland placed herself in the front rank of the defenders of Christian Europe against the infidel. Our Europe owes her a debt which, sooner or later will be paid to the full, and paid gladly.

Meanwhile the second part, and that an indispensable part, of Hitler's plan of campaign went badly awry. That plan had been first to strike down Poland swiftly and utterly, and then

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to intimidate or trick the Allies into a peace which would have left him in possession of his spoils and allowed him a respite to prepare a new war to strike them down in their turn. Into this trap the Allies, however, declined to fall ; and indeed one would have thought it too obvious and unappetising to attract a child, but for the fact that a certain number of reputedly intelligent people, including a former Prime Minister of England with no small pretensions to greatness, actually fell head first into it. But these few represented none but themselves, and the sense of both Britain and France was fully voiced by their Governments when these utterly declined even to consider seriously Hitler's bogus plea for peace on his own terms in the name of poor humanity for whom he said his heart bled.

Hitler thus, much against his own desires and designs, and in complete contravention of all the historic traditions of the German army which has won all its victories over inferior adversaries, found himself faced with a war to the death against the two western powers, potentially the most formidable in arms in Europe. It was the very contingency that he had always hoped and planned to avoid, and the event caught him without any coherent plan to deal with it. Even had the days that he had devoted to his peace offensive been more profitably employed, they could not have sufficed for Germany to attempt any sort of decisive move in the west, but the loss of them, as it happened, coincided with the definite advance of winter and the consequent impossibility of effecting any change in the situation till the return of spring. This lapse of time will certainly work in favour of the Allies, whose armed strength is great but rapidly growing, rather than of Germany, whose might is now at its peak and must henceforward be on the down grade.

Since the conclusion of the Polish campaign, indeed, the war on land has been one continued stalemate, each side being amply strong enough to hold its own solidly fortified front, but too weak to attack its adversary with hope of any success without the inevitably heavy losses that would result. Such activity as there has been was confined to threats on the

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part of the Germans directed against the neutral powers on either flank of their frontier with France, in the hope—which can hardly have been a sanguine one—that these neutrals might be cajoled or frightened into their own camp and so allow them to secure a way round to one side or the other of the obstacles. How far these threats were ever seriously meant it is at the moment impossible to say; it may safely be assumed that the Nazis never had any real intention of launching an offensive through Switzerland, which would first have to negotiate very difficult country, certain to be stubbornly defended, and would in the end be faced by a natural barrier, the Jura range, which, strongly fortified as it now is, would hold them no less effectively than the Maginot Line has done. An attack on Holland, however, seems to have been seriously projected in mid-November—it is said that all the preparations for it were complete and all the orders signed and ready for issue, when the news reached the German High Command that it would have to deal, if its plans were carried through, not with little Holland alone, as they had apparently hoped, but with Belgium too. This meant in effect that their chances of the attack achieving a lightning success comparable to that won in Poland were considerably lessened, for Anglo-French forces could at once be sent direct through Belgium to Holland's help, and the Germans would no longer have merely to deal with a lonely and friendless little enemy at their will. At the last moment, therefore, the offensive was called off. The threat of it had at least served the limited purpose of causing general alarm and throwing a heavy burden of defence costs on two small countries which could ill afford it. The Nazi propaganda machine at once hastened to proclaim that the danger to Holland had never existed outside the vivid imaginations of Allied statesmen and pressmen, who had infected the credulous Dutchmen with their own stupid panic. But there is no doubt that the German move was up to the last moment intended as something more than merely a new *coup* in the so-called "war of nerves,"—a form of hostilities which has long lost any effect it may at one time have had on the Allies.

It is generally recognised now that the war on land, apart

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from possible minor incidents, is likely to remain in a state of suspended animation until the spring of this year—perhaps until well into the summer. Up to that time, and perhaps longer, the initiative will remain with the Germans, and they are hardly in a position to let it slip from them without some attempt to utilise their advantage in that respect. But unless some quite unexpected and abnormal factor comes into play, that advantage can hardly bring them important, much less decisive, results—the balance of forces on either side is at present too equal to allow of a military decision either way, and the morale of all three armies is admittedly at a high pitch. It cannot be too often emphasised that moral decline is a consequence, not a cause, of defeat and losses and privation, to which neither the Allies nor the German troops have yet been seriously exposed. It would be an error, too, to reckon too much on the existence and effects of the reported dissensions between Hitler and his military commanders. Such differences of opinion in high quarters have always existed in every campaign, and may sometimes, though rarely, grow so acute as temporarily to paralyse action, without necessarily preluding a swift and sudden military disaster. Militarily Germany is in a difficult position to-day and will be in even greater difficulties as the war goes on. But she is far from thinking herself inevitably doomed to defeat as yet, and her army, though nothing like as effective an instrument of war as the old Imperial Army of 1914, has plenty of fight in it, and will certainly have the chance to add many fine pages to its long and creditable record of the past before the Allies have finished with it.

The war in the air also has so far gone contrary to anticipation. The German air force before the outbreak of war enjoyed an enormous, if to a large extent self-conferred, reputation, and its early performances in Poland seemed to show that this high fame was well deserved. But in this campaign, it appears, the already inferior Polish air force was crippled from the first, thanks to the flying start secured by the Germans as a result of their sudden aggression; a high proportion of their machines were attacked on their aerodromes and put out of action, and

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many of the aerodromes themselves so thoroughly and systematically damaged as to be useless. Thereafter the Germans had a definite air mastery and employed it in affording most valuable aid to the rapid advance of their armies. None the less, the few Polish squadrons still available for action fought splendidly and inflicted much heavier losses on their enemy than could have been anticipated. This was, as it turned out, a foretaste of what was to come when the German air force came up against those of the Allies. The latter at once established and maintained a clear superiority as regards both personnel and equipment, which the outside world had certainly not expected, and was most encouraging. Such fighting as has taken place so far has, it must be realised, been only of a comparatively minor nature, and it would be unwise to draw too sweeping deductions from it. The facts remain that the German air arm if it is to be used to decisive effect, must sooner or later take the offensive in force, and that such offensive efforts as it has indulged in up to the present have led to nothing save heavy and disproportionate losses. The Allied air defensive, in fact, has hitherto shown itself fully equal to meeting and beating off all the German air attacks, from whatever direction they have come and in whatever quarter they have struck. It is not as yet possible definitely to assume that it will always be in a position to do so ; but still less is it to be supposed that the experiences of the last few weeks, when for the first time since the Great War the modern, up-to-date air forces have been pitted against each other, are completely false and misleading. It may be—and it is by no means certain, despite the confident forecasts of the more pessimistic prophets, whose record so far, it must be pointed out, is merely one of error—that the people of Britain and France will be subjected to a mass German air offensive on a large scale. It is quite certain that the battle for air mastery between the Allies and Germany will sooner or later have to be fought out. The results of the small-scale air war so far give us good reason for regarding the issue of this event with confidence and hope.

The war at sea, which has been the most intense of all, has taken an even more definite turn in favour of the far more

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numerous and powerfully equipped Allied navies. Germany, even less capable than in the last Great War of disputing with them the control of the sea, perforce had resort to the *guerre de course*, carried on by surface raiders and submarines. But the total bag of the three German surface raiders has been but petty, and one has already been caught, fought to a standstill and forced to seek safety in a neutral port. The efficiency of the present-day German submarine flotilla is probably well below that of twenty years ago, and that of Allied anti-submarine machinery certainly considerably greater than then. The losses inflicted on our mercantile marine, of which a larger proportion every week sails in convoy under naval escort, have formed an ever-lowering curve, which at no time has attained anything like the figure of the critical months of 1917. The losses of the German submarines on the other hand have risen, according to the latest return, to three per week on the average, and even if it be conceivable that the rate of replacement could be brought up to that figure, trained officers and men to handle them could certainly not be found indefinitely. At the end of November the enemy began to make use of a new offensive device, the so called magnetic mine, which for a short space took a heavy toll of Allied, and a still heavier toll of neutral, shipping ; but this peril, too, is being successfully countered, and by the time these lines appear in print the Allied navies will certainly have it well in hand. Meanwhile, our blockade, which has now been extended to cover German exports as well as imports, has its throttling hold well on the enemy's throat. His shipping has been swept from the seas, his maritime commerce has vanished, and the effects of this on the whole of his national life and existence must be ever increasingly felt as time goes on. The most powerful of all the arms in the Allied hands is in as full operation as ever it was in the last war, and sooner or later it will have the same effects.

When we are inclined to take a gloomy view of the war as it is to-day—and these moments of depression and war-weariness, the feeling that there is no visible end to it all, that we are being borne along on a tide of uncontrollable events towards a dimly

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dark future which none of us can foresee, save that great trials and severe suffering assuredly lie ahead come to us all at times—it is well to think what might well have been our position to-day had our foes not foolishly misplayed their hand in the time of crisis last autumn. We might have been faced with a coalition, veiled or open, of Italy holding a strong French force in the Alps, closing the route through the Mediterranean, and threatening Egypt, the Sudan and East Africa; of Spain looming over the Pyrenees and arraying a long line of submarine bases on the flank of our sea routes across the Atlantic and round the Cape of Good Hope to the East; and of Japan holding in her hand a double threat to India and Australasia, ready to strike at either as opportunity offered. Russia, even had we bartered our principles of respect for the freedom and national sovereignity of the small Baltic States, on whose existence she always had the nefarious designs she has now fully disclosed, would at best have been the sort of friend Germany has to her cost found her, dubious as to military value, still more dubious as to fidelity and wholeheartedness. We might have been exposed with inadequate resources to a series of attacks by sea, land, and air at many far separated points, which it would tax us to the utmost to meet. Such covert friends as we might have had—and the weak and hard-pressed have but few—neither would nor could have ventured to aid us. Those States that feared our foes—and the strong are always feared—must have hastened, for their own safety's sake, to make friends, while yet there was time, with the mammon of unrighteousness, and flown to the aid of the conquerors. We should have been faced with a prolonged and embittered struggle for dear life, in which we should certainly have been crippled and might even have been defeated and destroyed. Instead it is Germany which finds herself facing the writing on the wall. For that she has to thank principally her own political ineptitude and lack of principle and consistent policy. "These things may endure for a time; but the end thereof is death." We have but to persevere in the good cause to which we have set our hands to see that cause victorious.

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The future course of the conflict no man can foresee; but the ultimate end can hardly be doubted. Modern wars, in which great nations stake their all, are not won easily nor swiftly; the cost of victory is high, the process of achieving it bitter and toilsome. It has never been the British way, nor the French way, to be deterred from their chosen path by these things, nor will it be so, we believe, in this war. We have the means to win, if we have the enduring will to adapt and use these means, for war is in the end a matter of moral forces, of the souls of men and peoples, and only those are vanquished who despair too soon of victory and flag and fail in their efforts to achieve it.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

THE present war of course receives general notice in all the October, 1939, magazines, but for the most part their narrative and comment is confined to the early stages of the campaign in Poland and the fighting on sea and in the air, and calls for no further description here.

The " Army Quarterly " contains the last of Captain Wynne's articles, comparing German, French and British doctrines of defence, and an interesting summary of three recent German books on war—even more interesting to-day than when it was first written, because the events of the present war have so far signally failed to correspond in any way to the prophetic views of these wiseacres. General Rowan Robinson explains and suggests remedies for the chronic feeling of mutual antipathy between staff and regimental officers; his prescription for the disease include less criticism and grumbling on the regimental side, which must realise the necessity from a higher point of view of orders which may seem foolish or unnecessary; and more simplicity, sympathy, and humanity on the side of the staff, who must never forget that they are the servants of the troops as well as their masters. Lieutenant Gordon-Watson concludes from an examination of historical tank battles in the light of present-day conditions that tanks will merely enable frontal penetration to go deeper without making a definite breach possible through a modern deep defensive zone. There are a number of historical articles, of which Lieut.-Colonel Burne's on the amphibious campaign in North Holland in 1799 is, like all this author's work, not only easy but well worth reading.

" The Fighting Forces " also has an article, briefer, but on the same lines by the same author, and on the same campaign, with

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the addition of a short account of the Walcheren Expedition of 1809. The lessons he draws from these two episodes are most valuable, always given that under present-day conditions any landing on a defended hostile coast is possible at all in face of serious opposition. Two anonymous papers discuss the correct method of defence of a water obstacle against attack and the merits of the forward and "half forward" policy on the North-west Frontier of India. The rest of the number is devoted mainly to the war and the events leading up to it.

"The Journal of the Royal Artillery" opens with an essay for the Duncan prize by Captain Bazeley on observation of artillery fire from the air and the best methods of exploiting its possibilities to the full. An account by Major Johnston of the main events of the Spanish Civil War includes some valuable lessons, including the continued indispensability of infantry and utility of cavalry, the limited value of tanks, and the growing importance of aircraft. But the author points out—and the events of the first few months of the European war go to confirm his view—that these lessons can only be cautiously applied to campaigns fought under more normal conditions. Two interesting papers, the one the reflections and recollections of a brigade commander in France and Italy in 1917, and the other a record of the share of the Royal Artillery in the siege of Toulon, make up the purely military contents of the number, which includes more than the normal quota of travel and sporting articles.

"The Royal Air Force Quarterly" contains a wide assortment of papers, including an estimate of the place of the monarchy in the British Imperial constitution, a record of the history of Austria from the end of the last great war to the *anschluss*, a plea for the union of all three present fighting services into one for purposes of rank and precedence, and a number of items concerned with Royal Air Force and non-military matters.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

Since the outbreak of war the number of foreign military magazines still being published has very largely decreased, whilst no German journals have come through. Consequently the United States "Cavalry Journal," some Swiss papers, and a few belated pre-war magazines are the sole candidates for review.

The United States "Cavalry Journal" for May-June opens with a well-considered study entitled "The Future of American Cavalry," written by G. F. Eliot.* He begins with the premise that provided hostile air bases can be kept out of the Western Hemisphere, "air power is therefore a greater help to us than it is a threat—a remarkable reversal of European conditions." Next he stipulates that the United States may be drawn into war for one of two reasons: "(1) Our again undertaking to intervene in major operations on the continent of Europe, and (2) our allowing our general condition of armament by land and sea to sink to so low a level as to make the invasion of our territory, or that of one of our neighbours, a conceivably profitable proposition for any other Power." The navy must come first. If this be conceded, there are five possible missions open to American cavalry. It is not proposed to examine these in detail but to quote the minimum establishment and consequent organization of the mounted arms proposed by the writer. He considers that it must include :—

(1) A concentrated striking force of two or three horse divisions and one mechanized division, organized and trained under a single command, able to move quickly toward any theatre where it might be required.

(2) At least one additional mechanized division, so that one will always be within quick and easy reach of either coast or either border.

* Author of "The Ramparts we Watch."

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(3) At least three smaller cavalry units so disposed as to be able to " fill in a gap " in an emergency.

(4) A reconnaissance element with each infantry division.

In the event where the U.S.A. might have to raise a large mass army there would be the National Guard Cavalry to be drawn upon: this might be supplemented by reserve regiments formed round nuclei of cavalry reserve regiments.

A return to a clear insight into the American problem is now being gained. The European problem is not the American problem, and it is by no means easy to accept the British view that cavalry is now so totally obsolete.

Lieut.-Colonel R. W. Grow next writes on " New developments in the organization and Equipment of Cavalry." It is a brief but able review of the problems of American cavalry to-day. The U.S.A. army has now evolved a " combat car " for cavalry which appears to be as near the ideal as is possible to attain. But it still lacks—silence and good observation; ability to hold ground in defence; capacity for working against organized defence without supporting arms. It is obvious that mechanized cavalry unaided is not fitted for carrying out the cavalry role alone. The U.S.A. Chief of Cavalry now favours a cavalry corps consisting of three horsed and one mechanized division as best suited for American conditions. Actually in number of vehicles such a corps would be one-half motor, one-half horse.

Consequently every effort is made to increase the mobility of the horsed units. By introducing new aids to mobility, by improving the quality of the horse, and by liberal use of radio, both vehicular and pack, as well as by multiplying the light lorry, the mobility of modern American cavalry has already been enhanced to a very high degree.

The number for July-August opens with two articles dealing with the Spanish Civil War. In the first Major R. Hargreaves, M.C., late of the British Army, who quotes Captain Tom Wintringham freely, comes to the conclusion that tank and aeroplane have been overrated, although they unquestionably do possess valuable and important properties. In the second article Brigadier-General H. J. Reilly who witnessed several

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actions in the same Civil War, states his experiences concerning "Tank Attack." He concludes with a review of the battle of Fuentes de Ebro, on November 13th, 1937. Before this battle the "combat car," he states, that is a light car armed only with machine guns, was proved to be unequal to overcome "either the difficulties of the terrain or the fire of the enemy." At Fuentes de Ebro the Government troops attacked a Nationalist position with one hundred armoured cars. These were heavier machines armed with 47 mm. guns. Yet when it came to this attack the machines were defeated. Ever since, states the author, the tanks stayed out of range of the 37 mm. (anti-tank) guns "and carefully avoided too close contact with the Nationalist infantry. They have taken advantage of the longer range of their cannon to put these 37 mm. guns out of action and of their great mobility to avoid becoming an ideal target for the 45 mm. mountain gun." The experience of the war showed that heavy tank (carrying cannon) should be kept for use with infantry. The light tanks were used only to cover the flanks of the normal attack formation.

Next Captain Hayden A. Sears discusses the "Mobility—Fire Power and Shock" of cavalry. He proceeds to show that mechanized cavalry of the American model possesses these qualities. It contains an armoured car troop for reconnaissance; a machine gun troop for local fire support; a mortar platoon for the neutralization of enemy anti-mechanization weapons; lastly, the combat car elements for furnishing fire-power, crushing power and shock. He gives full detail as to how these various components are to be used. He concludes with a reference to the Spanish Civil War to illustrate his argument. On February 5th–21st there was fought the battle of Alfambra which he describes thus:—"The attack was preceded by an artillery and aerial preparation unparalleled in intensity in the Spanish War. . . . The shock advance, *tanks leading*, in co-ordination with the infantry, artillery and aviation. . . . The government line gave way. . . . Through this gap came with lightning-like speed the mass of manœuvre—Monasterio's Cavalry Division." Thirteen months later this Cavalry Division

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was in action again, but greatly altered. It included motorized infantry and detachments of armoured cars and tanks.

Mechanized cavalry, concludes Captain Sears, is not a replacement of horse cavalry but may co-operate with it or act independently. But it has its limitations.

The September-October number opens with two articles on morale and leadership. The first, by Major-General Hanson E. Ely, and based wholly on experience of the Great War, is well worth reading, for it is the fruit of personal observation: the gist of the author's remarks is that "battles are won or lost by remnants." Again: "There aren't any second lieutenants waving their swords and urging them on in modern warfare. If your troops don't want to advance, they won't. What you have to do is to get them in an attitude of mind of wanting to advance. That attitude must be there, in their minds, beforehand. And ordering the impossible is no way to put it there." There is little need to go further into it, for the subject is not one that lends itself to a précis.

The next article, by "Agrippa II," is much shorter and amounts to the question: "Do we not continue to be a housekeeping army and not a combat army?" That is to say leader and staffs must be young and fit to stand the strain of battle—and above all to want it.

A long anonymous article foresees the defeat of Poland, much as actually happened. It is merely an extended extract from Werner's "Military Strength of the Powers," a book which has been reviewed at length in U.S.A. and in Europe. The forecast is accurate, surprisingly so: but the rest of the work, be it mentioned, is nothing like as correct in its assumptions.

Under the title of "Little Phil" an American historian, Fletcher Pratt, opens a series of graphic articles on Sheridan. This article deals with Sheridan's part in The Wilderness, May, 1864; the ride to Yellow Tavern; and the Valley. All good descriptive writing that will appeal to the student. Colonel Conrad H. Lanza contributes a long article on "Military Aspects of the Sudeten Crisis." The author's figures are not such as will pass unchallenged by European readers. But it is an

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interesting study and the style of the "appreciation" makes it easy to follow. General Hawkins's "Notes" are always of interest, this time particularly so. General Hawkins goes to some trouble to prove, to his own satisfaction, that motorized or mechanized columns should be covered by highly trained, horsed, security detachments. This is undoubtedly true when the column so protected consists of motorized infantry and is unsupported. This argument leads to the plea for training infantry in marching; next for better tactical exercises. It is no use to make motorized units go through long marches, up to 300 miles, if those marches are not combined with a tactical exercise. He ends up with the familiar argument for a large force of cavalry that is so often met with in the U.S. military Press: ". . . the horse cavalry must be armed, trained and led properly. Such a cavalry, one hundred thousand strong, armed and trained for both mounted and dismounted action, but relying upon firearms for both types of action instead of swords and lances, could render such important service that it is strange that only 'a few voices crying in the wilderness' seem to understand."

The Swiss "Allgemeine Schweizerische Militärzeitung" for November contains a thoughtful article by Lieut. G. Marti on defence against armoured attack. He traces the development of the armoured vehicle during the Great War in detail; next he traces the tendencies that have been noticeable since the war. He goes into the Russian theory of tank attack and shows how there are three stages in that attack: (1) Direct support of infantry; (2) distant support of infantry; (3) distant, long-range attack.

These developments make it certain that small States cannot concentrate on the modern arms—tank and aeroplane—since these arms have grown far too expensive except for wealthy Powers: they must consequently specialize in defence. He then considers this aspect which unfortunately is the briefest and least satisfactory part of his study. To the mechanized cavalrymen certain portions of this article might prove of much interest.

In the very few other foreign magazines there is nothing of cavalry interest.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"The German Army." By Herbert Rosinski. (Hogarth Press.) 12s. 6d.

This study of the German Army from the days of Frederick the Great to the present time is not only highly topical but very well worth reading for its own sake. The author, a refugee at present in this country, knows and admires the German army thoroughly, and dwells lovingly on the splendid tradition of self-sacrifice and duty, of religious faith and honourable poverty, which for so long formed the soul of the old German officer corps, on the memory of the great figures of Scharnhorst, Moltke, Schlieffen, and Seeckt, and in the heroic days of the Wars of Liberation and the World War. All this is of the greatest interest to the student of military history, and makes a vivid and fascinating story. But for most of us the chief focus of the book will lie in the concluding chapters, with their account of the Reichswehr of to-day, and its relations with the Nazi Government. The author is bitter about the failure of the army to preserve intact the great traditional spirit of selfless service to the State, independent of party and politics, which had so long and so firmly anchored to it the respect and devotion of the German peoples and about its surrender of this proud position in exchange for the mirages of national unity, enforced by propaganda and violence and economic organisation for war brought about by disorganising and regimenting the whole of national economy in peace. From the purely military point of view, he considers the German army of to-day in no way comparable to that which fought and lost the World War of 1914–18. The shortage and poor quality of its officers and N.C.O.'s, deficiencies in equipment, and lack of grasp of the true nature of war in its higher ranks, go far to detract from the general high

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level of its rank and file in military material, its efficiency as a tactical machine and the excellence of its artillery and air arms. Its prime defect, however, in his view, is that its leaders have accepted the Nazi doctrine that in the conduct of a national war politics has a right not merely to direct but to interfere with strategy, and to conduct hostilities on lines independent of any solid basis of military calculations. The author's conclusion is that " In the ' Leader-General ' of the Third Reich the German Army may well find the prophet who sends it to Armageddon ! " He might perhaps have added that any attempt by the Reichswehr to free itself from the control of the " Leader-General " in war will almost certainly result in the overthrow of the Third Reich itself, and that this is the disastrous but inextricable dilemma in which the High Command of the German Army are at present entangled.

" Decisive Battles." By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.) 16s.

This book, the author tells us in his foreword, arose from a want felt by him when an instructor at the Staff College, of a broad outline of military history to form the background of more specialised study by soldiers, and as a book of reference for statesmen and members of the general public. The first of the two volumes of the whole work, now published deals with the long period of over two thousand years from Alexander the Great to the Seven Years' War ; there are eighteen narratives of important campaigns or battles linked up by synopses of important intervening events so as to form a connected story. There is a fully adequate equipment of maps, and the notes to each chapter show that the author has read widely and voraciously.

One of the reviewer's easiest and most familiar gambits in dealing with a book of this kind—in essence an anthology of military history—is to criticise the author's choice of his episodes, and to say that this one should have been omitted or that one substituted for it. We will eschew this facile but somewhat purposeless form of criticism by admitting that on the whole the selection seems to us excellent, both from the point of

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view of general history and from that of military interest and value. Moreover, the episodes are admirably narrated, bringing out the characters of the opposing commanders, the organisation and fighting methods of their armies and the course and result of the battles in question in all cases, though naturally with some of them, such as the engagements of the Dark Ages, our available knowledge is too scanty for a really satisfactory story. For a summing up of the author's conclusions on the wealth of military-historical material he has placed before the reader, we shall presumably have to wait for the second volume, promised this year; meanwhile he may well be congratulated on an excellent beginning to a great and notable task, the completion of which will place all soldier and many civilian readers much in his debt.

"Prelude to Victory." By Brigadier-General E. L. Spears. (Cape.) 18s.

Several years ago General Spears, former liaison officer between French and British G.H.Q. in the Great War, published an account of his experiences during the open warfare of the autumn of 1914. Vivid and thrilling as his story then was, what he has to tell in this new volume is no less so. The subject of this narrative is the disastrous spring of 1917, when the newly-appointed French general-in-chief, Nivelle, intrigued for and was given, untried as he was, full control over our own B.E.F. as well of the French army, and led the latter to a disaster which all but proved fatal to the whole Allied cause. General Spears, whose account is not only authoritative but fully supported by an appendix of official documents, both French and British, makes a heroic and tragic drama out of this sad presage of stubbornness, self-opinion, delusive optimism, and national and personal prejudice and jealousy which led to such dire results. He himself, in virtue of his position, saw most of the inside of the play, and unfolds to us all its plot and mechanism with the aid of a picturesque pen and a portentious memory. His character sketches are particularly lifelike, and though he clearly has his favourites and his *bête noires* among the cast of the play, his judgment in each and all of them is commendably impartial.

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This object lesson in the difficulties and pitfalls of a united inter-allied command has great value for us to-day, who are once more waging war against the same foe beside the same friend as then. For we can see clearly in General Spears' pages that such a command is not only an infallible talisman of victory but rather a potent but two-edged tool, which if used without tact and skill and sympathy will injure instead of furthering the common cause. The vicious effects of the uncontrolled interplay of strongly marked, strongly contrasted personalities, is also well brought out. The reader of this admirably illustrated and adequately mapped book will end it with a feeling of deep debt to the gifted author, who has so vividly and successfully brought to life the dry bones of official history, thrown so secreting a light into the minds and hearts of those highly-placed personalities on whose shoulders rested the responsibility for the Allied cause and this crisis of the Great War.

"Mahan." By Captain W. D. Puleston. (Cape.) 15s.

The great American prophet of sea power who died in 1914, just too soon to see the eternal value of his theories once more vindicated in practice on a larger scale than ever before, has hitherto lacked a biographer. Captain Puleston admirably fulfils the need, and his sympathetic, well-documented life of this great thinker and great character and a great Christian, though somewhat lacking in the high lights of action—for Mahan never saw active service after his youthful experiences as a junior officer in the American Civil War—makes a clear and instructive story. The hero's fame rests, of course, on his books, in which his theory of the potency of sea power is vividly and repeatedly expounded, with a wealth of historical example from the days of the Anglo-Dutch wars of the seventeenth century right down to the end of the Napoleonic periods. These works, though for some time the prophet was without honour in his own country, and though controversy and changed conditions have modified their teaching in some respects, still retain all their pristine essential value, and acquaintance with them is necessary to every serious student of war. But Mahan served his country

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well as a strategical adviser during the war with Spain and as an inspirer and counsellor of the naval policy of President Theodore Roosevelt, under whose auspices was created the powerful efficient United States fleet which played so distinguished a part in the World War, though Mahan was no longer alive to see it. The character of the man himself was on as high a level as the intellectual quality of the thinker and the professional ability of the sailor, and is well brought out in the story here told. This life of one who was always a good friend and admirer of Britain and her navy and interpreted more fully and truly than any of her own sons the mature and vital value of her seamen's achievements, deserves to be widely read ; it will serve alike as an introduction to and as a summary of those immortal works on sea-power which are its subject's great heritage to posterity.

"The Last Days of Madrid." By Colonel S. Casado. (Peter Davies). 8s. 6d.

Benedict Arnold, after a career of singular military brilliance was driven to the conclusion that the cause for which he had been fighting had fallen into such questionable political hands as to incur considerably greater danger if abandoned to the guidance of its sponsors, than if left to the mercy of its opponents.

Such, without too greatly stretching the analogy, was the position of the author of this book during the last fatal weeks of the internecine struggle between the Republican Government and Franco's "Government" of Burgos. Left, as the Com-. mander of the central army in Madrid, he was forced to face the fact that, with nothing more in the way of Civil Executive left to him than the rump constituted by the followers of Dr. Negrin, defeat had to be accepted. With this conclusion ineludible, Casado's obvious purpose was to make surrender as little dishonourable, and as little punishing, as the circumstances—and the overwhelming power of his opponents—permitted.

Colonel Casado was a convinced Republican ; but when that fact is accepted, it is clearly apparent that he was a man who shrank instinctively from the petty knaveries demanded of

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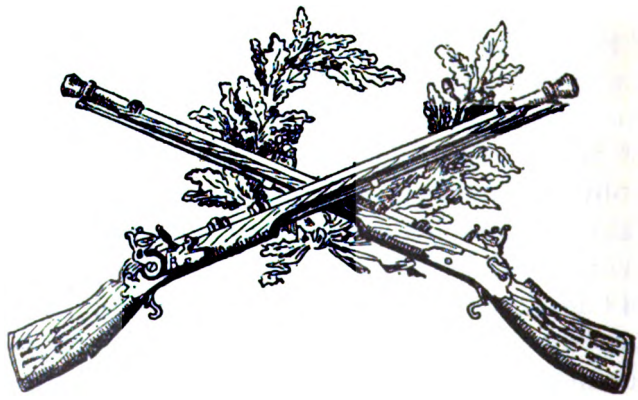
political intrigue. In his opinion—and it is one which, on the evidence, one finds it difficult to assail—" peace " was the only thing by which a starving population and an under-nourished garrison could be saved from those excesses which are so liable to follow in the train of an enforced and unconditional capitulation. His overthrow of the pseudo Negrin Government, to ensure that the best possible terms should be extracted from conquerors in no mood of compassionate lenity, was the natural outcome of his own particularly balanced sense of duty. Whether the direct action for which he made himself responsible was " right " or " wrong " must remain, for many years a matter of opinion.

But no fair-minded reader of this book of his will be able to deny him a strict adherence to what he conceived to be his sense of duty, and a selflessness which runs, like a *leit motif*, through every action for which he accepted the onus.

In effect, whatever the political bias of the reader, this plain, straightforward, soldierly account of a peculiarly confused and involved political-cum-military crisis should be read for the essential verity which leaps from its every page.

Its lessons, however unconscious or inadvertently conveyed, are no less illuminating ; while a word of praise should go to the translator, whose smooth transition renders the story's ingestion a matter of ease and pleasure.

R. H.



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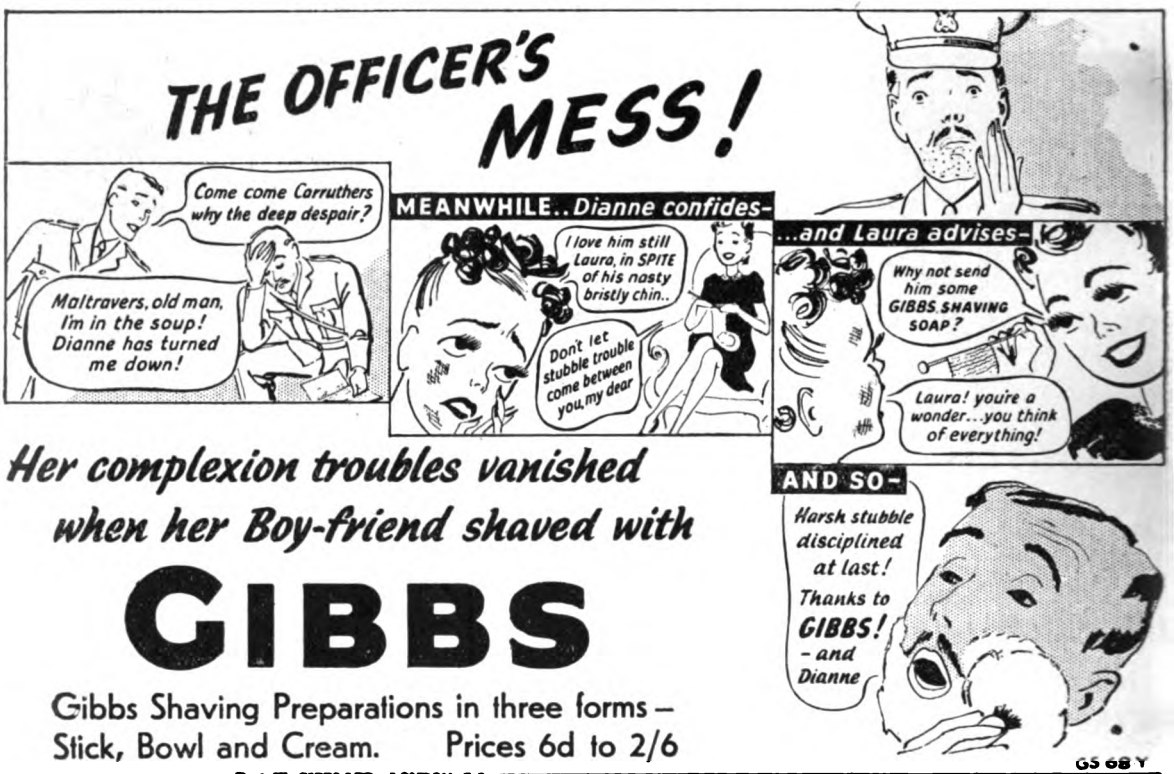
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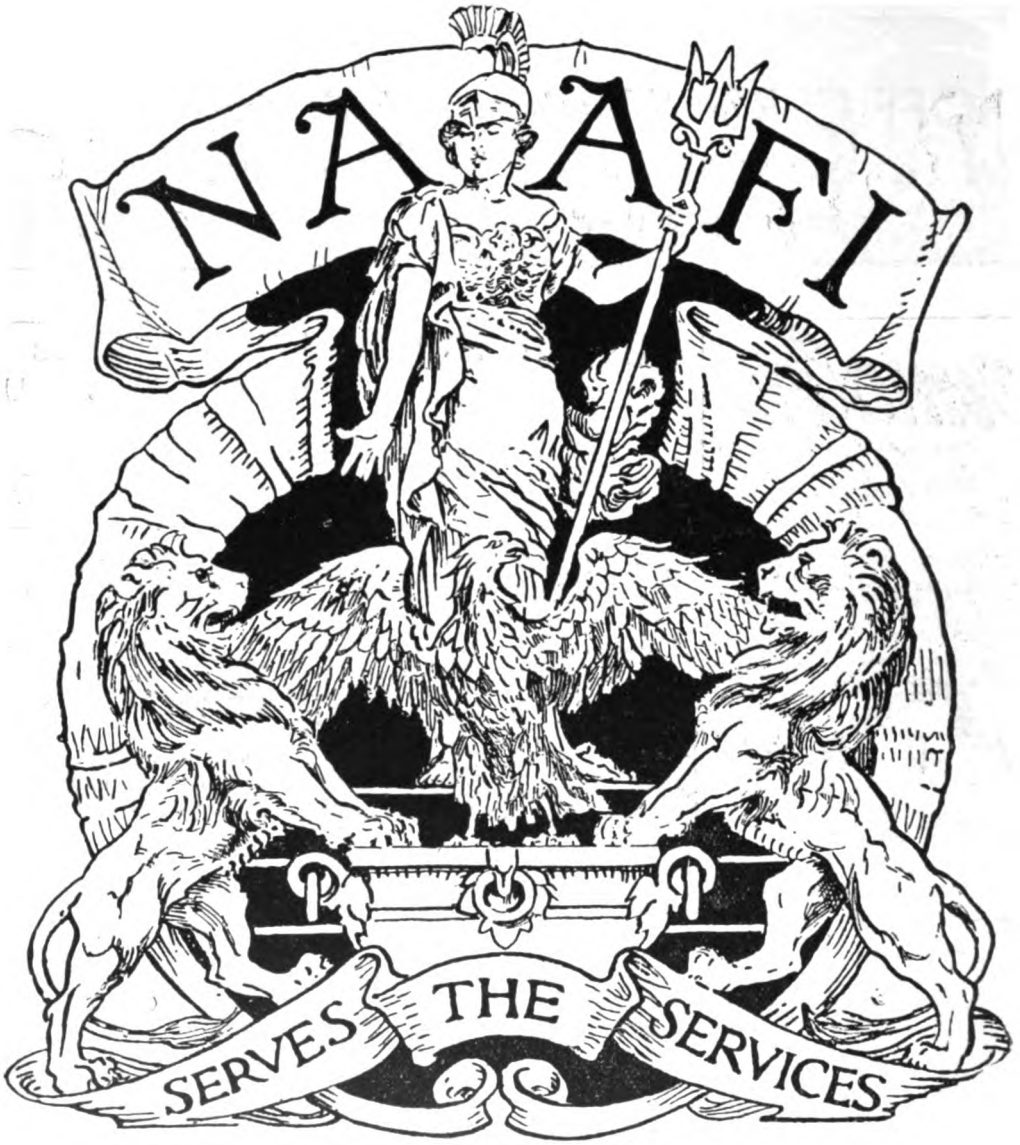

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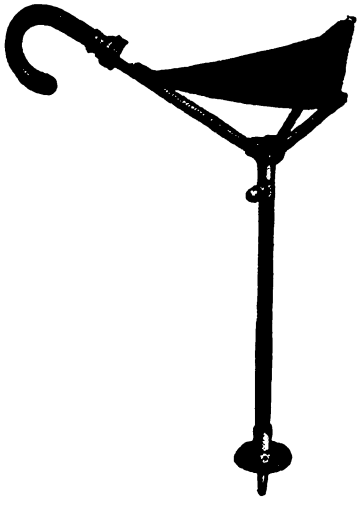

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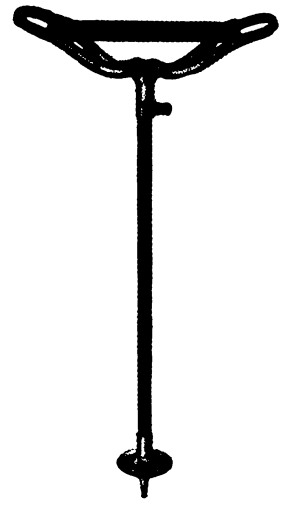

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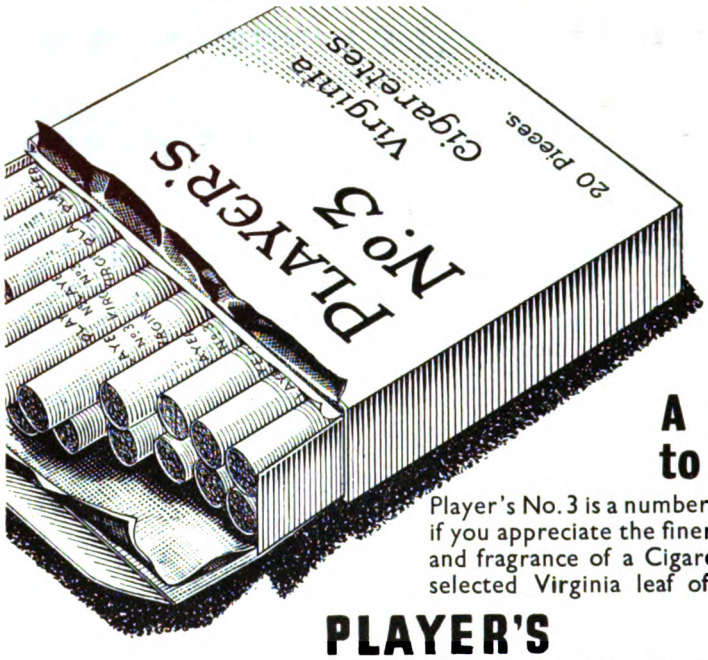

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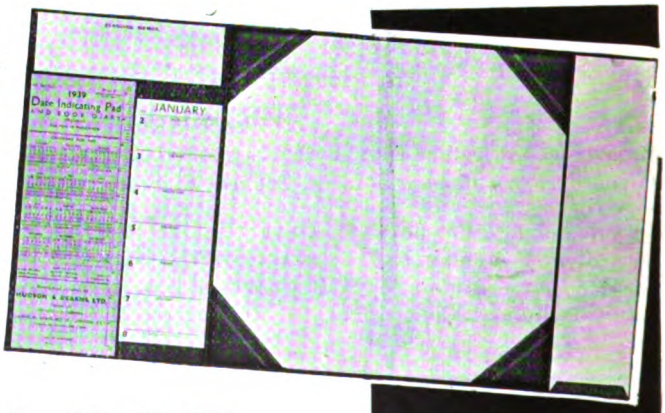

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CAVALRY JOURNAL

APRIL, 1940

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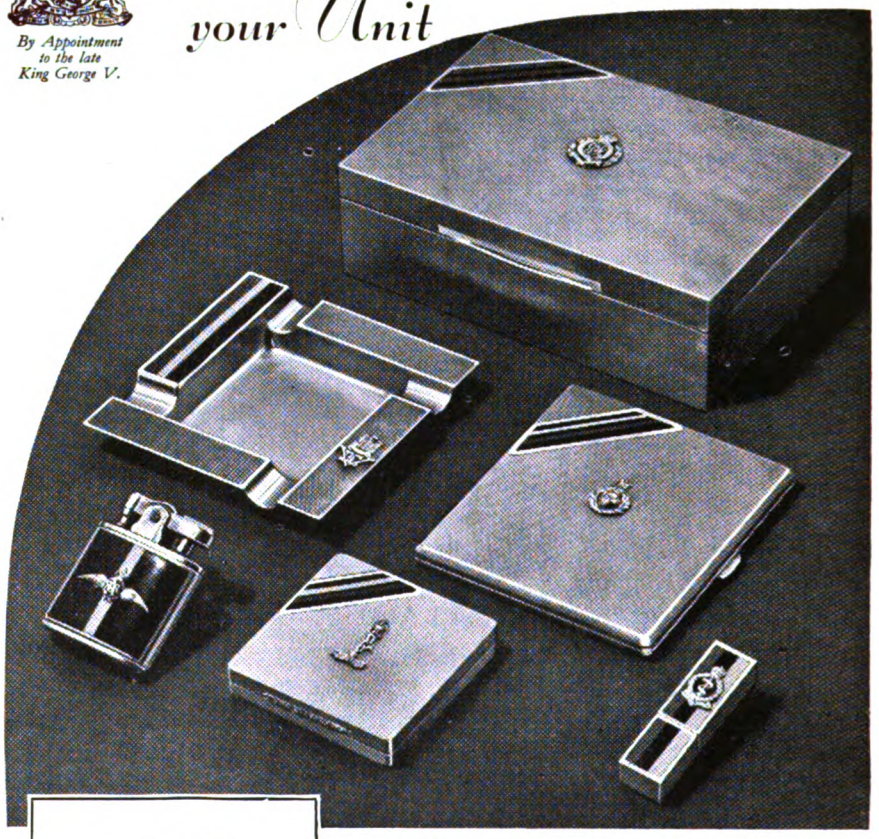

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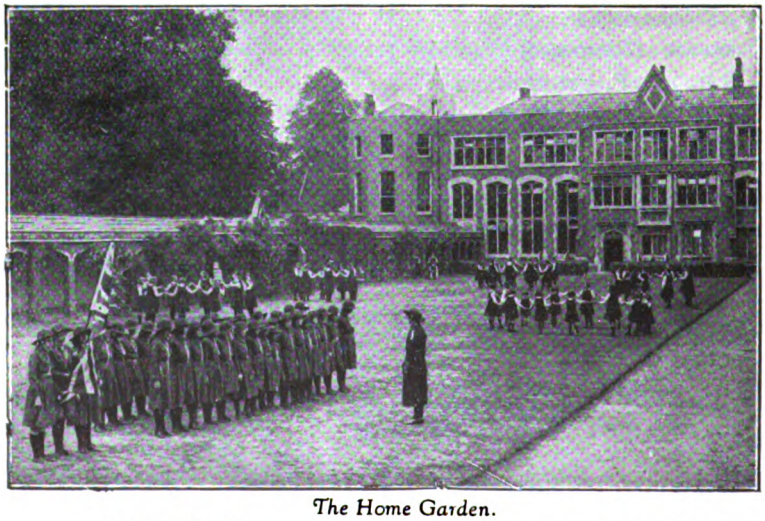

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LIEUTENANT JAMES JONES

22nd Light Dragoons—1807

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

EDITED AND MANAGED BY

APRIL 1914

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War, and in 1820 [illegible]
of Good Hope.

The 22nd Light Dragoons [illegible] **was** disbanded [illegible] **Waterloo.**

Unfortunately we [illegible] Light Dragoon regiments that were raised [illegible], and promptly disbanded on the [illegible], and the regimental papers destroyed.

Four regiments of Light Dragoons have borne the number 22nd, the first corps dates from 1760 and were disbanded 1768, nothing seems to be known of this regiment.

The second regiment survived four years, 1779-1783. It was raised for home service only by the Earl of Sheffield, and known

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LIEUTENANT JAMES JONES

22nd Light Dragoons—1807

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

APRIL, 1940

THE 22nd LIGHT DRAGOONS

By Godfrey Brennan

The frontispiece is reproduced from a water colour portrait of Lieutenant James Jones, in the full levee dress of the 22nd Light Dragoons, 1807. James Jones became cornet of the 25th Light Dragoons in 1801 (the 25th later became the 22nd Light Dragoons) and served with distinction in the Peninsular War, and in 1820 was appointed acting Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

The 22nd Light Dragoons was one of the regiments that was disbanded in the general reduction of the army after Waterloo.

Unfortunately we know very little of these old Light Dragoon regiments that were raised when a war broke out, and promptly disbanded on the cessation of hostilities, and the regimental papers destroyed.

Four regiments of Light Dragoons have borne the number 22nd, the first corps dates from 1760 and were disbanded 1768, nothing seems to be known of this regiment.

The second regiment survived four years, 1779-1783. It was raised for home service only by the Earl of Sheffield, and known

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unofficially as the Sussex Light Dragoons. By 1783 the Earl of Sheffield had been succeeded by Viscount Fielding in command.

Their uniform was dark green and they wore the pelisse or slung jacket. I think they must have been the first regiment in the British Army to wear the pelisse, which is usually associated with Hussars.

Although the Sussex Light Dragoons had such a short life, they left us a brass helmet that is now in the possession of Messrs. Hawkes of Savile Row. I have also in my collection an oil painting attributed to Smirke, R.A., of a trooper who wears this pattern helmet. There is an engraving of this picture with some alterations in the uniform, notably the helmet, which is the crested pattern, not adopted by the Light Dragoons till several years later, possibly it was tried out on this regiment.

There is also a recruiting poster of this regiment with still another headdress, but probably the same woodcut was used for any Light Dragoon Corps.

The third regiment to be numbered 22nd was raised in 1794, and reduced in 1802. It was raised without expense to the Government and commanded by Viscount Fielding, who was succeeded by Colonel Banastre Tarleton in 1801. The uniform was ordered to be red.

The 25th Light Dragoons raised in 1794, were renumbered the 22nd Light Dragoons in 1802, owing to the reduction of several Light Dragoon regiments.

This regiment had also been raised without expense to the government and was commanded by Colonel Francis Gwyn, and was usually known as Gwyns Hussars. Their first uniform was ordered to be red, but I do not think it was adopted, for by 1798 they had grey uniforms with scarlet facings. When they became, in 1802, the 22nd Light Dragoons, they wore the uniform shown in Lieutenant Jones' portrait. In levee dress at this period officers of all regiments wore the cocked hat.

By 1812 the uniform had been changed to dark blue with pink facings ; pink would seem to be quite an impossible colour for regimental facings, yet both the 21st and 22nd favoured it.

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However, from the following extracts from Inspection Reports, there appears to have been some adverse criticism over the matter.

22nd Light Dragoons, Inspection, July, 1815. Bangalore, India.

"The clothing of the Officers is not according to H.M's. Regulations, in consequence of their being unable to procure the proper coloured cloth. H.E. the Commander-in-Chief was pleased to admit of their wearing red facings for the present."

November, 1815 (at Bangalore).

"The clothing of the N.C.O.'s. and men is in strict conformity to the regulation. That of the Officers is not so, owing to the impossibility of procuring peach blossom cloth in India. This difficulty will be obviated at the next issue of clothing in December, when the facings of the regiment are by order of H.R.H. the Prince Regent, to be changed to white."

In 1796 the regiment was on active service in Cape Colony, taking part in the march to Saldanha Bay, the first march made by British troops in South Africa. Later they saw considerable service in India taking part in the invasion of Mysore, 1799, and the Mahratta Wars. In 1800 the regiment formed part of a small force to suppress a rebellion which had broken out in the Fort of Ternakil, which was not captured till severe casualties had been inflicted on our troops. They formed part of the expedition to Java in 1811; on their return to India were present at Maheidpore in 1817.

The 22nd Light Dragoons returned to England 1818, and were finally disbanded in 1820. The only battle honour carried by Gwyns Hussars was Seringapatam, which was granted in 1818.

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GERMANY IN WAR TIME

By "Observer"

Nothing is more difficult in time of war than to form a true and consistent picture of the real state of affairs behind the enemy's battle front. Some evidence is available from neutral and other sources, but much of it is contradictory and necessarily incomplete, while the impressions of casual and transitory visitors are bound to be somewhat superficial. Nevertheless, from what evidence we have, certain broad facts can safely be deduced. The sketch that follows is only a digest of such evidence—not by any means the whole truth, but perhaps the truth in broad outline.

On one or two points all the evidence agrees. The present war has nowhere been hailed in the same fiery spirit of patriotic enthusiasm almost universally evident in 1914. Then the conflict was to be a swift and glorious crusade; all classes believed they were going to fight for the honour and safety of the German Fatherhood, that their mighty army and navy were invincible, and that the war was one of righteous self-defence, in which the God of Battles would be on their side. To-day there is little or nothing of that enthusiastic spirit. Many of the people are old enough to remember the horrors and the outcome of that last war upon which they entered with such high hopes and in such high fettle, and they fear that this time will be but a repetition of it. Others besides the old and middle aged feel that this war was not wanted or expected by their leaders, that it has taken place against their calculations, that it represents the first failure in a long course of cheap and complete triumphs, and that it may not be the last. The sudden *volte face* as regards Soviet Russia, about whom a few months ago these same leaders, now hand in glove with her, could find nothing too bad to say, has puzzled and outraged

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many who once took the Nazi preaching of the anti-Bolshevik crusade at its face value. The spirit in which Germany has entered into this war may fairly be defined in general as one of bewildered resignation.

At the same time, one must not assume from this that the country is not ready or willing to fight the war at full stretch or to endure the heavy sacrifices all Germans realize that it will entail. The people are patient, disciplined, and loyal. Most of them, while inclined to grumble at whatever irks or displeases them, have neither the wish nor the energy to cause serious trouble to those in authority. They have a natural reverence for authority in any and every form, and a touching belief in its superior knowledge and superior ability. They have a modest distrust of themselves and a full—indeed an excessive—realization of the strength and splendour of mass beliefs and mass movements. They like being told what to do, and prefer to be saved the trouble and puzzlement of thinking and acting for themselves by organization, regimentation, codes and orders. On the other hand, they also delight, themselves under authority, in exercising authority and in organizing and regimenting, each in their own small sphere, the lives of others. To be a cog of some sort in a mighty State machine is as near as generalization can get to the average German's political ideal. If the driver of the machine drives it into war, the cogs will do their little part, obediently and mechanically, as long as the machine holds together and the fuel lasts out. If we are counting on the cogs stopping the machine, or blowing it up, of themselves, we are certainly indulging in false hopes. The machine will most probably be wrecked in due course, not by a spontaneous internal combustion, but by sledge-hammer blows from without, combined with excessive strain from within, and that will not happen to-morrow, nor for some time to come, so far as can be foreseen.

As regards conditions of life in Germany, there is shortage of much that we should regard as essential, but that shortage is not solely due to absolute lack of supplies but to errors or impossibility of distribution by reason of the indifferent state

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of the railways, the dearth of motor vehicles and fuel available for civil needs, and the close organization of rationing and preservation of present stocks so as to eke them out as long as possible. A long and deliberate course of training in existing on short commons has inured the always poor and frugal Germans to life under these Spartan conditions. How far this policy may have defeated its own ends is arguable ; its effect on the physique and on the power of moral endurance and resistance of the people may in the long run prove almost the opposite of what its devisers intended. On the other hand, no doubt it was, and perhaps it still is, hoped by the Nazi authorities that the period of strain would be a short one only, and that a quick and complete victory or the opening up of new sources of supply from Soviet Russia or elsewhere would ease the pressure before it could become excessive. It may be concluded under this head that the conditions of life in Germany to-day are uncomfortable, unhappy, and demoralizing, but that their effects are likely to be of long rather than short range. The people and their rulers are buying present material strength for war at the cost of slow moral and physical decline and of the peril of collapse at a future date, still remote, but inexorably approaching.

As for the prestige of Hitler and his regime, it is difficult to say exactly how it now stands. There is discontent of course, and in many quarters Nazism enjoys acquiescence rather than enthusiastic support ; but, particularly for the younger generation of Germans, Hitler is still an idolized hero, the undisputed leader, irreplaceable and infallible. For these German lads and maidens his word is law, and his will is to be obeyed without hesitation or misgiving and at all costs. Only a patent and overwhelming failure is likely to shake his hold on their minds and hearts. With Hitler is bound up the regime he has established—a regime which satisfies many of the natural, if somewhat naive and callous, cravings of youth the world over—a cause, a hero, uniforms, bands, displays, a little brief authority and self-importance. Youth in Nazi Germany is on top of the world —no matter to it, for the time being at least, that it is following an unworthy ideal and a false god, it follows blindly and gladly.

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Pity it is that before we can destroy the creed and discredit the god, so many of the devoted young worshippers must perforce pay the supreme penalty, fitter reward for crime than for folly and blindness.

So long as the Nazis have the youth of the country on their side, they can perhaps afford to neglect the sentiments of disillusion, dissatisfaction, and doubt that prevail among the older elements of the people. These, however little enthusiasm they may feel for the regime, see no alternative to it, and are equally doubtful as to the possibility of overthrowing it without exposing the country they love and venerate to defeat in the war and relapse into a chaos of Bolshevism even more repugnant to them. For many a patriotic German, whatever his age and political views may be, Hitler with his Nazis stands for Germany still. His overthrow in time of war is, in their view, neither possible nor desirable. Moreover, the iron hand of the Gestapo and the Storm Trooper, the ear of the Government spy and the secret informer, are omnipresent to detect and nip in the bud any open manifestation of discontent or rebellion, however slight. The penalties for such a crime are swift, secret, and fearsome. Small wonder that few among a people never remarkable for political courage or independence dare to risk them. These penalties, too, strike not only at the guilty party but at his innocent kinsfolk, which, in a race where family ties and affection are so strongly developed, is a formidable added deterrent. All honour to the few who in the name of human dignity and freedom have ventured to brave the terror, and let us not judge too harshly these, no doubt many, who, secretly sympathizing with these heroes and martyrs, have not found strength and courage to follow their hard example.

We have no space here to estimate the exact military value of the German army, but it appears from all accounts that, in common with the other two fighting services and the bulk of the Nazi party, especially the younger elements, it is confident of ultimate victory and hopeful that it will be swift and complete. How far this is wishful thinking, how far it is based on a reasoned estimate of the military position, and how far it is due to a

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belief expressed by Hitler in his recent speech, "Germany will be ruined if she loses the war, therefore she must and will win," everyone can decide for himself. There is no doubt that the incessant and vehement propaganda barrage to which the German people have been subjected ever since the outbreak of war has convinced many—probably the majority of them, almost against their saner knowledge and belief—that they are the innocent victims of intolerable unprovoked aggression by foes who hate and envy them and are bent on their destruction; that they have so far not only held their own but have struck serious, if not mortal, blows in return; and that Hitler and his advisers have already laid infallible plans for completing the work so well begun and securing a decisive victory and a German triumph. It will be interesting to see what happens when these pleasing but baseless illusions are blown to the winds by the hard logic of events.

Summing up the whole matter, we may say that Germany, by no means ill prepared materially for a brief and brilliantly victorious war, is in decidedly less good condition, materially as well as morally, to take the strain of a long and tense struggle. But it must not be assumed from this that she is likely to save us the trouble of winning the war by collapsing from within by reason of her own internal stresses and tensions. Decline of morale, it must be remembered, is a consequence, not a cause, of defeat, and it will be essential for us to exploit to the full measure of our ability the undoubted weaknesses of our proud and formidable foe, if we are to deserve and obtain the ultimate victory. This will certainly be no easy, and perhaps no brief, task, but if we do not make the mistakes of underestimating it or failing to put our best efforts into it, our success is not merely possible, but assured.

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HORSED AND MECHANIZED

By Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.

Reprinted from the Christmas number of "The Horse" (1939)
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To approach this subject under such a title as horse *versus* mechanization would lead one into a veritable *cul-de-sac* from which no exit for benefit of thought could be exploited.

First and foremost, mechanization, which has indeed revolutionised modern warfare, has come to stay. Readers of *The Horse*, undoubtedly true horse lovers, should not deplore the fact but rather console themselves with the pleasing thought that the noble animal is not going to be sacrificed on the altar of Mars, now ruthlessly stripped in this stark era of modernity of all his panoply of chivalry, dignity, and spectacular environment.

Those who have not experienced warfare may recall riding into unseen barbed wire out hunting and the injuries which its treacherous talons have inflicted to a favourite hunter, and be contented that the " old order changeth."

From the modern European battlefield " horsed cavalry " to give its weird but official nomenclature, in such a role as a fighting force must be instantly ruled out as long as petrol, that all-important factor, is to be obtained by the belligerents.

Napoleon's renowned dictum than an " army marches on its stomach " holds good to-day ; men and horses live off the land and (with the exception of desert terrain), food, forage, and water, are to be obtained even in meagre quantities.

With the shortage of rations man and horse can subsist with tightened belts and girths, but the armoured fighting vehicle demands its full quota of petrol, oil and grease, else it comes to the inevitable and humiliating standstill, presenting that longed-for target for the argus eyes of enemy aircraft.

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An inexhaustible supply of petrol is therefore of paramount importance and this is one of the lessons learnt from the recent campaign in Poland; at one point the Germans are believed to have had something between 500 and 600 tanks clustered together high and dry for want of petrol, a remarkable target for the defenders' air arm which, unfortunately, was non-existent at this particular stage. Further, tanks demand close co-operation with aircraft for protection, as they offer such a defined target for hostile aeroplanes, and cannot deploy with rapidity; furthermore their tracks make distinctive marks on the ground, particularly on grass land, which are easily recognisable on an aeroplane photograph. These tracks unless carefully camouflaged—a tedious operation—may disclose the whereabouts of tanks in harbour.

Granted that the supply of petrol is inexhaustible, the use of cavalry in their true role for offensive action can be ruled out from the modern European battlefield, with the formidable parallel lines of seemingly impregnable fortifications which show no signs of presenting the longed-for "G" in gap for the cavalry mind.

A.F.V., which designation embraces the armoured car and the tank, have characteristics in common in its fire power, mobility, and in its own protection; its armour being proof against shrapnel and rifle fire.

In contrast to the armoured car which is entirely dependent on good and numerous roads, the tank with its tracks can function across country, negotiate obstacles, and cross trenches with its characteristic caterpillar wheels; it can crush down barbed wire entanglements, leaving in its wake a clear pathway for infantry, an achievement which was attained in the very initial employment of tanks when they were launched against the insurmountable German position at High Wood on the Somme, in September, 1916. How these then unknown monsters waddled across this bitterly contested terrain, crushing down the wire, leaving paths for our infantry to pour through to follow them into Flers, now belongs to history.

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MODERN CAVALRY REGIMENT, 1940

18th HUSSARS, WAITING IN A DISUSED TRENCH FOR ORDERS TO ADVANCE NEAR COURCELLES. BATTLE OF ALBERT, 21st AUGUST, 1918

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The moral effect on the enemy was very great in this surprise attack, but no attacking weapon has existed for long before counter measures have been devised; these were to materialize in the advent of the anti-tank gun and the tank pits which were dug by the Germans on all approaches considered likely for tank assault; in fact, the "tank fright" which General Ludendorff referred to in his memoirs as having infected the German troops after this initial and surprise attack, disappeared as confidence in defensive methods was obtained.

To-day, however, the German General Staff, according to an article in the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, would appear to regard tank units "not as means of action" but as "the most powerful offensive arm that can be employed in land warfare," which is in contrast to the French doctrine, which regards tanks as a "supplementary means of action placed temporarily at the disposal of the attacking infantry on whose effort—in the long run—victory or defeat will depend."

In order to consider this subject of cavalry mechanization one might give a résumé of the reasons for the change from horse-flesh to the mechanical device in the speeding-up of modern warfare—a speeding-up which entailed the mechanical transportation of infantry, in which the horse had been hopelessly out-distanced.

To take its place effectively in a modern army, the cavalry regiment had neither sufficient mobility nor adequate fire or fighting power. Further, continental armies were augmenting their mechanized force to a considerable extent, although they did not subject their horsed cavalry to such a drastic conversion as was the case in the British army.

Countries of the calibre of Germany, Soviet Russia, and Poland, boasting typical cavalry terrain of the nature of East Prussia for manœuvre, retained their cavalry.

The fact that German cavalry might have to operate not only on the Western but in Eastern Europe with its wide rolling roadless plains, deep-cut river beds and vast forests, accounted for the retention by that power of a larger proportion of cavalry than was considered necessary by France. In fact the Germans made

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no concealment of their intentions to maintain cavalry by large purchases of Irish horses ; a few years ago the German Government contracted with Irish horse dealers for a large supply of horses suitable for remounts. The advent of aircraft and its gigantic development for warfare further deprived cavalry to a certain extent of one of its invaluable characteristics, that of reconnaissance ; but air reconnaissance must be supplemented by ground reconnaissance, and therefore it must not be taken for granted that horsed cavalry has been superseded entirely. Reconnoitring over wide areas can be undertaken speedily by aircraft, but it cannot take the place of horsed cavalry for close and thorough reconnaissance. For ground reconnaissance aeroplanes are not entirely reliable ; silence and secrecy are essential and aircraft can be heard droning for miles distant.

Tanks likewise, which have a limited range of vision, are unable to preserve the element of surprise, owing to the noise of their engines. For reliable information regarding the enemy position and movements, the Commander will find no substitute for the horseman, who can move stealthily across any kind of country with mobility and see without being seen.

To-day troops are so well exercised in concealment and camouflage methods that they rarely provide hostile reconnaissance planes with intelligence which could be obtained by the trained mounted scout.

The reconnaissance of woods by tanks or aircraft will remain ever an unsolvable problem and here the horseman will remain indispensable for obtaining information. It is of interest to note that the Germans claim to have used a squadron of horsed cavalry successfully against the French in a thickly wooded sector in the recent operations. Weather conditions may at times prevent flying altogether, and again, reconnaissance or contact planes are dependent on visibility conditions. For days on end aircraft were unable to function in the Ypres sector in the last war owing to dense fogs and mists which are such a climatic feature of Flanders ; not that cavalry could have fulfilled any useful purpose in this deeply entrenched and heavily wired sector.

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At the commencement of their campaign in Poland, the Germans, taking advantage of the fog, are said to have employed cavalry to advantage, particularly in one sector where they discovered a position which enabled their tanks to break through.

It must not be forgotten that for reconnaissance the mounted scout has in his horse the great advantage of the animal's power of instinct, and that the horse can use this faculty for the safety of his rider by instinctively feeling danger lurking ahead. Horsemen can, within limits, function by night, in contrast to the armoured fighting vehicle which is blind, deaf and possesses no sensory nerves, nor the instinct of self-preservation, and is dependent on its headlights for any movement. Further, the wear and tear to the mechanical vehicle must be considered and its life is said to be decidedly limited. Whereas, the horse, if horsemastership in the unit is as it should be, will remain in condition and on sound legs for years.

One might ponder at the reasons which possibly influenced the authorities in carrying out such a wholesale mechanization of the cavalry regiments; the answer may lie to some extent in the wave of mechanization which swept England, and the dearth of horseflesh. During the past decade the horse census showed a decline of three-quarters of a million horses; with this decline came the mechanized mind and the loss of animal knowledge.

The milkman, the butcher, and the baker, made his deliveries with the motor van, and the motor tractor had invaded the agricultural domain, consequently animal understanding which is so essential for good horsemastership was on the wane. It might, therefore, have been reasonably considered that should an emergency arise it would be easier to expand an army based on mechanization rather than to retain a branch which would be difficult to augment speedily with suitable personnel.

Without doubt it is less difficult to convert a cavalry regiment into a mechanized unit that it might be to convert tanks into cavalry. To-day the majority of recruits have a mechanical bent and can drive a car; in fact the average man can learn to drive

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a motor vehicle within six weeks, but it will take anything up to two years to turn out a fair horseman.

There was the lesson from the last war before them in the fact of the cavalry divisions having been rendered inactive in France owing to trench fighting. Further, their employment in France was complicated by the difficulty of transporting large quantities of forage from distant bases and by the interference caused to other transport by land and sea which could not be overlooked ; and therefore the policy of eliminating cavalry from such a theatre which once again threatened to develop into such a static nature, was sound not only from the point of the anticipated nature of fighting but for economy's sake. After the first clash of arms in 1914, and after they had ably carried out their role with the retiring British Army from Mons, cavalry practically ceased to function as cavalry.

There was the gallant but fruitless attempt of the 20th Deccan Horse at Delville Wood in July, 1916, to break through the entrenched enemy. The Germans bolted before their onslaught, but eventually machine guns and barbed wire held them up. For weeks beforehand they had practised their horses jumping over trenches—formidable obstacles to negotiate.

(Since the Great War trenches have been included in the various Continental horse shows ; in France and in Germany they came to be regarded as an essential obstacle in the Concours Hippique.)

Monchy-le-Preux, however, rang the death-knell of the cavalry charge under modern war conditions, when serried lines of horsemen came up against machine guns entrenched behind masses of barbed wire entanglements in April, 1917.

In the March retreat the cavalry fulfilling the role of mounted infantry were invaluable ; there are glowing tributes to the services rendered by the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards (amalgamated with the 7th Dragoon Guards and serving to-day under the title of 4/7th Royal Dragoon Guards) and the 5th Dragoon Guards (amalgamated with the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons and serving to-day under the title of 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards), by the official historian of the war,

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who refers to their achievements as perfect illustrations of the power of cavalry when used in the role of mounted infantry.*

The following account, which appeared in *The Times* of 26th September, regarding the fighting in Poland, proves the utter futility of launching cavalry against tanks, although in this case they were employed only owing to the desperate nature of the situation. This graphic description was reported by members of the various diplomatic missions who managed to leave the beleaguered Warsaw :—

" They related *inter alia*, the prowess and self-sacrifice of the magnificent Polish cavalry, including the break through to Warsaw last week of cavalry brigades which had taken an active part in the operations of the Poznan Army which the Germans surrounded. The district abounds in streams, lakes, and swamps which the cavalry crossed and recrossed delivering attacks to prevent or delay the tightening of the German mechanized ring. From Kutno one brigade made a desperate charge towards Lodz, masking the real direction in which the besieged army intended to move. This brigade was apparently eventually annihilated by tank guns and machine-guns, but its charges inflicted serious losses on the enemy and diverted his attention while the other two brigades charged towards Warsaw.

" Part of these brigades fought their way through a weaker section of the ring, suffering terrible losses before the remnants reached the Warsaw Army. They were followed through the breach by a certain number of armoured cars or tanks and some infantry, before the German ring was reclosed.

" There are reports of other cavalry charges rivalling, in their magnificent futility, the famous charge of the British Light Brigade in the Crimean war. A cavalry brigade from the Pomorze (Corridor) fought and perished on the banks and in the waters of the Vistula, near Chelmo, after making repeated charges on mechanized detachments advancing in the Corridor, in an attempt to prevent the German pincers from closing. As far as can be ascertained the whole brigade perished. Another cavalry brigade broke through the German front in the first week of September and captured prisoners in a raid on a district of East Prussia. After two days, not having the necessary support, it was obliged to retreat. Apparently this was the sole instance of the Poles carrying hostilities an appreciable distance into German territory."

This account fails to disclose the fact that the Polish cavalry were entirely deficient of any protective aircraft, which entitles them to all the more honour for their gallantry in such forlorn circumstances.

* The Germans had no cavalry divisions on the Western Front in 1918.

Lord Haig in his final despatch wrote : " The absence of hostile cavalry at this period (March, 1918) was a marked feature of the battle. Had the German Command had at their disposal even two or three well-trained cavalry divisions, a wedge might have been driven between the French and British Armies."

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The operations in Palestine have provided full scope for the characteristics of the *arme blanche* so ably represented by the Royal Dragoons and the Royal Scots Greys in typical cavalry country which had been proved and exploited with such success by General Allenby's mounted force.*

Cavalry undoubtedly is ideally suited for the present campaign against marauding bands and in all guerrilla warfare, in rough undeveloped country particularly, where the limited roads and crossroads are known to be undermined against motorized troops, which horsemen invariably detour.

Here the pack animal has again proved his worth, M.T. being unable to accompany the squadrons into the hills with rations and forage when they bivouacked for the night. Even the donkeys were requisitioned for carrying ammunition for the battalions operating in the mountainous areas of Central and Northern Palestine. One cannot forget the invaluable role which the pack-horse and the mule fulfilled at Passchendaele, Ypres, in 1917 and 1918 ; or on the Somme in 1916 when all food, supplies and shells were brought up by pack transport, the roads having been rendered impossible for wheeled vehicles by the mud and shell craters. This is the risk in relying exclusively on mechanization. Italian experience in Abyssinia, besides our own in Palestine, shows that in certain types of country pack transport in the fighting zone is essential if the tactical mobility of the troops is to be maintained.

The Italian wastage in mules in Abyssinia is said to have been prodigious, due to a great extent to the fact that the troops did not understand the rudimentary elements of animal management—the cases of sore backs alone went into many thousands.

Training, therefore, in animal management cannot be neglected, particularly in an age which fails to produce recruits with any knowledge of horses. Traditionally, horsemastership has been the long suit of the British trooper, who has ever realised that the horse on active service can never receive

* The writer strongly recommends an article entitled "A Letter from Palestine," written by Major R. C. G. Joy, The Royal Dragoons, which appeared in the July issue of the CAVALRY JOURNAL and which is admirably illustrated.

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too much attention; and, as we know, the science of horse-mastership lies in keeping the largest number of horses in condition and on sound legs under adverse circumstances. Brigadier-General Spears, in his *Liaison*, 1914, describes the lamentable and exhausted condition of horse-flesh in the French Army in August, 1914, due to a great extent to the lack of knowledge on the part of the individual: "The French cavalryman of 1914 sat his horse beautifully, but was no horsemaster, It did not occur to him to get off his horse's back whenever he could, so there were thousands of animals with sore backs, and the smell of some units, owing to this cause, was painful. A sixth of General Sordet's command had already melted away."

Under the date of 19th August, 1914, the author states: "At this date the wastage was already so heavy that it amounted to the value of a regiment per division."

It is of interest to note the following extract from the article, "The Spanish Civil War, 1936-1939," written by Major G. R. Johnston, R.A., in the *Journal of the Royal Artillery*, October, 1939:—

"CAVALRY.

"At the beginning of the war, the Government had practically no cavalry, whilst the Nationalist cavalry consisted of about eight squadrons, mostly regular troops from Morocco. During the advance of the southern army from Seville to the Tagus, the moral effect of the Nationalist cavalry in a protective role was important, and was accentuated by the fact that the Government had no mobile troops with which to counter the Nationalist cavalry activities. Once tanks appeared on the Government side, however, the Nationalist cavalry could no longer act alone, and a mixed brigade of cavalry, artillery, and lorry-borne infantry was formed. This, the forerunner of others of its kind, achieved considerable success in the south, where guerrilla warfare was pre-eminent throughout the campaign. After the first year, the Government found it necessary to give their infantry brigades a small cavalry unit for local reconnaissance and protection.

"During 1936 and 1937 on the Madrid front, in close co-operation with infantry and tanks, the Nationalist cavalry played a useful part in securing ground in advance of the infantry as, for instance, in the intricate Casa del Campo area on the western fringe of the capital, and in the river-crossing operation on the Jarama. Acting in a defensive role, the Nationalist cavalry were instrumental in checking the attempted Government break-through in the Escorial area. Throughout the decisive operations in Aragon and Catalonia in 1938 and 1939, the Nationalist cavalry were invaluable as mobile troops in the hill country north of the Ebro valley, which is far better suited to mounted troops than to armoured fighting vehicles.

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" From the fighting in Spain, one is led to the conclusion that the possession of a small efficient body of mounted troops will still be a great asset to an army in European warfare. Although there are few types of country which now present an insuperable barrier to some form of mechanical vehicle, the problem of maintaining forward impetus in a long advance over country like the Pyrenean foothills, which was practically roadless on the line of operation, demands a low ratio of casualties to equipment, simplicity of maintenance and supply, and great flexibility in the unit from a tactical point of view. These demands were met by the Nationalist cavalry ; and with the equipment available in Spain it is unlikely that the cavalry could have been replaced by mechanized troops."

It is said that General Franco went on increasing his mounted troops until the conclusion of the war, when he could muster fifty squadrons of cavalry.

The fighting in Spain is said to have provided apt illustration where mechanized units, being unable to get off the roads, had been shelled and bombed out of existence.

One of the strongest claims for the retention of the *arme blanche* can be put forward in its use as a school of leadership. It is an indisputable fact that cavalry training fosters the following factors so essential for officers :—

(1) Creates the faculty of making quick decisions, combining as it does mental alertness with physical exercise, thus developing those characteristics so essential for fast-moving formations.

(2) It gives an " eye for country " so necessary for reconnaissance and for broader vision.

(3) Teaches resourcefulness, independence ; further, association with horses promotes self-confidence and, therefore, creates within the individual a better outlook or morale.

(4) Fosters boldness and initiative—dash or *élan* has always been a characteristic of the British cavalry officer who had the advantage of the hunting field to exploit as a finishing school ; horsemanship may have been to some extent responsible for the dash of the old Irish infantry regiments, now disbanded, the majority of whose officers were drawn from a fox-hunting class or who had been brought up in an equine environment.

The writer considers that every officer of all branches of the Service would benefit by a course of equitation ; infantry is a

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slow-moving arm and unless measures are taken to counteract it, very soon begets slow thinking which is conducive to slow action.

Rugger, boxing, fencing, and hockey assist to keep the mind alert; nothing, however, can take the place of the horse for the junior officer, whilst for the senior officer past the more rigorous pastimes, horses and everything that goes with them will keep his mind active and alert and his outlook youthful and optimistic, surely essential for command.

The French allude to the possession of these essential qualities as having the *esprit cavalier*. In an article on Saumur, the French Cavalry School, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the following paragraph appeared, which aptly sums up the value to be derived from the horse for a soldier's training:

"A great deal of riding of a vigorous nature is done at Saumur, as much as before the war; and this in spite of the numerous new matters that have to be studied by students. . . . They go in for racing, show jumping, and polo, not only as for games with no practical utility, but rather as sports capable of developing energy, audacity, rapidity of eye, coolness, and will-power of which they will have such need in war. . . . Officers of the future will be expected to handle cavalry or motor vehicles, and the same spirit is required for handling each."

The writer of this article further states that officers undergoing mechanical training at Saumur are also purposely kept occupied with horses in order not to lose the *esprit cavalier* and quoted the advice given by the French Inspector-General of Cavalry:—

"Maintain above all and at all costs 'l'esprit cavalier.' This esprit cavalier is not born in a day by order, but is the result of a steady accumulation which has been going on for years; it exists in, but cannot be acquired from, books. The pupil can only acquire it as a result of intense practice with horses . . . No one who has not himself practised equitation in all its forms knows the amount of perseverance, calmness, patience and severity tempered with gentleness that has to be displayed by a cavalier. . . . Furthermore, riding generates audacity, and he who does not relish taking risks will never be any good. To be cavalier one must ignore danger, never draw back in front of an obstacle whatever it may be, and one must go straight. This cannot be obtained at once but rather requires constant work. The ability so acquired gives to the officer, by means denied to the mass, his prestige and confers on him a physical and moral domination."

The French Government are reinforcing their establishment of horses; last month the French Commission which is purchasing war supplies in the United States placed an order for

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4,000 cavalry horses and 2,000 artillery horses in America.

The advantages to be reaped by riding are not confined to the Army alone. Recently when discussing the subject with a senior officer in the R.A.F. the writer was agreeably surprised to find one who was adamant on the subject for the necessity for encouraging horsemanship for the benefit of pilots. He stated that he himself had benefited enormously by the time allotted to riding when he was a student at the Staff College, and that he considered that flying and horsemanship had many points of similarity in common. Horsemanship assisted the would-be pilot as it fostered light hands and balance which were so necessary, and that the hunting field taught one an eye for country and fostered rapidity of thought in an emergency so essential in the Air Force.

Having considered this controversial subject in a calm, collected manner and without allowing bias to influence him in being carried away by a natural enthusiasm for horses, perhaps the reader may come to the following conclusions:—

(1) That the employment of cavalry as a fighting force under modern European conditions of static trench warfare can be definitely ruled out as it can only result in an appalling slaughter of men and horses.

(2) That cavalry should be maintained in view of the possibility of having to fight in "cavalry" terrain. That some of the line regiments of cavalry should be reconstituted on a horsed basis, in order to provide every infantry division with a regiment of cavalry to carry out the role of reconnaissance and protection when the air situation prevents or limits the activities of aircraft. The great advantage of this mobility enables them to cross certain kinds of ground which would bring the mechanically-propelled vehicle to a standstill in order to take and hold a position until a slower moving formation should arrive. For illustration, take the case of a force of all arms marching on a road flanked by rocky intersected hills or by a deep unfordable stream. A few mounted patrols will suffice to ascertain whether there

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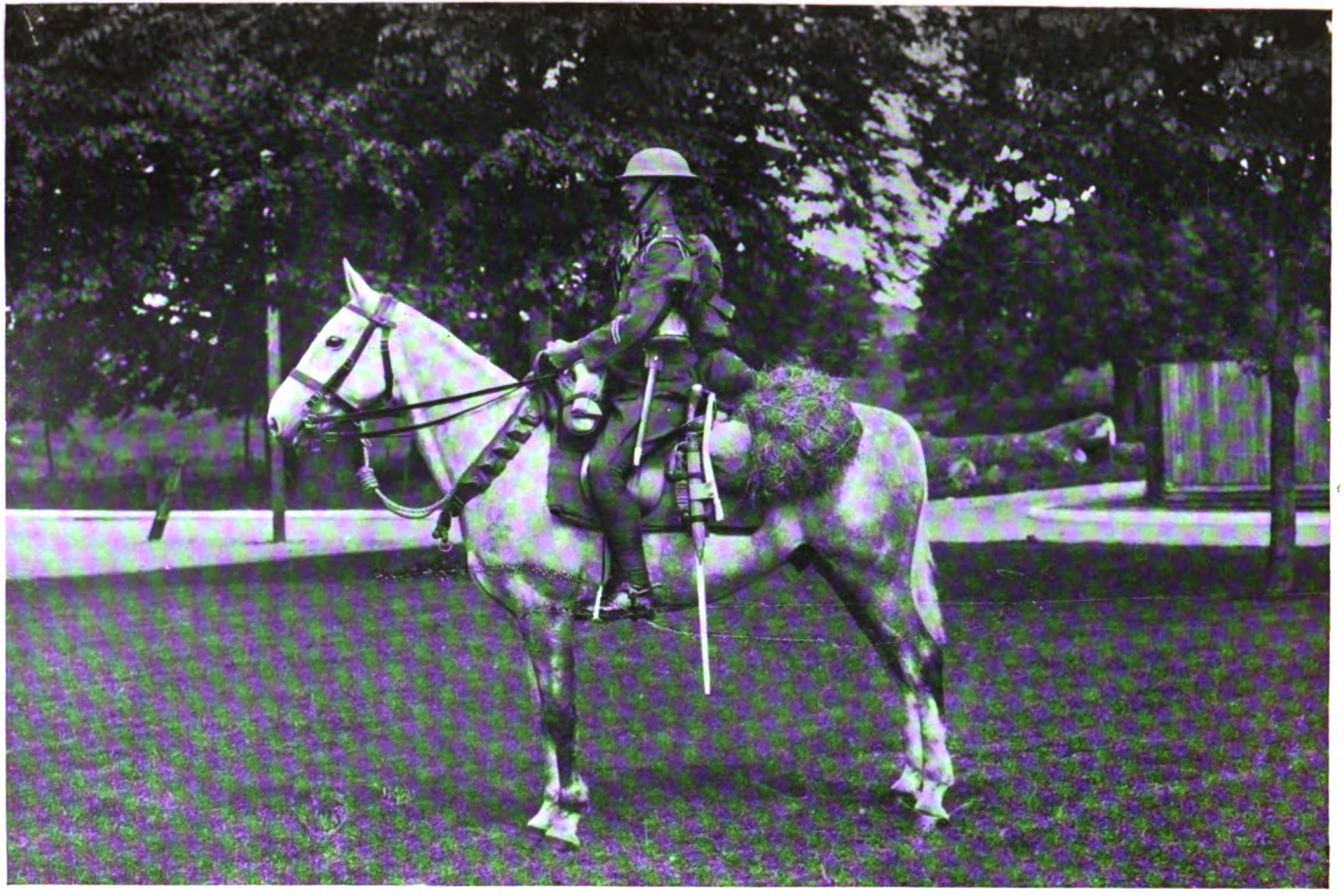

FIELD SERVICE MARCHING ORDER, 1918. (Near Side)

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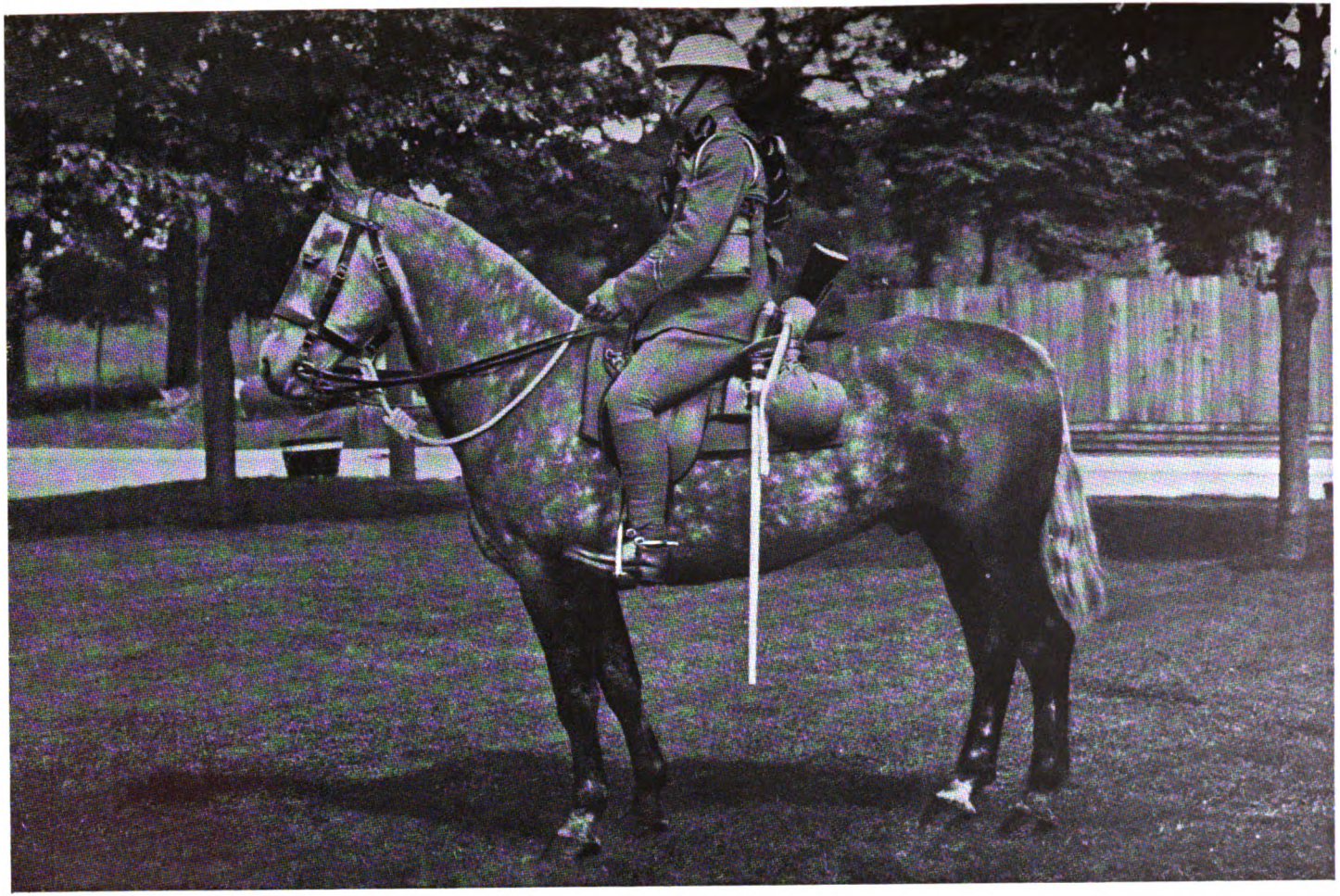

FIELD SERVICE MARCHING ORDER, 1930. (Near Side)

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is any enemy on the farther side of the hills or on the other side of the river. To watch the whole length of the hills with tanks would be uneconomical to a degree even if a sufficient number of tanks were to hand—which is unlikely; and in the case of the river reconnaissance would be impossible.

(3) To provide a permanent staff of trained personnel for the purpose of instructing the sixteen horsed Yeomanry regiments in their duties and in equitation.

(4) To train a percentage of men in every unit in the principles of animal management. It is essential to guarantee that a wastage in horseflesh through ignorance will not occur should the country through which they may be operating becomes impassable for motor transport, causing an instant demand for pack animals.

(5) To provide a backbone of regular cavalry regiments in the Yeomanry division, as was the case in the Great War when line infantry battalions were transferred into new army divisions in France at the end of 1915, in order to provide a necessary stiffening.

History has an odd habit of repetition and there is nothing to guarantee that the identical conditions of waterlogged crater fields as existed on the Western Front in the last war will not materialize in France again; leaving the troops to depend entirely on pack animals for rations and ammunition, should the roads become impassable for motor vehicles owing to the mud or the fact of having been " cratered " out of existence by high explosives.

Instead of the question devolving into that of horsed cavalry versus mechanization, which is now almost a *chose jugée*, it should be regarded from the point of view of horsed cavalry with mechanization,* as it is so regarded by the Continental school of thought.

* Further, it must not be forgotten that to-day the use of mechanical vehicles for carriage of ammunition and weight which otherwise would be carried on the horse increases the range of action of cavalry and contributes to economy in horseflesh. In 1918 the total amounted to 282 lbs. 15¾ oz.; in 1930 this weight was reduced to 250 lbs. 4½ oz., the difference of 32 lbs. 11¼ oz. " weight off horse " being carried in the 1st Line M.T. The " weight off horse " included such items as bandolier, picketing gear, grooming kit, wallets, etc. (See illustrations.)

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The writer has endeavoured to show that the horse has still his uses and is far from being an anachronism or museum-piece in the army to-day. In view, therefore, of the fact that the Government discontinued the grant of £5,000 for light horse breeding last year, which included the payment of premiums to owners of stallions for encouraging the production of types suitable for remount purposes, it is hoped sincerely that an immediate restoration of this grant will be made in order to give every incentive to horse breeding with a view to the right type of horse for remounts for the horsed cavalry and Yeomanry regiments and for pack transport purposes being produced.

Since this article appeared in "The Horse," heavy horse breeding in this country has suffered a severe setback by the Ministry of Agriculture's withdrawal of the heavy horse grants. It would appear that unless these grants are reinstated, there will be inevitably an enormous decline in horse breeding.

At a recent meeting of the Council of the Shire Horse Society it was agreed to press for a reinstatement of these grants to the local Shire Horse Societies. The grants to all heavy horse societies totals approximately £15,000, and the withdrawal of this sum at a time when the horse is so vital a cog in the production of the country's food supply appears to be a decidedly short-sighted policy. Previously the Ministry had granted £40 to the hiring societies for each stallion, and in addition grants had often been made to enable small tenant farmers to avail themselves of the Societies' services. Further, the standard of breeding is liable to deteriorate within the next few years through the use of inferior stallions.

Although more tractors are used on the farms than in the last war, there are certain districts, especially in Wales, where the horse cannot be rivalled.

A recent statement by the Ministry of Agriculture gives the number of wheel tractors being used for field work in England as 43,000. In Wales the estimate is 1,582. These figures are based on a census taken in June, 1939.

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If the war is prolonged for some years, it is inevitable that a further restriction on petrol for non-military purposes will be imposed which will cause an instant demand for horses for farm and draught purposes. One cannot but evince surprise at the number of petrol-driven vehicles in use on the land, as disclosed by the Ministry of Agriculture's census, particularly in view of the fact that the trail of oil and grease which tractors leave in their wake is detrimental to the soil, whereas the employment of horses is of great benefit.

The Minister of Agriculture should reconsider this all important matter which threatens to cripple heavy horse breeding. The suspension of the Live Stock Improvement Scheme at this juncture is indeed to be deplored.

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THE BOWLER VALE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT

By Major Oskar Teichman, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.

I.

The Bowler Vale is a small country and the Master hunts hounds himself, with one honorary and one professional whipper-in. There are 20 couples of hounds. Meet two days a week. The hounds belong to the country. Subscriptions £10 per horse, cap £1 per day from strangers, and 2s. 6d. from all followers. As the total subscriptions amount to only about £400, profits from the Point-to-Point, Hunt Ball, Horse Show, etc., are of the utmost importance. From the above it will be seen that the Bowler Vale is not a fashionable country, and, being over 100 miles from London and a long way from any large town, it is not patronised by lucrative strangers. This perhaps has its advantages for, although the Committee can only just make both ends meet, the followers, half of whom are farmers, enjoy their hunting in a quiet way and are on good terms with one another. A stranger is looked upon with great interest, and the history of every horse out is known as well as its owner's. Every member is expected to be able to lend a hand if a whip or his horse becomes a casualty; and if a member has a fall (or falls off) the whole field stops to pick him up! Over one hundred years ago William Cobbett described the Vale of Bowler as the most pleasant country that can be imagined. To-day the Hunting Directory tells us that it is pasture 80 per cent., plough 5 per cent. and woodland 15 per cent.; and further that the horse required is one of the compact, short-legged and handy sort, clever and temperate.

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II.

It is snowing heavily, and hounds have not been out for a week. Outside the Town Hall of Bollerton the slush is frozen into hard ruts, alternated here and there by a layer of ice. Within a few devoted lady members of the Bowler Vale Hunt are attempting to convert the grim interior of a large room on the first floor of the Georgian building into an attractive ball-room. This is no easy task in spite of the numerous festoons of paper flowers, slightly soiled from previous use, and a good supply of fir sprigs and pot plants. In the Court Room below, the caterer is arranging his supper tables, while one of his assistants is converting the adjacent cells into ladies' and gentlemen's cloak-rooms. Near by are stacked several cases of champagne, a "very special Cuvée de Choix" of unknown vintage at 84s., for the Bowler Vale is not a rich Hunt.

It is the day of the Hunt Ball.

Although Rakso has given up dancing and has no intention of attending the ball, a sense of duty compels him, as a member of the Hunt Committee, to look in and see how the ladies are transforming the room in which he has attended a Guardians' meeting on the previous day. His well-meant interest in the proceedings is not, however, appreciated, and he is informed rather curtly by one of the hard-bitten Dianas of uncertain age that snow-covered boots do not improve the condition of the dance floor. In vain Rakso protests that little harm can be done to a floor which is already liberally sprinkled with the debris of wet leaves and pine needles. After giving some advice as to the position of a long paper streamer, depicting an impossible fox followed by four incredible hounds, which is crookedly attached to the rails of the gallery, and after holding a ladder for a few minutes he leaves the ladies to their labour of love. As he descends the staircase, with its pictures of complacent Bollerton Mayors, their rubicund faces remind him of the champagne in the Court Room, and he congratulates himself that he for one will not have a headache at next day's meet

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from drinking that "very special Cuvée de Choix," which the economical Hunt secretary has purchased.

Rakso reaches the slippery steps of the Town Hall, when a small car drives up and with brakes on skids over the frozen snow towards him. When it comes to a standstill, after narrowly missing some pedestrians on the pavement and after colliding with the steps, the door is flung open and out jumps Jane, a diminutive red dachshund, followed by the rubicund M.F.H.

Rakso is about to commiserate with him on the weather when the Master interrupts him: "You are just the fellow I am looking for, because I want to ask you to run the Point-to-Point this year."

Rakso protests that he knows nothing about running a Point-to-Point—true he has ridden in a good many heavy-weight races (and has actually won two) years before the war; he has also been on the Point-to-Point Committee of the Bowler Vale Hunt; but that, as everyone knows means nothing, for members of such committees as a rule do nothing except criticise the chairman, hon. secretary and clerk of the course.

"My dear fellow," says the Master, "there is absolutely damn-all to do; I have got it all taped for you; Weatherbys have given us the usual date, we have permission to use the same course as last year, and I think I can find some papers which last year's Point-to-Point hon. secretary gave me. In fact, all I really want is to have a name on the race card and yours will fit the bill."

Now Rakso knows perfectly well that the M.F.H. is talking through his hat; but the Master of the Bowler Vale is a man of marked personality, charm and tact, characteristics which, coupled with the fact that he showed excellent sport, have made him the best Master the Hunt has ever known. And so Rakso falls for him, knowing that he can rely on him for help and advice.

III.

Early in January, Rakso calls a meeting of the Point-to-Point committee, at which all the preliminaries concerning course

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and fences, catering, printing and advertising, farmers' lunch committee, selection of officials, the schedule and many other matters are discussed. He soon discovers however that the members of the committee are merely drones who imagine that things " just happen " and tell him to carry on.

Two months later, when Rakso has got nearly all his arrangements well in hand, the Master suggests that a committee meeting be called on the course in order to see how the fences are progressing.

The meeting is called for 10 a.m. on Sunday, and at 9.30 the Master picks up Rakso at his house, en route for the course. It is a sunny morning after twelve hours of heavy rain ; and for a mile or so the road follows the river Bowler, which is in flood, and then rising a hill it joins the high road.

" Hope we shan't get any more of this weather before April 1st " mutters the Master, " but anyhow the committee will see the course at its worst which is all to the good." " I wonder how many of the blighters will turn up ; the fewer there are the quicker we shall get round." " I hope to God that that fellow Ponto has overslept himself, I simply feel I can't stand his stories this morning."

" We must humour Ponto " retorts Rakso, " he subscribes twenty guineas, brings a large party to the Ball, and has given a cup."

The car is now approaching the course and on the brow of the hill a notice-board can be seen : BOWLER VALE POINT-TO-POINT RACES. NEXT MEETING HERE APRIL 1st. SIX RACES.

A minute later the car pulls up before an open gate where a solitary figure is standing. It is that of Major Ambrose Ponto, late of the Horse Marines, a stout and somewhat florid-looking gentleman in the early sixties, wearing a brown check suit and Edwardian trousers.

" Just our luck," mutters the Master as he opens the door for his little dachshund to jump out.

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"Mornin' Master," booms Ponto, "Glad I was able to turn up, shall be able to give you a lot of useful tips about this course, done a lot of 'Chasin'' in my day, although some time ago, what!"

"That will be grand," says the Master half-heartedly. "Of course you are just the fellow we want, but," looking hopefully down the road, "I wonder where all the others are."

This is Ponto's first season and he simply had to be put on the Committee because he insisted.

"Did you hear what a marvellous day we had with the South Mudshire on Friday?" says Ponto, who also hunts with a neighbouring pack and likes to extol its merits at the expense of the Bowler Vale. "Those hounds *can* hunt, ran like smoke over the cream of the Vale—I got a good start, mare never turned her head, stiffish fences (Ponto has never been known to jump anything over three feet, and seldom jumps if he can help it, he rides 16 stone) when we got to the brook ——"

At this point the Master interrupts him, as a car drives up, and exclaims, "Here is the Doc. at last."

Dr. Murgatroyd, retired, has been honorary secretary of the Bowler Vale Hunt for the last ten years, and during that time he has twice saved it from extinction. He is a wizard at dealing with poultry claims, he probably pays less than any hunt honorary secretary in England, he always gets away with it, and yet he has no enemies. He knows the past, present and sometimes the future history of many farmers in the Hunt. He can extract subscriptions from the hardest cases. His dunning letters always commence with: "The Committee learn with regret," or "The Committee are surprised to learn."

During his office he has spoon-fed four Masters and settled them in the saddle, but none so firmly as the present Master, who calls him a "grand fellow" and means it.

The Doc. has one failing—he is a confirmed optimist. This in itself cannot really be considered a failing, but he overdoes it. If by January 1st, few subscriptions have come in, and suddenly

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two useful cheques arrive by the same post, he informs everyone that subscriptions will be up this year and believes that the most unlikely people, who hardly ever turn out, are going to subscribe.

As usual the Doc. is full of information and optimism.

"Have you heard the news?" he exclaims as soon as he gets out of his car, "some new people have taken the Beeches at Upton Parva."

"Well, what of it?" say the Master.

The Doc. lights a cigarette before answering, "Would anyone take a place with four boxes if he was not going to hunt? Besides old Robinson used to hunt, so the new people are sure to, and it is bound to mean at least another twenty guineas for the Bowler Vale."

Arthur Bugley, tall, thin as a rail with a morose-looking face but a twinkle in his eye (you never know when he is pulling your leg), who has just arrived now chips in:

"They do say as how the new man's name is Rosenstein and that the boxes are being converted into garages for two Rolls-Royce cars," with a sardonic leer at the Doc. who retires undefeated to impart his information to Ponto. Bugley, although he does not hunt himself, is a good friend to the Hunt and incidentally is the owner (or rather tenant) of the course. Rakso is just going to suggest a start, when a very noisy car containing Silas Dilton rolls up. Silas farms in a large way on the Ingleton hills, he not only provides foxes galore but also a most generous table whenever hounds meet at his house, which is often. He is the cream of the farmers in the Bowler Vale, and without him the Hunt could hardly exist. To Rakso, Silas is a pillar of strength as he has been clerk of the scales for many years, an office in which he excels.

"Dicks asked me to apologise for him," says Silas, "he got home so late last night from hunting that he does not feel like coming out this morning."

The Master looks at Rakso and whispers, "A pretty useful clerk of the course Dicks will make, if he can't even bother to

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turn up for one meeting. I suppose he will turn up on the day of the races and ask which way the course goes ! "

Brigadier-General Heston-Titmouse is the next to arrive, closely followed by the third farmer, Fred Chatley. The general is the very antithesis to Ponto in every way and although in his younger days he distinguished himself across country, he never talks of it ; and even to-day a locked gate does not stop him.

" Well, gentlemen," says the Master, " there are eight of us here out of twelve, so I think that we had better make a start or we shall never get home in time for lunch."

As the procession moves up the hill towards the first fence, escorted by several dogs, Rakso remembers that he has a letter in his pocket from Major Magspur of the Lanchester Lancers (Queen Zenobia's Own), regretting his inability to attend and adding that he is sending young Puffington to represent the regiment. The latter has not arrived and probably does not know the way.

" Very decent of the Lanchesters to give us a race," says Ponto, " knew them at Poona in '98. I was playing No. 3 against them in the final and—" Ponto has suddenly discovered that he is talking to one of Bugley's farm labourers, who looks quite blank, for the crowd has moved on and is inspecting the first fence, where another member of the committee, young Mogg-Blotter, has joined them. His arrival is not greeted with any enthusiasm, although his manner implies that he is conferring rather a favour on the others by being present. Some years ago he was, for one eventful year, Master of the Piddleton, a fact which he allows nobody to forget. " When I was hunting the Piddleton ! " is always the signal for all those in his vicinity to disperse.

Major Ponto, who has now arrived at the first fence, thinks it is time he gave some advice.

" For a first fence I consider this decidedly too high." Having delivered his opinion Ponto sinks down on to his shooting stick and looks aggressively at his audience. The Master is the first to take up the challenge.

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"Personally," says he, "I consider a low first fence a positive danger, because when a bunch of horses going all out gallop over a low fence, some are bound to chance it and there will be bad falls; a moderately high solid-looking first fence like this one is much safer."

Ponto, who has got a young farmer to ride one of his horses in the Heavy-Weight race and who knows that his horse habitually refuses the first fence, sticks to his point.

"Anyhow, from my experience, I consider that this fence is too high."

Rakso now considers it time to intervene: "A circular from the National Hunt Committee says that inspectors will not pass fences less than four feet high; shall I measure this one?"

The Doc. nods, and Rakso who has foreseen this contretemps produces a marked stick and pronounces the fence to be exactly four feet one inch high. Ponto scowls at the rest of the committee who, regarding the matter as settled, troop through a gate on the left of the jump into a field of arable, one of two in the course. As they go through the gate they are joined by two late arrivals, Eddy Cunningham and young Puffington of the Lanchester Lancers. Eddy has been a joint Master of the Bowler Vale in the past, he is the proud father of a bevy of beautiful daughters who grace the hunting field and the hunt balls. The plough is very sticky after the rain.

"This will slow 'em up," says the General.

"Ought to cut it out," mutters Mogg-Blotter, "course ought to be all grass."

"This is supposed to be over a natural country," says Silas Dilton, "and as we sometimes cross a field of plough I can't see what is wrong with it."

The Master and Rakso pretending not to hear this controversy stride on to the next fence. It is a well-made fence with a small open ditch. Eddy Cunningham rather diffidently suggests a guard rail. An animated discussion follows for and against.

"When I was riding at Leamington in '97 there was no guard rail at one open ditch," says Ponto, "and ——" The

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Major is unable to finish his story for the General chips in, speaking very quietly:

"I was riding that year but I can't remember you amongst the starters."

Ponto gets rather flustered, "Memory not so good as it was, must have been '96 or '98."

Rakso now tries to terminate the discussion by producing another National Hunt memo: "Guard rails to ditches should only be used in very exceptional cases."

"Perhaps this is an exceptional case," queries Eddy.

"Of course it is," says Ponto.

"But I thought that this was to be a natural course," breaks in the General. "We don't meet guard rails out hunting."

"Anyhow the Inspector of Courses will give us a bad mark when he finds a guard rail at a perfectly apparent small open ditch," says the Master.

"Look here you fellows, I am a member of the Masters of Foxhounds Association," exclaims Mogg-Blotter (this in virtue of his having been an M.F.H. for one year!) "and if I can be of any use, I will willingly use my influence to settle once and for all this matter of guard-rails with the National Hunt Committee, which consists of a lot of blighters who know nothing about Point-to-Point racing!"

Young Puffington is much impressed by this outburst, he did not know that Mogg-Blotter was an ex M.F.H. and for the rest of the morning he calls him "Sir," much to Mogg-Blotter's gratification, although there are only a few years' difference in their ages.

"It is awfully good of you old boy," says the Master (who has been an active member of the Masters of Foxhounds Association for the past ten years), "and I know what a lot of influence a man in your position could bring to bear on the National Hunt Committee, but you might upset them and cause dissension just when they are doing their job perfectly well; of course you might be asked to join the committee. Perhaps it would be best to leave it alone; of course I may be wrong."

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Mogg-Blotter does not quite know how to take this, as the Master has apparently spoken with all seriousness, until, as the procession descends a hill while traversing a hundred-acre field, he overhears Bugley tell Dilton, " Mr. Blotto now knows exactly where he gets off ! "

At the bottom of the hill is a grass lane in front of the next fence. It was at this jump that the Master, riding in the Light-Weight race, took a crashing fall last year. Eddy Cunningham draws attention to the deep ruts in the lane and says that they ought to be filled in at once. Arthur Bugley promises to have this done. Rakso makes a note to look at these filled in ruts on the day before the meeting, as he knows that Fred Chatley's waggons often pass this way and that fresh ruts will have to be filled in. The Master walks up to the fence and remarks that it has a personal interest for him as he fell there last year.

" I can't see much wrong with it, Master," says Ponto, " and I don't know why you fell off ; but perhaps your horse jumped big."

"Unfortunately I have not had your experience in 'chasing,'" replies the Master (a first-class man across a country) " and being unable to ride I just fall off."

Actually his horse had hit the top of the fence with his fore legs, and turned a somersault.

" Not only the Master fell at this fence," says Arthur Bugley, " for there were some falls in every race here." Bugley leans against the fence, prods it with his stick and then, climbing up, walks along the top of it.

" My man has done his work too well again," is his verdict. " Out of a lane and I'll bet it is four feet six and every inch requires jumping," he continues. Rakso measures the fence, it is four feet nine and the committee decides that it must be lowered six inches, as it will be higher when the spruce is added.

" By the way, Rakso," says the Master, " be a good chap and make a note that the ambulance men must keep an eye on this fence ; being in a dip it is not easily seen, and incidentally I lay under it, temporarily knocked out, for ten minutes before anyone noticed me."

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Two more fields with their fences are passed without comment, and then the General remarks that a turning flag will be required in order to meet the next fence straight on. Rakso realizes that he has unwittingly cut off a corner and points to a stake (the position for a turning flag) a hundred yards to the left; it is a right-handed course. The next obstacle is a double with a footpath in between.

"This is alright if you meet it out hunting, when you are going a moderate pace and riding canny," says Fred Chatley, "but" he continues, "last year in the Open Race I was standing down here and saw three horses fall, because they landed on the bank of the second fence and could not recover themselves."

Bugley, who sees what is coming, now chips in: "Well, anyhow, nobody fell in either of the Hunt Races."

"Of course they did not," says the General, "because they knew all about it and they went at it steadily."

A discussion follows and it is finally decided to cut out the first fence. Bugley looks glum, for it is a growing fence which has been only slightly reinforced. His hedger, who has been listening to the conversation, mutters to himself, "And after all the work I done to that there fence, and made it fit for the National."

The next field contains some rabbit burrows and Rakso explains to the indignant Major Ponto how they will be avoided by a turning flag. Ten minutes later the procession is approaching the most picturesque part of the course. Before them is a drop-fence, a little brook beneath it, and a spinney on either side. For fifty yards the course continues between the trees and then leads out over an open ditch and a good natural fence, before rising the hill almost to the sky-line where it meets another copse and swings to the left. Rakso knows that the committee will waste at least ten minutes over the drop-fence, they always do, and he is not mistaken this time. Something has always had to be done in the past about the landing; if there is much rain it is a swamp, and if it has been a dry season the clay is converted

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into hard lumps. This year it is in the former condition. Bugley is the authority on this question and he now says:

"I shall cut the far bank of the stream sharply, and dig its bed deeper in the wood so that it drains away quickly and does not overflow; also I shall drain the wet ground beyond on either side, as we did last year."

Mogg-Blotter then gives his opinion, "I fell at this fence last year; I may be riding again this year and I insist that the fence be lowered; horses are coming down hill at it and the further they jump the greater the drop."

A long discussion follows, but in going into the matter carefully it is discovered that Mogg-Blotter fell and not his horse, and further that he was the only rider, in all six races, to bite the mud at this particular fence. Silas Dilton even goes so far as to say that he has seen a photograph which shows Mogg-Blotter in the act of leaving his horse which has not even pecked. Unfortunately for Blotto (as the farmers call him) this fence is always popular with photographers. Major Ponto mutters something about "young fellers of to-day riding with short leathers," and about a race he rode at Lucknow in '98. ("Reminds me of a race I rode at Poona in '89," whispers the M.F.H. aged forty, to Rakso) as the company moves towards the next fence. The open ditch at this fence raises the usual question of a guard rail once more. There is some slight justification for one here and most of the Committee want one. Rakso pretends to make a note of it, winks at Arthur Bugley, receives a surreptitious dig in the back from the Master and makes up his mind not to put one, as he knows perfectly well that the Inspector of Courses will not approve. No comment is made for the next quarter of a mile, and then a small field of plough comes into view. Rakso knows that owing to last night's rain it will slow up the committee's pace and consequently be condemned. It certainly proves very sticky going.

"We must avoid this at all costs," says Eddy, who is carrying a considerable part of the field on both feet.

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"Perfectly preposterous to have two fields of arable in the course," gasps Ponto as he struggles through the sobbing plough, "and we certainly ought to cut out this one."

"We could do so," replies the Master half-heartedly, "by jumping the last fence much lower down," at the same time admiring the well-made fence in its usual position and in a straight line with the next.

Rakso and the Master hurry on to the next fence where they distract the Committee's attention from the plough, by pointing out that this fence is too narrow. All agree to this and Bugley tells his hedger to strengthen another four yards of the rather thinly growing fence. There is rather a wide ditch, now full of water, on the landing side, and only the more agile members are able to jump this through a gap, while the more sedate have to make a considerable detour to a plank bridge.

For some more fields there are no remarks, then some rabbit holes are encountered. The General's terrier goes to ground and after some delay is left; while Rakso explains that a special rabbiting party, consisting of Eddy's beautiful daughters and others, will on the two days preceding the Meeting walk the course in open order with spades and fill in any new holes. At the same time Bugley is asked to fill in the present holes at once.

After some argument about the position of a turning flag the next jump is approached. Owing to the heavy rain the take-off is almost impossible.

"If you agree, gentlemen," says the Master, "I propose that we make an alternative fence a hundred yards to the left, to be used only if we have this sort of weather on April 1st."

"A very good suggestion Master," responds Silas Dilton, "for a horse which lands in the drain on the landing side of the fence will find it difficult to get out."

"I quite agree with that," says Fred Chatley, who farms close by, "for I remember when I was a boy old John Coleman losing a heifer in that ditch in just such weather as we have been having."

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At the end of the next field the course goes through a muddy gap between some trees and then takes a sharp right-handed turn before running parallel with the canal for half a mile.

"An impossible turn," exclaims Major Ponto, "I have ridden in many a Point-to-Point ("I wonder how many," the Master whispers to Rakso) in my day and have never seen such a turn; and only half-way round when the horses are full of running!"

The procession halts and reviews the situation. Ponto, thinking that he is now certain of his audience, continues: "No horse on God's earth could take that turn if going really fast, he would go straight on, cross that narrow field and land in the canal."

"What about the canal turn at the National?" queries the General.

There is silence for a moment, and then Silas Dilton remarks: "Well, anyhow, horses have taken that turn alright for the last ten meetings and I suppose they will do it again next month!"

The committee moves on once more. The monotony is relieved by the General's fox-terrier, which has rejoined the party, nearly chopping a hare, while Ponto falls behind in order to explain to Puffington of the Lanchester Lancers, who listens respectfully, that it would be preferable to cross an adjoining morass in order to avoid the turn. The ground rises at the next fence which has a small drop.

"Look here, Master," says Silas, "I have never liked this fence, horses don't seem to take off well here and there are always some falls."

Very diffidently Eddy Cunningham gives his opinion, "I agree with Mr. Dilton, there must be something wrong about it."

The usual discussion follows and it is decided to lower the fence.

"It will now be under the minimum height," objects Rakso, "and I shall put all the blame on my Committee when the Inspector of Courses crabs it, as he certainly will!"

A few more fields and fences are crossed, when Major Ponto, who has been silent for some time for the pace is beginning to

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tell, as the Master is thinking of lunch, spots a pond near the next fence.

"Too dangerous, horse might run out, feller might be drowned—When I was hunting in Ireland . . ."

The rest of the story is lost, for at this moment Jane, the Master's little red dachshund, puts up a fox out of an adjoining withy-bed. For the next ten minutes the Committee of the Bowler Vale Hunt Point-to-Point is completely disorganised, while a long dog belonging to Fred Chatley courses the varmint into a covert a mile away.

The disappointed Ponto has meanwhile broken away and is taking a short cut to his car. It is not really a good short cut, as a boggy field with a hidden drain intervenes. The hunt is over and the subsidence of the Major is watched with interest, after Bugley has pointed out the exact spot where this should occur. He emerges somewhat soiled, but fortunately his language is inaudible owing to the distance.

As the walk continues less and less interest is taken in the fences.

"By the way," says Rakso, "I suppose Ponto realizes that every one of these jumps will have proper wings, and that only a very thirsty horse would run out and make for a pond?"

"I told him that there would be good bushed-up hurdles on either side of his precious jump," answers Eddy, "but he said that wings never stop a horse running out if he wants to."

By 1 p.m. the party is discussing positions of the car parks, judges' waggon, run-in and bookies, on a slight eminence. Endless alterations are suggested.

"Why not turn the course round and run it backwards, then you would be able to change over the 10s. car park for the £1" is one bright suggestion.

"Why not have the bookies near the start and the paddock opposite the first fence? Then the waggons will have a better view, for anyhow it was all wrong last year!" is another.

Meanwhile Rakso pretends to make notes of these and many other similar fatuous suggestions.

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But at length the inner man begins to get the better of the members of the Bowler Vale Hunt Point-to-Point Committee; it is 1.30 p.m., some have ten or more miles to drive and Sunday lunch will not keep much longer.

They climb into their cars and bump over the grass towards the road.

The Master collects Jane, who is carrying the remains of a rabbit killed by the General's terrier, gets into his car with Rakso and remarks:

"Rather a longer meeting than usual old boy; of course we shall have everything exactly the same as last year!"

"Of course we shall," answers Rakso, "you and I knew that perfectly well before we started out this morning!"

IV.

It is Sunday morning, about a week before the Meeting, and the Committee of the Bowler Vale Hunt Point-to-Point are due to make a final inspection of the course.

The Master calls for Rakso at 9 a.m. The weather has improved during the last two weeks, the Bowler is flowing within its banks once more and there is every prospect of the course being in fair condition, although on the heavy side, for the Point-to-Point. Rakso reads out his entries for the Open Race, while the car hums along the well-known road. Although most of them are unknown to Rakso, the Master knows something about many of them and tries to spot the winner.

"By the way Rakso" he exclaims, "I suppose you have forgotten nothing."

"A basketful of pegs, indelible pencil, samples of all tickets, measuring stick, notebook, a bottle of whisky, some glasses and a syphon; and I think that's the lot" answers Rakso.

"Isn't the whisky rather overdoing it, old boy?"

"Not a bit; it will just do the trick when the Committee have completed the course. They will be tired and thirsty and thoroughly disgusted when they discover that we have made practically none of the alterations which they suggested. That

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will be the psychological moment to offer them a drink, and then all their grouses will be forgotten."

"I know that you have warned Otley, the caterer, to be on the ground by 9.30 and also the A.A. patrol official," says the Master, "but what about Superintendent Browning?"

"That is his car slowing down at the gate," replies Rakso, pointing to the police car.

As the Master's car turns into a field from the high road a few seconds later he remarks:

"Now we shall be able to do a good half hour's work before those blighters arrive; how much easier it is to deal with police, caterer, and A.A. than with a Point-to-Point Committee!"

Superintendent Browning has for many years helped to make the Bowler Vale Point-to-Point a success. He is a whole-hearted supporter of the Hunt, his advice and help are invaluable and Rakso hopes that the day of his retirement is still a long way distant.

"I shall have the usual number of inspectors and constables on duty," says Browning, "but I would like a few more pick-pocket warning notices this year."

"I remembered what you said last year," replies Rakso, "and I have got twenty-four large placards ready."

As the Master, Browning and Rakso walk across a large field towards the place where the tents will be pitched, they are met by Mr. Otley, of Messrs. Otley & Co., caterers, of Lanchester.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," says the genial and rotund caterer, "now if you could mark out the positions for my tents before you discuss paddock, bookmakers' lines and car parks, I should be very much obliged, as I have to go on to the South Mudshire whose meeting takes place a few days after yours."

"Certainly," says the Master, "if the Superintendent agrees, and I am sure the A.A. officer won't mind waiting."

The latter has just arrived in his car and says that he is in no hurry to get back to his headquarters.

"We must know roughly where the paddock will be before we start on the tents," says the Master.

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"Same as last year," chips in Silas Dilton, who has fortunately arrived ahead of the Committee.

Seizing a bunch of pegs from Rakso's basket, Silas proceeds to mark out the position of the paddock. This is not difficult to identify, as the hole where the flagstaff was, by the number board, is discovered.

"There you are, Mr. Otley," says Rakso, as he puts in four pegs, "secretary's, weighing, ladies' dressing and gentlemen's dressing tents in their usual places at the end of the paddock."

Next the farmers' lunch tent, the general refreshment tent and the beer tent are marked out; also the ladies' and gentlemen's "cloakroom" tents behind a convenient hedge.

"I am putting up one extra tea tent for my superior clients who do not care to go into the ordinary refreshment tent," says Otley.

"I hope you will fill it," replies the Master, "although most people take tea in their cars."

"Not when they see my very select tea tent pitched under those trees," replies Mr. Otley sententiously. He then shakes hands with everyone and promises that his lorries will be on the ground early on the day before the Point-to-Point.

A few minutes later he is on the way to the South Mudshire course in order to make similar arrangements.

The position of the bookmakers' lines is next discussed with Browning, and the car parks are delineated with the help of the A.A. official.

"We have forgotten the 'Tote' tent," exclaims the Master.

Rakso, who has received the measurements of this tent from the Racecourse Betting Control Board, writes "Tote" on four pegs and stakes out a position between the bookmakers and the paddock. He then takes Superintendent Browning aside, "Mr. X has promised to meet me on the course at 2 o'clock on the day before, and I hope that you will be there to meet him as usual?"

"I shall be there alright," replies Browning, "Mr. X is an old friend of mine, what he says goes, and between us we can fix up the bookmakers and have no trouble. He knows who the genuine ones are and he can give me all the information I require.

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We shall see that they keep strictly to the lines you have marked out."

Needless to say Mr. X is the doyen of the bookmakers.

The A.A. official then promises to erect numerous road signs to the Point-to-Point over a wide area, and leaves the course with Superintendent Browning.

By this time nearly the whole of the Committee has arrived, including Dicks the clerk of the course, who did not attend the previous meeting.

"Well, gentlemen," says the Master, "to save time (he really means it!) we have marked out the tents, car parks and paddock before you arrived (he knows that the process would have taken twice as long had they been there!) and now we had better have a walk round the course."

"First, I should like to know where the start will be," says Dicks, "and which way round the course is."

"Naturally you would like to know that," replies the Master rather acidly, "as you were not here when we walked the course three weeks ago!" The procession walks to a pole with a white flag on it labelled "start," about four hundred yards from the first fence.

It is curious how amenable and even piano the members of the Committee have become since the last meeting on the course, especially when they see the neatly made up fences with well erected wings and number signs, and the clean red and white flags on either side fluttering gaily in the breeze. They have had no chance of disagreeing with the run-in arrangements, which have already been fixed by the Master, Rakso and Silas Dilton. There are no longer any suggestions that the course should be run backwards in order to alter positions of car parks, or that certain fences and fields should be cut out. Even Major Ponto has only a few criticisms to make, and he does not even remark on his pond which is obscured by three bushed-up hurdles. As the party marches round the course—while Rakso takes notes of any slight alterations in the positions of turning flags, which have been put up by one of Arthur Bugley's men

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the day before, and also of any ruts which require levelling—its members become aware of the presence of mysterious strangers who are prowling round the course in a furtive manner and who are examining the fences with a critical eye.

These are intending riders in the Open Race from distant Hunts, whose remarks (meant to be heard) are not always eulogistic of the course. There is a more friendly intercourse and even badinage, with some riders from the adjacent Hunts, as most of them are known to the Committee.

"Hulloa, Simpkins," exclaims the Master, "you don't mean to say that Jones is going to let you ride his horse again after falling off at the second fence last Wednesday!"

"Just going to have a canter over your rotten course before I win the South Mudshire Light Weight next week," replies Simpkins.

A few determined looking women are also encountered, and one or two girls who are riding in the adjacent Hunts Ladies' race. No local competitors are met, for they have seen the course take form and know every inch of it already, besides they will probably walk it again the day before.

Half way round the course Major Magspur (of the Lanchester Lancers), the military member of the Committee turns up.

"How many entries are you sending me?" asks Rakso, "remember I must receive them by Tuesday morning."

"I have got them here," is the reply, "nine of them, and all starters!"

Rakso is much relieved at this information; the Regimental race is the last item on the card, and nine thrusters riding jealous will make a grand finale.

"By the way, Rakso," say Magspur, "we should like to entertain; can you give us a nice position if the P.M.C. arranges about a tent?"

"Of course I can," replies Rakso, who knows how a tent flying the regimental flag and two smart Lanchester Lancers outside will improve the appearance of his lay-out, "you and I will peg out a place next to the paddock and you can park your mess waggon behind it."

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On approaching the last fence Rakso wonders whether the Committee will notice that it has not been lowered, as they recommended. So far they have not commented on the fact that hardly any of their suggestions have been implemented. The fences look so neat and well-made that they have not the heart to criticize them; but at the last fence Major Ponto halts and asks whether it has been lowered.

"Can't you see that it is lower?" says the Master prevaricating and hurrying on, adding, "it is past one o'clock and, personally, I want to get my lunch before two!"

Five minutes later Mogg-Blotter enquires where the finish will be, as the party, now somewhat reduced in number as some have gone home, ascends a gradual rise.

"That post," says Rakso pointing to a white pole half-way up the roped off run-in and opposite a white flag, "will fly a Union Jack and behind it will be the judges' waggon."

"But will horses be able to pull up after passing the winning post?" asks Eddy Cunningham, "for it is only about three hundred yards to the first fence."

"Preposterous," says Ponto, "horses full of running will be into the first fence before they know where they are, no one could pull up after a race in such a short distance; I remember when I was riding in Ireland . . ."

"Let 'em," interrupts the General, "but I don't think it likely after an uphill finish."

"I have arranged for a man to undo the rope by the fence when a race is about to finish," joins in Rakso, "and horses can then swing round behind the paddock *if* they are so keen to continue the race after climbing the hill!"

"Not good enough," says Ponto, who considers that as an expert in steeplechasing he must stick to his point.

Mogg-Blotter now joins in, and with Fred Chatley, commences to pace out the distance.

Silas Dilton argues with Ponto that the winning post and fence have been in the same position for the last ten years, but Ponto, now backed by Magspur, won't give in.

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"Look here," says Arthur Bugley, "you all seem to have forgotten that the course is much heavier this year than last, and that horses finishing up hill will be blown."

Ponto pretends not to hear this remark and turns to the General.

At this juncture the Master looks meaningly at Rakso.

"I have got a bottle of whisky, a syphon and some glasses in the car," says Rakso, loud enough for all to hear.

The words act like magic, and in a few seconds the whole party is congregated round the car. The bottle is soon empty, for it is a warm March day. Cigarettes are lit and the whole question of the finish is completely forgotten.

As the contented members of the Bowler Vale Hunt Point-to-Point get into their cars, Rakso reminds them that they must report for duty on the course at 10 a.m. on the day before the meeting, and if possible each bring a groom or gardener with them. He does this because he knows that Arthur Bugley leaves many things to be done on the last day, and that much additional help will be required.

"Thank God you brought that whisky," says the Master as he starts up the car.

(*To be continued*).

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EXCEPTION TO THE RULE

By Reginald Hargreaves.

"*A wholly bad people I never yet knew.*"
Hans Sachs.

Even setting aside the fact that they have inflicted war upon a long-suffering world five times within the last eighty years, there is no getting away from it that the Germans are a difficult race for whom to form a real attachment. And what is true of the average Deutschlander is more than twice as true of the typical dyed-in-the-wool Prussian. Even to the most accommodating nature, there is a streak of hectoring arrogance about the fellow, combined with an irritating air of supreme self-satisfaction underlining his whole manner, which are rendered no more grateful and comforting by his complete lack—as we understand the term—of a sense of humour. He also labours under the indestructible delusion that he comes of a tribe which constitutes the very salt of the earth; a notion which any Scotsman—with or without provocation—will roundly assure you, for unassailable reasons which he of all people is in the best position to advance, is just so much blethers! Part bully, part lickspittle, your typical Prussian, in short, is an infliction with whom the philosophical bear with stoic silence and the more precautious take pains to avoid as they would the combination of a club bore and an elephant that had just gone a trifle *must*.

But there is no rule without its exception to ram it home; no race incapable of producing an individual here and there whose endearing qualities are in direct contradiction to those normal characteristics for which his racial stock is generally noted.

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From this inscrutable dispensation even the Prussians are not exempt, and one exception to the prevailing rule may certainly be cited in the person of stout-hearted old "Marschall Vorwarts," the Iron Duke's ally in the final overthrow of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Although in some ways something of an eccentric—even where his tipple was concerned he disclosed an horrific *penchant* for an admixture of gin and rhubarb!—the fiery old warrior, among other things, displayed an entirely un-Prussianlike determination to abide by his promised word. He had sworn, for instance, to produce his army on the field of Waterloo and get it there he did; a service for which Wellington was the first to make explicit and generous acknowledgment. "Blücher," his British coadjutor, has put on record, "was a very fine fellow, and whenever there was any question of fighting, always ready and eager."*

But even this far-from-typical product of Prussian soil was not without his delusions; although here again they most signally departed from the form most usually found in one of his race and upbringing. "Poor Blücher," the Duke once revealed in conversation, "went mad for some time. He had been showing off before some of our ladies at Paris, and got a fall from his horse and a blow on the head. This gave him all sorts of strange fancies. When I went to take leave of him, he positively told me that he was pregnant! And what do you think he said he was pregnant of?—An elephant! And who do you think he said had produced it?—A French soldier!"

At least, one may suggest, a delusion which only produced discomfort in its victim.

But it is to an earlier campaign than that of Waterloo that we must turn to discover perhaps the most extraordinarily paradoxical Prussian of them all—von Steuben of the American War of Independence.

Writing of conditions on the Colonial side at the commencement of hostilities in 1776, the late F. J. Huddleston, an historian of unfathomable erudition and most engaging pen,

* "Conversations with the Duke of Wellington," by Philip Henry, Fifth Earl Stanhope.

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has given it as his considered opinion that, "The Americans began the campaign with no army. This may seem, and is, a drawback so far as fighting goes, but on the other hand it has its compensations. If a nation has no army it has no preconceived, dry-as-dust text book ideas about Strategy and Tactics. These branches of military study . . . are fundamentally horse-sense; and in that the Americans were not lacking, especially those who did not live in the towns." Undoubtedly a shrewd and penetrating comment, especially when it is borne in mind that not only was the average Colonial a remarkably good shot, but that—in the words of another acute observer, one Robert Jackson, who actually visited the *terrain-de-campaign* during the course of the war—"although they had no tactics or knowledge of manœuvre, no discipline (which they abhorred), and would rather shoot from cover than from open ranks, they had great knowledge of woodcraft and of the nature of the country, and consequently made excellent 'partizans' or 'guerrillas'."

In short, they were Irregulars; and wars between Irregulars and Regulars, between "horse-sense" and the dictates of the text books, are invariably prolonged until both sides make the necessary concessions and readjustments in mitigation of the handicaps under which they respectively laboured at the start. *Par example*, the four weary years it took to bring the "handful of ignorant Boer farmers" to surrender in South Africa, and the sixty odd years of continuous fighting it cost the Russian Imperial troops to reduce the hardy mountaineers of the Caucasus even to nominal submission.

With the Irregular, it is the invariable experience that the pinch is first felt in the organisation—or lack of it—in the lines of communication and the service of supply. This, reacting upon the indiscipline inherent in large, indiscriminate, volunteer forces of exclusively civilian outlook, inevitably results in turbulence, confusion and distress; a "cracking at the back," the repercussions of which are only too potently liable to affect the efficiency of the firing line itself.

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With the outbreak of hostilities in 1776, the rush of recruits to the new American Colours was such that the finest pre-war organisation might well have wilted under the strain imposed upon it.

Totally devoid of any properly-organised recruiting system, the outcome was that state of hopeless confusion which, in the particular circumstances, was only to be expected. Regimental commanders might, one day, find themselves at the head of a thousand rifles, only to discover the following morning that a good two-thirds of their personnel had disappeared over night. Farmers and the like, after registering for service, thereafter returned to the garnering of their crops without any pedantic scrupulousness in the matter of first seeking official sanction; while of the "Minute Men" it might almost be averred that they enlisted one minute and endowed themselves with indefinite "leave" the next!

Before many months were past, the confusion had become well-nigh indescribable; in the vast central camp of Valley Forge conditions were undisguisedly chaotic. Discipline was impossible; men treated their Officers as equals and, in Washington's own words, "regarded them no more than a broomstick; and for the most part they were not fit to be shoeblacks." In nearly all cases Officers were elected by popular vote; and in many Corps no Officer was nominated who did not consent to throw his pay into the common pool. One Captain was also the barber to his Company, while another was tried and cashiered for stealing his Company's blankets. There was little food,* fewer replacements of clothing, and practically no uniform. These things existed, in abundance, at no great distance, but there was no transport to bring them to those who needed them so desperately. At one time, out of five thousand raw and unhandy recruits, barely a fifth were in a

* One despairing doggerel, addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, contained the following verse:

"... And for the beef—there needs no puff about it;
In short, they must content themselves without it.
Not that we mean to have them starved—why, marry,
The live-stock in abundance which they carry
On their backs prevents all fear of that!"

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condition to parade. As for military tuition—since there was no one sufficiently experienced to impart it, it was entirely absent. In which particular, so ignorant were the men of the purpose for which the bayonet had been invented, that the only use they could find for it was as a skewer upon which to broil their steaks; while the tally of lost muskets mounted to close upon eight thousand on the year. In addition, proper tent or barrack accommodation was completely wanting, while of medical services, to all intents and purposes, there were none. In the men's own phrase, there was "no pay, no clothes, no provisions and no rum." Hale and sick alike lay about in crude *abris* or straw hovels, undernourished, ragged, and so devoid of spirit that their utter demoralisation, both as human beings and as potential soldiery, could only be a matter of time—and very little time at that.

The situation was desperate; and, with a thousand and one other responsibilities on his overburdened shoulders, the country's chosen leader was the first to realise the fact. But how to remedy it was entirely beyond his immediate comprehension. Surrounded as he might be by able and patriotic men, there was no one amongst them with sufficient military training or experience to undertake the charge with any slightest prospect of success. For that matter, Washington himself had only been elevated to the position of command on the principle that in the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king. His own experience, such as it was, had been gained with the abortive expedition under the egregious Braddock, and had tended less to enlighten him as to what *should* be done than to afford him a striking example of what had best be left *un*done!

What was wanted at this urgent hour of need was a fully-trained and practical-minded Staff Officer who, in addition, was generously endowed with the faculty of training men.

And then, in the darkest hour of its destiny, news came to America from Benjamin Franklyn and Silas Deane, the insurgents' representatives in Europe, that a certain Major-General Baron von Steuben had consented to cross the ocean and

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undertake the training of the embryo American Army, volunteering to serve without reward if, as the result of his handiwork, the States did not win that independence for the sake of which they were in arms.

At last Washington had found his Sir John Moore!

II

Friedrich Wilhelm August Heinrich Ferdinand von Steuben had been born of soldier stock, and his nostrils had been familiar with the smell of burning powder all his life.

Commissioned into the Prussian Infantry at the early age of seventeen, he had served with distinction throughout the Seven Years War, first with his own unit and later on the Staff. Under Frederick, his training as a leader of men and as a General Staff Officer had been both thorough and comprehensive. The end of that particular campaign found him an A.D.C. to the King, and brought him the reward of the Canonry of the Cathedral of Havelburg. The salary for this last appointment was 1,200 florins a year; and von Steuben, unlike a certain celebrated divine of later date, had no reason to complain that "he found his spiritual duties a great burden"! Retiring from the Prussian service in 1763, the veteran Captain was appointed Chamberlain at the Court of Hohenzollern-Hechigen. During the term of his office he was given, in addition, the command of the troops, elevated to the rank of Baron, and made a Knight of the Margrave of Baden's Order of Fidelity. Offers for his services came from the King of Sardinia and the Emperor of Austria; but the turning point of his career was his meeting, through the instrumentality of the Count of St. Germaine, with Deane and Franklyn, then domiciled in Paris.

The French Minister, Beaumarchais, had long been affording secret aid to the Colonists through the agency of the trading house of Hartalez and Co. It was at his suggestion that the two Americans entered into those negotiations which resulted in the

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Baron's departure from Marseilles, in the late September of 1777, with nothing more elaborate in the way of a "Family"* than was provided by the person of Pierre Duponceau, his interpreter.

Entrusted with the task of transforming the raw and dispirited levies of Valley Forge into an efficient fighting force, von Steuben was the first to realise that the miracle must be wrought—if wrought it could be—by his own unaided hands.

To define with any exactitude the motive which induced this hard-headed and hard-bitten veteran to undertake such a mission at all, is a matter of no small difficulty. A mere soldier of fortune would have exacted specific and generous terms of reward before embarking on the enterprise at all. In this instance, the gesture of generosity came from von Steuben, who, for the moment at least, demanded no more than his out-of-pocket expenses.

On the other hand, the good Baron was no flamboyant altruist of the type of the somewhat inflated Lafayette, prating of his love of liberty and his hatred of tyrannous oppression. Probably, as a lifelong campaigner and man of strong military instincts, the prospect of vegetating as a sort of glorified country gentleman on his modest estates in Swabia, with which fate he was threatened by the incidence of European peace, held small allure. As a superannuated war horse, brooding in its pasture, will thrill from head to hoof at the challenge of a distant trumpet, the old soldier in him longed again to experience the stir nd ordered bustle of bivouac and camp, the stimulus which acts as compensating balance to the responsibility of high command.

The Baron, with the self-endowed rank of Lieutenant General,† landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on 1st December; where the volatile Duponceau signalised their arrival by kissing the first pretty Puritan maiden who chanced to cross his path! In due course the new broom was received by Congress with every mark of esteem and respect; but no

* A General's "Family" was the contemporary term by which his Staff was known and referred to by the Authorities and the soldiers under his command.

† Von Steuben's only commission as a General Officer was in the Circle of Suabia, a kind of Imperial Militia.

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time was lost in speeding him on his way to the scene of his future labours. His welcome to Valley Forge was no less than enthusiastic; Washington riding out several miles to greet him, allotting him an especial guard of honour, and appointing "Steuben" as the countersign to mark the day of his arrival.

But the conditions with which the new broom found himself confronted were enough to breed despair even in the stoutest hearted.

"The men," as he wrote at the time, "were literally naked, some in the fullest extent of the word. The Officers who had coats, had them of every colour and make. I saw Officers at a grand parade, . . . mounting guard in a sort of dressing gown, made of an old blanket or woollen bed cover. With regard to military discipline, I may say that no such thing existed. It would be an endless task to enumerate the abuses which had nearly ruined the army as I found it. In fact, no European army could be kept together a week in such a state."

But undeterred by the magnitude of the task which lay ahead of him, the veteran set to work to lick things into shape with all the speed and energy at his command. His work was in no way facilitated by his very sketchy knowledge of the English tongue. But this handicap was not permitted to interfere with the composition of a Drill Book and Training Manual—a work destined to achieve fame as "The Blue Book" —which the Baron immediately took in hand. Roughing out his ideas in his native German, he had them translated into indifferent French. Next, it was the turn of another of his "Family," Colonel Fleury, to recast the whole farrago into a more recognisable rendering of the Gallic tongue, before handing it over to Pierre Duponceau to re-translate into lively if somewhat hit-and-miss English. Finally, Captain Walker, also of the "Family," "vetted" the result, paragraph by paragraph; and an English version eventually emerged which was not only comprehensible but retained the essence of the sound military sense and broad, pliable humanity of its remote original.

For von Steuben's reorientation to the particular task he had undertaken was as thorough as it was speedy. Here was

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no place for the rigid, meticulous system of training to which he had been accustomed in the Prussian service; wherein a harsh, inflexible, machine-like discipline was imposed by the ever-present threat of the ganteloupe and the lash for those who failed, in any slightest particular, to yield obedience. Discipline there must be, of course. But with these temperamental, contumacious Colonials, it must be the discipline which is agreed to rather than the discipline which is enforced. "In Europe," the Baron was quick to explain, "a soldier is given an order, and he obeys. Here, a man is told *why* he has to do a thing—and then he obeys!"

This flexibility of outlook and readiness to adapt himself to particular circumstances is equally manifest in the good Baron's "Regulations for Officers," which exhibit a sound grasp of essentials, coupled with a very human appreciation that the "common soldier" must be treated as a man and not as a machine, which is as remote from what might be expected of a man of his upbringing as it is, by contemporary standards, enormously ahead of its time.

Apart from "paper" work, von Steuben's first task was to set about the reorganisation of the camp of Valley Forge itself. For a start, he insisted upon a proper system of hygiene and sanitation, both of which had been practically non-existent amongst the scant amenities of the central dépôt. This done, he set about the reconstitution of the services of supply, until every man went properly clothed and adequately fed: this, doubtless, to the infinite chagrin of the profiteering Commissaries, who, up till then, had been lining their pockets very comfortably in the manner which has made the infamy of their breed a byword of military history. (Incidentally, the Iron Duke was heard to remark that "it would be a good thing to hang one of the caterers," while Napoleon actually did have one of his peccant sutlers shot out of hand, presumably on the principle which brought Admiral Byng to face a firing party—*pour encouragez les autres!*)

Then, having seen to it that his raw material had full bellies and warm backs, von Steuben proceeded to drill them, and

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drill them, *and* drill them, until—in the modern phrase—they hardly knew whether they were coming or going! It must indeed have been a trying time—at least at first. This sudden demand for subordination and a meticulous precision of movement from men unaccustomed to obedience to any save their own individual wishes, constituted as severe a test on goodwill and enthusiasm for the cause as could very well have been imposed. Equally, for von Steuben, the bumble-footed clumsiness of the raw, reluctant, awkward squads that floundered to and fro in every direction must have proved exacerbating to the point of frenzy. For the good Baron was possessed of a highly-inflammable temper; although, according to Duponceau, "his fits of passion never offended the soldiery. When some movement or manœuvre was not performed to his mind, he began to swear in German, and then in French, and then in both languages together. When he had exhausted his artillery of foreign oaths, he would call to one of his Aides, '*Viens*, Walker, *mon ami, viens, mon bon ami! Sacré* Gott-dam de *gaucheries* of dese *badauts, je ne puis plus*, I can curse dem no more!' A good-natured smile would pass through the ranks, and at last the movement was properly performed."

But if von Steuben was as unsparing of the men as he was of himself, it was of set design. As he himself has recorded, "I departed altogether from the rule of European armies; I had no time to do otherwise. In our European armies a man who has been drilled for three months is still called a recruit: here in two months I must have a soldier." For which cogent reason he stuck to his task with a grim intensity of purpose which nothing could abate. And because they knew of, and responded to, the personal interest he took in them, the men of the rank and file bore with him and sweated to perfect themselves in the drill to which he held them so relentlessly.

One useful stroke was effected when he persuaded Washington to add a hundred men—all Virginians—to his bodyguard, for whom an extra especial course of intensive training was instituted, until they were absolutely perfect in their evolutions. Thereafter, they were used as an "exhibition squad" for the

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instruction of all the Inspectors, Brigade Majors and Adjutants of the Army; and in consequence "drill became the fashion; and the new gospel, imparted day by day by the model company, spread quickly through the entire force," and thus was the whole Army leavened. It was, perhaps, the most remarkable achievement in rapid military training in the history of the world.

Moreover, as the men learned something of discipline—and that self-respect which is its inevitable accompaniment—from their grim-faced but very likeable Instructor, so did they also learn to take a pride in their turn-out and in the care of their arms. The loss of muskets soon became negligible; while so thoroughly did the rank and file come to appreciate the real purpose for which the bayonet had been devised that, a little later, the British post at Stony Point was captured at the point of that particular weapon, and without the firing of a single shot.*

Von Steuben's personal diligence was astounding. It is recorded of him that "he would rise at three, have a cup of coffee, start smoking and, by sunrise, be ready for his daily damning." Not only would he carefully scrutinise the rank and file and their equipment, but he would keep a careful eye on the behaviour and capacity of the N.C.O.'s. His watchful concern for the training of the Officers was no less thorough. He drilled them personally, as he did the private soldiers; and at all times continued to exhort them to treat their men "with kindness and consideration, to lend willing ear to their complaints and, where they were well-founded, to see promptly to their redress."

Nor was the Baron's advice and counsel a mere matter of academic preaching unaccompanied by useful precept. At all times, out of parade hours, he might be found, churchwarden pipe in hand, plodding here and there about the camp, and—unprecedented event for those days!—even visiting the sick in the new quarters he had had provided for them. As Huddleston has so admirably put it, "where drill and discipline were

* After Stony Point, von Steuben took the opportunity to have the bayonets *permanently* fixed to the rifle barrels!

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concerned, he was a Sir John Moore, where humanity was concerned, he was a Frederick, Duke of York. An Englishman can give no higher praise."

III

Needless to say that Washington was delighted with the man under whose guidance order at last grew out of what had looked like hopeless chaos. Reporting to Congress, he wrote, "He appears to be much of a gentleman, and, as far as I have had any opportunity of judging, a man of military knowledge and acquainted with the world": high praise indeed for one not prone to an extravagant laudation of his subordinates' abilities! Writing again a little later, he once more testified to von Steuben's "intelligence, zeal and indefatigable industry," at the same time recommending that the display of these qualities should be rewarded by his appointment as Inspector General, with the rank and "incident emoluments" of Major General.

It was a recognition in no way excessive for one who, in the words of Major Ganoe, the diligent historian of the American Army, "bestowed upon our ragged forces the greatest gift they could have received—the gift of discipline."

And doubtless the good Baron found those "incident emoluments" very welcome. His own private means were relatively negligible, while his generosity and boundless sense of hospitality must have delved a deep hole in such inadequate resources as he could command. Entertaining was as the breath of his nostrils; his tent swarmed with visitors; and on one occasion he sold part of his camp equipment to pay for the dinner he had provided for a party of French Officers he had invited to "take meat" with him. On another occasion—after the surrender of Yorktown to whit—he sold his horse the better to be able to offer hospitality to the British Officers who had been taken prisoner. Moreover, in the early stages, before he had been given time to reduce the thieving Commissaries to a proper sense of their duty, he had dipped his hand deeply into his own pocket to provide extra provender for the men of the

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rank and file; grunting with a gastronomic sympathy truly Germanic, "Poor fellows, they have Field Officers' stomachs without their pay or rations!"

One function, however, at which he presided in the early days, cost him no more than the rations he contributed to the common stock-pot. This was a dinner organised by his A.D.C.'s to which no Officer was bidden who was not in possession of a torn coat and a pair of breeches with a hole in them! Guests and hosts clubbed their provender, and feasted sumptuously on potatoes and tough beef steaks—*not* grilled on a bayonet point, one may be sure!—with hickory nuts for dessert. There was no wine, but thirsts were quenched (or reinforced!) in draughts of spirits, "salamanders," as they were called, since the liquor was set on fire and quaffed down flame and all! In after years the good Baron loved to speak of this dinner to his "Sans-culottes," as he called them; a designation which survived to be transported by Duponceau to his native France, where it achieved world-wide acceptance during the subsequent Revolution.

Valley Forge transmogrified from a shambles into a dépôt of armed and disciplined might, von Steuben, as would have any other man of soldierly instinct in like circumstances, turned his thoughts to the possibility of securing an active command. For some considerable time the jealousy and intrigue of the American-born Generals conspired to frustrate the fulfilment of his desire. But their "lobbying" and privately-voiced objections were overcome finally, and von Steuben was transferred to the command in the field he had sought so earnestly. The results of his good work were making themselves felt by now throughout the whole of the Colonial forces; and they shone nowhere to better advantage than at the battle of Monmouth, the Baron's first engagement of real importance in command of troops.

Clinton, who had succeeded Howe in command of the British, in the June of 1778 set about the evacuation of Philadelphia with the intention of concentrating his forces on New York.

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Washington marched at once to catch him up, overtaking him in the neighbourhood of Monmouth, New Jersey.

Von Steuben was already deep in the C.-in-C.'s confidence, "consulted upon all matters of strategic and administrative policy, and performing in himself all the functions of a General Staff." So it was to this able subordinate that Washington entrusted the reconnaissance of the British force, who were finally run to earth near Allerton. Correctly divining that the enemy's objective was Monmouth Court House, the Baron—who had lost his hat and been nearly taken prisoner!—reported back to his Chief, and was given a command with the main body. Meanwhile the Advance Guard, under Major General Charles Lee,* pushed forward to make contact with the enemy. A general action seemed inevitable; but considerable confusion as to the actual intention of their opponents and the meaning to be dedueed from the movements of their troops seems to have afflicted the leaders of the British and Colonial advance guards alike. After considerable fumbling, Lee ordered a retreat, and his men were retiring in some disorder when Washington, with von Steuben at his heels, arrived just in time to check a retrograde movement which might easily have degenerated into headlong flight. The C.-in-C., who never lost his temper without carefully thinking it out first, deliberately denounced Lee to his face as a "damned poltroon"; rallied the wavering lines and bid them stand and fight. With the eyes of their trusted Commander and their well-loved German mentor bent upon them in cool confidence, the hesitating ranks closed up and, led by some of the Baron's picked Virginian "veterans," advanced against the red coats as coolly as would have any *vieux grognards* of the Seven Years War. The drill and discipline in which von Steuben had so remorselessly grounded them had asserted its steadying influence, and the day was saved.

* Not to be confused with Light Horse Harry Lee, a very different pair of shoes! Charles Lee had soldiered in the British service; but after a stormy career in Poland, Hungary and Italy, had thrown in his lot with the Americans. An "odd and prickly character," he might be tricky as an enemy but was liable to prove even more dangerous as a so-called friend. Monmouth was his swan song, with its aftermath of a Court Martial and the ignominy of an adverse verdict.

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Throughout the operations which followed, up to the final surrender of the British at Yorktown—where the Baron had the command of a Division, and where his experience of siege warfare, gained under Frederick the Great, proved of inestimable value—Washington's alien patriot continued to play a sound if unspectacular part. If no showy feat of arms attended his efforts in the field, his advice in council invariably proved as reliable as it was consistently constructive. But by far the greatest contribution he made to the American cause lay in the good work he had so sedulously carried through at Valley Forge, the fruits of which were witnessed in the ever-increasing steadiness and confidence and vastly improved soldierly quality that the Colonial troops displayed in every action in which they were engaged.

IV

The end of the war found von Steuben still very much in harness; one of the first missions with which he was entrusted being the "taking over" of the Canadian frontier posts from the vanquished British. A little later his name appears in connection with the troops summoned to the suppression of the "Doctors' Riots," one of those queer manifestations of mob hysteria which characterised the immediate post-war New York. It was ungrateful work for a man whose kindliness of heart was ever at odds with the demands of disciplinary repression; but the Baron carried it through with that tact and firmness to which his superiors had, by now, become accustomed.

The demobilisation of a vast civilian army is always a period fruitful in minor tragedies; and the disbandment of the extemporised American forces, running true to precedent, was attended by the usual spate of misery-breeding injustices and ineluctable "hard cases" which such a process seems inevitably to entail.

So far as von Steuben personally was concerned, "honourably discharged" from the Army in the March of 1784, he was at least consoled by the receipt of a personal letter from Washington, the writing of which the C.-in-C. had deliberately made his final act before relinquishing the responsibilities of supreme

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command. This was flattering if of no tangible profit; and the good Baron's entangled financial circumstances had, by the war's end, reached so desperately involved a condition that the question of their rehabilitation was both immediate and urgent. His claim on Congress for $60,000 in return for services rendered was ignored, however; that august body deeming the gift of a gold-hilted sword sufficient requital. It was not until seven years later, and after a protracted period of unseemly wrangling, that the Federal Government compromised with an annual pension of $2,500. The State of New Jersey, be it recorded in its honour, showed a more generous recognition of his labours in the cause of freedom, bestowing upon him the gift of a small farm; while the State of New York endowed him with 16,000 acres of wild, uncultivated land, situate near the present town of Remsen, north of Utica in Oneida County. With this for security, Alexander Hamilton and a group of other friends, through the medium of a friendly mortgage, were able to retrieve the old soldier from his more pressing debts and spare him the humiliation of bankruptcy.

It is to be hoped that with increasing years discretion served to temper the Baron's tendency to spontaneous and unthinking generosity; although this is highly dubitable. It is recorded of him, for instance, that during the difficult period of the army's demobilisation, he came across a certain Colonel Cochrane, standing motionless in the street, with such an air of tragedy marking his whole appearance that von Steuben could not refrain from enquiring its cause. "I am penniless," bewailed the unhappy Colonel; "and although for myself I can stand it, my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern there, and I have nowhere to carry them, nor even the money to move them."

Von Steuben was silent, but turned away and hurried into the tavern indicated. Suddenly appearing before the astonished Colonel's lady, still without a word, he poured all the money he possessed upon the table, and thereafter "left as suddenly as he had entered."

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On another occasion, a wounded Negro soldier approached him, begging for a little help to set him on the way to New York. Von Steuben—as was so often the case !—was without a penny in his pocket ; but an A.D.C. was handy, from whom the General promptly borrowed a dollar rather than that his petitioner should go empty-handed away. Another characteristically sentimental extravagance was the redemption of a little Negro slave, who had been purchased by a Southerner, so that he might be returned to the parents from whom he had been separated.

As early as 1783 von Steuben had acquired American citizenship ; and with his worldly affairs relatively in order, he settled down to enjoy the popularity to which his honourable war record, no less than his Presidency of the German Society and of the New York Branch of the Cincinnati, entitled him. Wintering in New York and spending the summers very pleasantly on his estate in the Mohawk country, he could comfortably reflect, with Joubert, that *le soir de la vie apporte avec soi la lampe.*

His death, from an apoplexy, occurred in the November of 1794 ; and he was buried, enwrapped, very characteristically, in his old military cloak, in a lonely spot in the woods, about a quarter of a mile from the log hut wherein it had been his delight to take his ease.*

He died, as he had lived, unwed ; and by the provisions of his will, his estate was divided amongst his faithful A.D.C.'s and the tenants over whom he had exercised a just and kindly sway.

At various times a variety of Memorials have been erected in honour of his memory, the best known of which is the full-length statue in the Lafayette Park at Washington.

But the most enduring memorial of all resides in the tradition of good discipline and soldierly quality he founded with such diligence and patience amidst the shambles of Valley Forge ; a tradition to which all that is best in America's Army is proud to bear witness to this day.

* His remains were subsequently removed to the township of Steuben, near Trenton Falls.

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REGIMENTAL MASCOTS

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S., Member of the Society for Army Historical Research.

Part II

THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

Poodle in the Peninsula Campaign.

Apparently the only information about this pet is to be found in Captain Gronow's "Reminiscences and Recollections" (p. 313), in which he tells us that: "Every regiment has a pet of some sort or another. One distinguished Highland regiment possesses a deer; the Welch Fusiliers a goat, which is the object of their peculiar affection, and which generally marches with the band. The light company of my battalion of the 1st Guards, in 1813, rejoiced in a very handsome poodle, which had, if I mistake not, been made prisoner at Vittoria. At the commencement of the battle of 9th December, 1813, near the mayor's house, not far from Bidart, we observed the gallant Frederick Ponsonby well in front with the skirmishers, and by the side of his horse the soldiers' poodle. The Colonel was encouraging our men to advance; and the poodle, in great glee, was jumping and barking at the bullets, as they flew round him like hail. On a sudden, we observed Ponsonby struggling with a French mounted officer, whom he had already disarmed, and was endeavouring to lead off to our lines; when the French skirmishers, whose numbers had increased, fired several shots, and wounded Ponsonby, forcing him to relinquish his prisoner and to retire. At the same time, a bullet broke one of the poor dog's legs. For his gallant conduct in this affair, the poodle became, if possible, a still greater favourite than he was before;

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and his friends, the men of the light company, took him to England, where I saw my three-legged friend for several years afterwards, the most prosperous of poodles, and the happiest of the canine race."

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.
"DRUMMER JACK"—A TERRIER.

Quite a number of Regimental Mascots entered the British Army by being found abandoned on the battlefield. "Drummer Jack" of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards belongs to that category.*

Early in the Great War the Coldstream Guards were at Berls-le-Bois, Northern France, and here one of the men found a black and white fox-terrier, suffering severely from shell shock. He was at once given every attention, and soon was on the way to complete recovery. Unfortunately, his new master was killed early on, and so he was adopted by the drummers, who looked after him, and with whom he served in the front line throughout the war. So completely had he been cured, and so thorough was his confidence in his new-found masters, that afterwards he took not the slightest notice of the heaviest bombardment, and would roam the trenches or sleep peaceably in a dugout through it all.

At the end of the war he marched from Maubeuge to Cologne in front of the battalion in a dignified manner, as though he fully appreciated the importance of the occasion. He liked music and was never happier than when the corps of drums and fifes were playing, but he hated the sound of a bugle and would whine and yell whenever he heard one.

For his services during the Great War he wore on his collar the ribbons of the 1914 Star, the Victory medal, and the General Service medal.

When the battalion was ordered to return to England there were anxieties about Jack being allowed to accompany it, but

* I am indebted to Mr. J. Murrell, late Drum-Major, Coldstream Guards, for much first-hand information about this mascot. T.J.E.

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somehow all regulations were successfully defied or circumvented, and he landed quite safely without any questions being asked.

When the Coldstream Guards mounted guard at Buckingham Palace Jack was always in his place beside Drum-Major Murrell. As he got on in years it was thought advisable that he should be shut up in barracks to prevent his meeting with a fatal accident on the roads. Having been all through the war safely the regiment did not wish him to meet an inglorious end.

In 1925 his age had become a burden to him, and to the regiment's great regret he was put to sleep peacefully by a veterinary surgeon, after eleven years' service in the Coldstream Guards.

He left a son, named Joe, but he had a short life, dying on manœuvres in 1926.

SCOTS GUARDS.

Terrier and Cows.

In 1853 a terrier named Bob joined the regiment and went out to the Crimean War with it. His chief diversion at the seat of war was chasing Russian cannon balls when they fell in the British lines. At the battle of Inkerman he was particularly busy in this direction, and more than once shoved his nose, very unwisely, on to a ball that was still hot. For his behaviour on this occasion the men of the regiment made him a medal, which he afterwards wore attached to his collar.

Bob was a good soldier and was always present on parade when the Scots Guards went into action.

He came home with his regiment in July, 1856, and marched through London at its head. Like many other regimental mascots which survived campaigns, he met an inglorious death, being run over by a butcher's cart outside Buckingham Palace in 1860.

His body was stuffed and now fills an honoured place in the Scottish National Naval and Military Museum at Edinburgh Castle.

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During the Great War the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards had some pets which were found very useful; they were two cows named "Bella" and "Bertha." They were found on a deserted farm in Flanders in 1914 and, as no one seemed to own them, the regiment adopted them. Out of gratitude to their rescuers the cows provided the officers' mess with fresh milk every day throughout the war.

The Scots Guards covered a good deal of ground in France and Flanders during the Great War, but everywhere they went "Bella" and "Bertha" followed and underwent the same risks from shot and shell as the remainder of the regiment.

When the Victory March took place through London in 1919 the two cows accompanied the regiment as it marched past His late Majesty King George V. For a few years later they lived a quiet life in retirement on Lord Blythswood estate in Renfrewshire, Scotland, where they died. A hoof from each cow has been mounted as a snuff box. Silver statuettes of both cows were presented to the battalion by officers who had served therein during the War.

I am indebted to Superintending Clerk F. Morley, Headquarters, Scots Guards, for information regarding the cows.

IRISH GUARDS.

"Brian Boru"—Irish Wolfhound.

In 1902 the Irish Kennel Club presented to the regiment a fine Irish Wolfhound for its mascot. He was named after the romantic Brian Boru, the famous King of Ireland who lived from 926 to 1014 A.D.

On ceremonial parades he always occupied a position at the head of the regiment, led by the smallest drummer boy.

Brian was the only dog allowed inside the sergeants' mess, and what this honour meant to him, only he could tell, but no doubt it created a good deal of jealousy among the other canine members of the regiment. He died some years ago, and although he has had some successors, the idea of maintaining a mascot was abandoned by the Irish Guards in 1930,

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" BOBBY II "

The living symbol of the badge of The Royal Warwickshire Regiment

By kind permission of " The Times "

" BRIAN BORU II "

Receiving his Shamrock, 17th March, 1926

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owing to the difficulty of keeping this particular breed of wolfhound in England.

THE ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.

Antelopes.

The ancient badge of this regiment is "An Antelope," to-day "The Antelope within the Garter." Tradition has it that it was acquired about the year 1707 when the regiment was fighting in Spain during the War of the Spanish Succession. It may, however, be of even older origin. It is one of the few regiments that can have a living symbol of its badge, and it has had black bucks continuously since 1871.

The Indian black-buck lives in the plains of the Punjab and Central India. When fully grown it is black in colour, stands about 2 feet 6 inches in height, and the male has horns from 15 to 28 inches. It is very graceful in its action, and when in "full gallop" it appears to spring in the air, making leaps of about 10 feet at a time.

The sources of supply of these animals are twofold. The foreign battalion usually obtains them as gifts from the Maharajahs of various states, whilst the Zoological Gardens of London have been extremely kind in presenting antelopes to the home battalion. Each one, as it arrives, is given a name and "taken on the strength" of the regiment. The black buck originally acquired in India in 1871 was christened "Billy," and that name was given to its successors in the 1st Battalion for many years. Since then the names "Bobby" and "Charlie" have come into use, to the regret of the older generation. The second "Billy" was presented to the 1st Battalion about the time of the Delhi Durbar of 1877 by a well-known Maharajah. It came home with the battalion in 1880, and died in Ireland in 1888.

On arrival at the battalion, having travelled from the Zoo in a wooden box, the antelope is let loose in a big pen, in one corner of which is his sleeping hut. This latter is well covered with straw, but not heated.

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There is one man in the regiment who is in charge of the black-buck. He is chosen from the drummers of the battalion, and is known as the " Buck Leader." To help him exercise the antelope, another man is detailed, and he is known as the " Assistant Buck Leader."

There is always water and rock salt in the pen for the antelope, and he is fed daily at 8.45 a.m. on two large handfuls of crushed oats and bran, and about 2 lbs. of clover hay. He is very partial to biscuits and sugar and a very special " tit-bit " is a cigarette (unsmoked, of course), which he consumes, paper and all. Care must, however, be taken to ensure that he is not overfed.

In time, most antelopes get quite tame and " amenable to discipline," but some have to be handled very carefully. Woe betide the careless Buck Leader who turns his back on the antelope, for he is almost certain to find his rear threatened, and in some cases, attacked in quite a painful manner.

The antelope attends important parades only, such as church parade, reviews and inspections, and he is a fine sight when dressed for these occasions. Two silver tips adorn the ends of his shining black horns—a coat of royal blue on which is emblazoned the badge of the Regiment in colours covers his body—and around his neck is a wide white collar with a large silver badge on it. From his collar go two white cords, the ends of which are held by the Buck Leader and his assistant, who walk or stand on either side of him.

On parade, some antelopes seem to realise their importance and position at the head of the whole battalion, but cases have arisen when their conduct has been most reprehensible. During the last review at Aldershot by the late King George V, " Bobby " disgraced himself when about to " march past " His Majesty by lying down and nibbling the grass, until persuaded, none too gently, to conduct himself in a more military manner.

Again, during a recent Tattoo performance, " Bobby " was horrified to find himself, instead of at the head of the massed bands and drums, behind a large and well-covered drum-major. This was too much for his pride, and with great

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cunning he awaited his opportunity, and "bucking" this gorgeous individual from behind, succeeded in rending his trousers. This drum-major never repeated his error and for the other performances he kept a discreet distance behind the buck.

The present black-buck of the 2nd Battalion, "Bobby III," has shown a new form of cunning. Recently, at Tidworth, when going from barracks to church on church parade, he developed a bad limp. As a result, he was hurriedly returned to barracks, where, on arrival, his limp was found to have vanished. This happened on three consecutive Sundays, and the veterinary officer reported him to the Adjutant as a "malingerer." On the fourth Sunday, the limp again recurred, but no sympathy was shown and after another quarter of a mile, it mysteriously disappeared, and has never again made a reappearance.

THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS.

Goats.

Perhaps the most well-known mascots of the British Army are the goats of The Royal Welch Fusiliers and The Welch Regiment. At the moment only those of the former regiment will be mentioned.

It is not known precisely when this regiment first had goat mascots, but they certainly had one at the battle of Bunker's Hill (17th June, 1775) during the American War of Independence. No doubt he was placed well to the fore, where his butting power would have some tactical value.

Major Donkin, in his "Military Collections and Remarks" (p. 133) has this interesting note regarding the goat of The Royal Welch Fusiliers at this period. It is to be found in the chapter headed "Merit, Records, Rewards," and runs thus:—

"The royal regiment of Welch Fuzileers has a privilegeous honor of passing in review preceded by a Goat with gilded horns, and adorned with ringlets of flowers; and although this may not come immediately under the denomination of a reward

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for Merit, yet the corps values itself much on the ancientness of the custom.

"Every 1st March being the anniversary of their tutelar Saint, David, the officers give a splendid entertainment to all their Welch brethren; and after the cloth is taken away, a bumper is filled round to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (whose health is always drunk to first that day), the band playing the old tune of 'The noble race of Shenkin,' when an handsome drum-boy, elegantly dressed, mounted on the goat richly caparisoned for the occasion, is led thrice round the table in procession by the drum-major. It happened in 1775 at Boston, that the animal gave such a spring from the floor, that he dropped his rider upon the table, and then bouncing over the heads of some officers, he ran to the barracks with all his trappings, to the no small joy of the garrison and populace."

Queen Victoria appears to have liked the idea of this regiment having goats for its mascots, for in 1844 Her Majesty presented one to each of the two regular battalions. Since that date all "replacements" have been made from the royal herd at Windsor. Edward VIII, however, disbanded this herd, and it is uncertain from which source further replacements will come.

The mascot is looked after by a fusilier, called "The Goat Major," who also leads it on parades. For special parades the mascot is attired in a beautiful coat, embroidered with the badges of the regiment, and his horns are gilded. Each goat wears a silver shield on his head, on which is inscribed the name of the Sovereign by whom he was presented. Round his neck he wears a chain to which is attached a shield. In the case of the 1st Battalion the shield was presented by the people of Lichfield in 1904, and that of the 2nd Battalion by the people of Pembroke Dock in 1924.

At the ceremony of "Eating the Leek" in the officers' mess on St. David's night, the mascot is always led round the dinner table.

It is well-known that a goat's diet is very simple, but sometimes Billy is not wise in the selection of his fare. We remember one mascot, of pre-Great War vintage, that celebrated Christmas

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Day by having a good helping of paper decorations in the barrack room. Flour paste and tissue paper apparently have a habit of expanding considerably when housed together inside a goat, royal or otherwise. What the limit of expansion is we do not know, but we do know that this animal's interior could not supply the requisite elasticity—with fatal results.

Billy, the mascot of the 2nd Battalion The Royal Welch Fusiliers, died in the summer of 1937, and the following extract from his obituary notice in the Regimental Journal (Y DDRAIG GOCH) for July, 1937, gives some interesting details of his career.

"Billy joined the 2nd Battalion in Pembroke Dock in 1925, and rapidly grew into a magnificent looking goat with a huge spread of horn. He has served continuously with the battalion ever since. He may lay claim to having been the most widely travelled goat in the world. The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and its kindred bodies in other countries show great reluctance in permitting animals to broaden their minds by travel. 'Join the Army and see the world,' ought to be a slogan more popular amongst goats than it would appear to be amongst men; for Billy invariably travelled with the suave air and immunity of an ambassador, carelessly waving a diplomatic visa; he had behind him a special Order in Council, and a long paragraph in the *London Gazette*.

"Pembroke Dock, Germany, Tidworth, Gibraltar and Hongkong were the full span of his travels. Already in Gibraltar he showed signs of growing old. He grew more addicted to motoring than to walking, and was subject to sullen fits of rage at the expense of his flimsy dwelling house or his admiring spouses. But he could still cover a short distance at remarkable speed, as a certain soldier of another regiment discovered to his cost; this soldier had thought fit to bait Billy one day as he was peacefully browsing on the Upper Rock at Windmill Hill, in Gibraltar, and unwisely he chose to do so on the edge of a quarry. One short sharp rush was sufficient to give the foolhardy tormentor time to regret his folly whilst nursing a fractured leg in hospital.

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"Billy's bearing on parade was always exemplary. He fully appreciated that he was the cynosure of every eye and conducted himself accordingly. Only once did his dignity falter. The occasion was a Guard of Honour to the Emir of Transjordania at Gibraltar. The Guard was drawn up on the quayside, Billy as usual in front, and speculation was rife as to what the Emir would be like. At last a heavily be-flagged launch glided alongside, and the Emir stepped ashore, a swarthy black-bearded figure, swathed in white flowing robes. At the sight of Billy he drew back a pace in alarm. But alarm was no part of Billy's make-up. Perhaps some old instinct, long forgotten during the many years of civilisation in Windsor Great Park, dimly stirred his mind; for Billy was descended from an old tribe which inhabits the borders of Persia and Arabia, the land of the Emir. Perhaps the Emir's forefathers had harried and hunted Billy's own ancestors. Perhaps the memory of some old blood feud narrated to him when a kid by his mother may have suddenly returned to him, and perhaps a goat, like an elephant, never forgets. Be that as it may, these two strange bearded Asiatics faced each other uneasily; the royal salute crashed out, the colour dipped, and as the band blared out a national anthem of weird oriental chromatic cadences, Billy lowered his head and started forward. Fortunately the Goat Major pulled him up short, and he remembered that, although revenge may be sweet, the call of duty is sweeter. For the remainder of the parade he remained aloof, and he and the Emir, regaining their Oriental inscrutability, ignored each other."

THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS.

"MURIEL"—THE PIG.

Perhaps we are apt to think of pigs in terms of rashers of bacon or pork sausages, but one of these humble animals has been elevated to the dignity of regimental mascot. Although a most unusual mascot it was also a most intelligent one.

Soon after the 1st Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers arrived at Sialkot, India, in 1919, some of the men found a

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young squeaker in a nearby jungle. She was brought in and fed on milk from an ordinary baby's feeding bottle. After being weened she was fed on the best that could be provided, under which treatment she waxed fat and grew to an enormous size. She was christened " Muriel " soon after being taken on the strength, and no doubt the name had some associations which could only be appreciated by the members of that battalion.

Muriel served with her unit all the time it was in India (four years, from October, 1919, to January, 1924) and was stationed with it in Sialkot, Belgaum, Deolali and Bombay. When the battalion moved a problem always arose, because it was not permitted to move livestock, but the resourceful Irishmen did not allow a little thing like that to worry them. An enormous cage was made for her and this was labelled " Package No. . . ." This simple ruse satisfied the Indian railway officials, who were probably just as anxious as any member of the battalion that their mascot should accompany it.

Having been spared the necessity of hunting for food, owing to the ample rations provided by the battalion, Muriel seems to have developed a liking for music. When the band was practising or playing-out, she was never far away, looking as though she appreciated the strains that smote her ears. This led to her accompanying the band on the march, and as she trotted along in front, she became the self-appointed mascot of the unit. She realised the dignity of the position and behaved very soberly as she led the battalion on its various parades.

Church parades sometimes gave rise to a little ill-timed entertainment, for not only would Muriel march with the band to the church, but if those on duty at the door were not on the alert, she would dart inside, and then have to be unceremoniously hunted out again.

Whenever she became insubordinate there was one sure way to make her amenable to discipline, which was to beat a tin plate with a spoon. Whenever she heard this she would immediately prick up her ears, give an odd kind of squeal, and then scamper off towards the sound, in the hope of receiving some food.

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In Belgaum the battalion had a cross-country run every week, which Muriel invariably attended, no doubt to improve her figure. She always went round the whole course and usually came in fourth or fifth. When the unit provided the demonstration troops for the Senior Officers' School, Muriel attended all schemes and took part in the final assaults.

As an illustration of her intelligence the following incident may be related. When the battalion was at Deolali there were also some companies at Bombay. Muriel was at Deolali, and in due time this detachment had to change over duties with those at Bombay. She entrained at Deolali without showing any signs of disapproval of the move, and also detrained at Bombay. But as she was marching through Bombay, on the way to the barracks, she took a sudden dislike to the place, turned round and dashed back to the station, in time to return with the other detachment to Deolali.

In 1924 the 1st Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers were ordered to Iraq, and to their great regret the troopship authorities refused to allow her to embark, either as "Package No. . . ." or anything else. Muriel squealed dismally on being torn from her regiment, which had been her home for four years.

One of her great days was St. Patrick's Day, when she was suitably attired in green ribbons, which gave her a very smart appearance. Her fame spread throughout the Punjab and the Bombay Presidency, but on being parted from her regiment no more was heard of her.

THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.

"Boxer"—A Black and Tan Terrier.

When The South Staffordshire Regiment was in Malta in 1882 they acquired a little black and tan terrier, who was named "Boxer." He soon learned military discipline and, whenever an officer entered his barrack-room, he would sit bolt upright on his hind quarters and raise one of his forepaws in the air, and would remain in that attitude until the officer left.

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He attached himself particularly to "H" Company, and always led that company wherever it went, by day or night. So regular was he in regard to this habit, that he was credited with listening to orders when they were read out in the evening so that he would be *au fait* with what was to take place the next day.

Boxer's only harness was an ordinary dog collar with the Regimental Badge of the Stafford Knot upon it. He seemed to know when he was on a ceremonial parade, for he would trot along with an air full of importance, barking occasionally to call attention to himself.

Boxer went to Egypt with his regiment, and when it was stationed at Cairo it was ordered to join the Gordon Relief Column under Lord Wolseley, at Assiut, 200 miles away. When the regiment entrained at Cairo, in order to view the countryside, Boxer took up a position near an open window, but unfortunately, soon after starting, he fell out of the train. To the great regret of the regiment they saw their faithful little mascot crumple up on the side of the track. With the soldiers' customary fatalism they bore their grief philosophically and gave him up for lost. Imagine their surprise, however, when a few days after their arrival at Assiut, they saw Boxer come limping into their camp. He was terribly footsore and emaciated, for he had apparently followed the regiment by road and having had very little food on his 200-mile tramp.

The regiment, naturally, made a great fuss of him, and with care and attention he was soon his bright, perky self again. For courage and faithfulness to his masters his example would be hard to beat, for he must have encountered many on his journey who would have been only too pleased to give him a home.

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OUR WAR

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ardern Beaman, D.S.O.

None of us now ageing men in the village who had come, more or less battered, through the last war, and who during the twenty years between had regularly marched on Armistice Day to lay a poppy wreath on the memorial, and, as members of the Legion, had met once a month in the pub parlour to soften any want among our old comrades, none of us in our inmost hearts believed that this war would really come. The last war had seemed, somehow, so final.

When, therefore, we heard Mr. Chamberlain's quiet homely voice telling us that it had come, and the evil things we must fight against, we all felt, I think, that we were just in a nightmare from which we soon expected to wake up. Old Dan Palfrey, who works in the garden when weather and "screws" permit, summed up our sentiments in a single neat phrase.

"Er ung un unk unnt," he declared; and we all nodded in silent agreement.

Old Dan lacks a roof to his mouth, so that to an uninitiated audience, all his utterances sound exactly the same, and quite unintelligible—much like the gruntings from a contented pig pen. But we here, who live much among pigs, have learnt to understand him easily.

"That's right," corroborated Alf, the handyman, "As you says, Dan, there ain't no sense in it."

That night, before going to bed, I drew aside the curtains of my dressing room, and looked out of the window with strange and confused feelings. Very remote from the scurrying world, our small village of mellow, honey-hued stone cottages and scattered farmsteads with their steep-pitched, stone-tiled roofs, straggles over a high ridge of the Cotswolds, and you can wander for miles and miles among the folds of the densely wooded

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valleys that run down from either side of the ridge without seeing a human being. Over all this spaciousness of unsurpassed beauty there seemed to brood, as ever, the very essence of peace. Only the occasional drone of aeroplanes, and the distant flicker in the sky of searchlights from the direction of Bristol indicated any disturbance of the immemorial quietude. It was almost impossible to realise that during this very night London and the big cities would in all probability be bombed; that bombs might even fall on us from German planes being chased away from Bristol or Gloucester. Obviously this day, September 3rd, marked the passing of a world order we had known, and the beginnings of a journey whose end no one could even dimly see. Looking across the park, dotted with the formless shadows of cattle and sheep, I reflected regretfully on the pleasant ways of the past twenty years, compounded for the most part of small things that had, perhaps, seemed unduly important: the leisurely round of little local duties and pastimes, the companionable pleasures of hunting and shooting, cricket and tennis, and so on—small things deeply woven into the texture of our countryside. Here our children had grown, and almost every stick and stone of the surroundings held some endearing association. Perhaps we English lack a sense of proportion, for one of the sharpest regrets on this fateful night was that which reminded me that our elder boy, who during those holidays had begun very prettily to bat for the county, would not now, for an indefinite time at any rate, be able to fulfil that promise. Soon he would be playing a less pretty game.

In the park drowsed the familiar trees, serenely abstracted from the frantic antics of lunatic man. Perhaps before the end, even their loveliness would have to be sacrificed in the furnace to freedom.

And yet, as an undercurrent to these half-vague regrets, there stirred a little thrill of adventure—for there is something about war which, though instinctively abhorrent to women, touches a still vibrant chord in most men under sixty, particularly in those who at one time or another have been soldiers.

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Will we, we wonder and half hope, be called up ? Will our old science be put to some practical use ? Will we be given some official work to do ? Visions of change of scene, stir and bustle, the old fellowship of arms, act like a mild tonic in dispelling the darker thoughts. Who can say what adventures may be lying ahead, even for us old 'uns ?

The stable clock struck eleven. A loud, peremptory ring of the front door bell resounded through the house. I hurried down and discovered Bill Savage, one of our special constables, on the doorstep. Bill had been in the Navy during the last war, before he took to gardening, and had a brisk, efficient way with him.

" There's a light showing in one of the windows, sir," he informed me reproachfully. " Will you please to step out on the lawn and see for yourself."

I stepped out. A tell-tale, broad beam shone far out into the naughty world, visible from Berlin. It came from my dressing-room.

" Ah ! " I said sternly, " I'll see about it at once. These young girls are so careless."

" Thank you, sir." Bill bade me a cheerful goodnight, and departed purposefully towards the village, where lights twinkled provocatively from nearly every cottage. Clearly Bill was going to be a busy man.

A day or two later Mr. Hogg, our policeman, came to see me. We were, in a manner of speaking, colleagues, since I, too, was a special constable. I had enrolled as such about twelve years earlier, during the General Strike, but beyond taking an oath at the time, had never been called on to do any duty of any kind whatever. I had, indeed, long since forgotten that I belonged to the Force, until during the previous year a curious reminder had arrived in the form of a medal and a parchment scroll, extolling in the most flattering terms my courage, discretion, and dogged devotion to duty. Mr. Hogg now made an even more flattering proposal. He suggested that I should assume the office of Sergeant for our area. I made modest noises, and frantically named in turn every neighbour I could

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possibly think of on the spur of the moment, as far more suitable for the job than myself. Mr. Hogg is very large, and has a steady, compelling eye. He firmly turned down each one as not quite the man for the position. It was me, and me alone, he wanted. (Later I discovered that he had already tried all the others, and they had one and all declined the honour.) In the end Mr. Hogg's Third Degree methods prevailed. My resistance broke down. I began to prepare for the duties of a Sergeant of Specials. A few days later, however, Mr. Hogg arrived again, and handed me a long document from the Chief Constable.

"What do you make of that, sir?" he asked. I read it carefully. It overflowed with even more fulsome expressions of gratitude and appreciation than the parchment which had accompanied the medal. But it seemed, also, to be dimly, very dimly, hinting at something painful—too painful to be put into words.

"What do you make of it?" he asked again, when I had come to the end.

"Well, I don't know," I said, "I'm not sure—but *I think* it's the sack."

"I think so, too," he said.

It was.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Hogg, finishing his glass of beer after a long silence.

"So am I," said I, lying foully.

The first week of the war is mainly memorable for the nightly persecutions of Bill Savage, who we had always thought was our friend. Regularly there came the peremptory ring of the bell, the brisk, reproachful voice denouncing a glimmer of light from this window or that—now the cook had neglected to make her curtains meet; now the housemaid had left a shutter unclosed, now someone had left a door ajar, and so on. Goaded at last to desperation, we risked bankruptcy by summoning the carpenter and getting him to make black frames for every window; and to counteract the element of human

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frailty which might forget to fix these frames at evenfall, we took all the bulbs out of the electric plant and laid in an unexhaustible store of nightlights. Now, and presumably for the duration, we grope about in an underworld gloom, learning Braile. But we have at least the consolation that we can creep and crawl our way up to bed, if we can find it, without the certainty of being hailed down again by the lynx-eyed and inexorable Bill Savage.

During the alarms of the previous summer, we village elders had suffered the usual A.R.P. Warden's Course in our local town. I confess—with shame—that I share with my family the folly of a constitutional loathing for A.R.P. Under our as yet harmless sky, we imagine we would rather take any risk than undergo the incompatible drudgery of it. The Rector, however, hounded us on. At that time it was all gas—every horrible and more fantastically horrible sort of gas going to explode on us from the skies. Overcoming my own sluggishness in the duties of a father and village warden, I had insisted on our schoolroom being rigged up as a "gas-proof chamber," precisely and exactly in accordance with the official recommendations. The carpenter, at huge expense, had boarded up the fire-place, and done all the other things within his department, while the requisite stores, crockery, tools, gramophone, chairs, mattresses, torches, everything in fact, recommended by authority and those illuminating diagrams in the daily press, were neatly packed into their appropriate places. Thus prepared for war, I had forgotten all about our gas-proof room until war came. Then, congratulating myself on our prudence, I went to inspect it. A bright fire sparkled in the grate, made presumably out of the boarding which, at such cost, had blocked it up; the chocolate, sweet biscuits, even the tinned beef and tongues and sardines had vanished from the cupboard, not to mention the tools, torches and special crockery. Even the blankets had been taken away from the doors.

My better half explained that the schoolroom was still sometimes wanted in the holidays, and implied that war must wait till the holidays were over.

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But it didn't really matter. Fashions are ever fickle; gas had gone out, and now blast and splinters were all the vogue. So I gathered the half tin or so of stale biscuits and a pair of broken scissors, all that remained of the great preparations, and took them down into the cellar. Once more we were in a posture of defence.

The next event was the arrival of the evacuated children. Months before, in February, to be exact, there had been meetings and discussions about it, and canvassing of the cottagers. There was obviously nothing to be made out of boarding children at the statutory price; in fact it was put quite plainly to the villagers that they were asked to do this as an act of humanity, and one which might be prolonged for heaven only knows how long. The response was so generous that more than double our allotted number could have been taken; which is one of those things about this war that ought not to be forgotten. Scarcely anywhere among the villagers did the canvassers meet with any unwillingness.

An emergency ration of tinned beef, groceries, chocolate, etc., all neatly packed in a paper bag, had been drawn for each child from the local town; and at the appointed time we all waited outside the village room for the arrival of the bus which was to bring them from the station, twelve miles away. It was really very exciting. Everybody chatted in an animated way. One mother hoped to get two boys, another a boy and a girl, another one girl, and so on. We knew nothing at all about them, how many there would be of each sex—not even where they came from, whether it was from London or Birmingham. Time passed, long beyond the scheduled hour, and no bus appeared. It began to drizzle, a cold, driving, sleety drizzle, for we are nearly 900 feet up, but we stood outside, eagerly watching the road for that bus. For nearly three hours we stood, till darkness had fallen, and then a message came through to say the children would not come that day.

They never came. Why, we do not know, and I don't suppose we ever shall. Next, an official came round requisitioning billets for the civil servants of a Government Department

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which had been transferred to the locality—so once again we were all teed up, wondering what our particular guests would be like; but once again they never materialised—or have not done so as yet. Can it be, we wonder, that we rustics here have found favour in the sight of God—or perhaps disfavour in the sight of man?

But although no children came to us, they did come, both school children, and mothers with young children, to the surrounding villages. One way and another we saw a good deal of them. In the case of the school children, this vast experiment, undertaken urgently under apprehension of immediate devastating air raids, appears on the whole to be working fairly successfully. The mothers and young children are another story. Nothing but a continual bombarding of their home towns could have compelled these mothers to endure an existence so contrary to all their instincts and tastes. After the lights and bustle and noise of crowded streets, the shops and the "pictures," the foreign dullness of the countryside drove them almost to melancholia. Their husbands wrote complaining of loneliness, of difficulty in getting their meals and keeping the house together; or, worse still, some didn't write at all, and their wives feared they might be getting off with other charmers. Added to this, since they were living as guests in other women's cottages, they had hardly anything to do, none of the usual household activities, to keep their minds occupied. During the first few weeks you saw them flocking to the pubs as soon as these opened in the mornings, and in the evenings going back again, sometimes the worse for drink. But after a few weeks, almost the whole of them had faded away home.

These mothers made a lamentable impression on our simple countryside. Even worse was the condition of some of the children. It was, perhaps, one of the worst shocks of the war for ordinary people to see with their own eyes that numbers of their fellow countrymen are verminous and uncleanly as animals in their household habits. All that was believed to belong to a bad old long-gone buried past. Hitler's bitter jeer that he did not let German children run about covered with

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lice, is so far, perhaps the enemy's most telling stroke in the war.

Petrol rationing more or less immobilised a number of people who, like us, lived in small villages far away from a town and friends, particularly those who had large, thirsty cars. As the Government also desired the telephone to be used as sparingly as possible, only for urgent business, a sense of separation, almost of isolation, pervaded the early days—rendered all the more strained by the unsatisfying quality of the news—so-called—which was doled out by the B.B.C. One hardly knew whether to be profoundly thankful that no slaughterous battles or raids had happened, or to hope, for sanity's sake, that something, anything, would happen to break the suspense. Strangely, the petrol problem did not trouble us for long. It must, I think, be a case of mistaken identity. I sent in a modest application for a few extra gallons to the Divisional Petroleum Office, expecting little from flinty-hearted officialdom. But, lo and behold, the age of miracles is not yet past, for at short intervals, more and yet more of the coveted coupons arrive—showers of them, fives, and even tens, although our car tank will only hold four. This magic superfluity is one of the many mysteries of this queer war, one which, I hope, will never be explained. I sometimes lie awake at nights wondering who they think I am.

But many people are sadly hit. Our good friend the Bishop, for instance, very correctly signed his application for extra fuel as "A. C. Gloucester"—a signature which conveyed so little to the clerk who opened it that Mr. Gloucester received short shrift; and his venerable Lordship will presumably be doing his next pastoral tour on a tricycle.

The steadily rising price of petrol, however, automatically put an end to any light-hearted splashing about of the precious liquid.

Meanwhile there began the campaign for an intensive and vastly increased production of home-grown food. Our neighbour, Lord Bledisloe, than who no man knows more about the pig (unless it be Lord Emsworth), wrote to *The Times* with all the

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weight of his great authority, pointing out the manifold virtues of the pig in wartime—how armies can march on his stomach, and guns and butter be made out of his bits and pieces. Another eminent authority followed with a dissertation on poultry as the supreme victory-winner. Others spoke of sheep and macon; others of putting every scrap of garden into potatoes; others, again, of nuts, acorns, and beech mast; and the local food production committee began its easy task of making life-long enemies with their ploughing orders. Being a docile and obedient sort of citizen, I lent an attentive ear to all these urgent counsels.

Happily life is so constituted that one thing generally fits in with another. A problem arose about our elder boy, who had just turned eighteen. In the ordinary course of events he would have gone back to school to take the Sandhurst examination in November. But Sandhurst and regular army commissions were at once discontinued for the duration. He saw no point, therefore, in going back to school, and insisted on joining up at the nearest Reception Unit. They told him there that when he was about nineteen, he would be called up for some months in an officer training unit prior to getting an emergency commission. He also got there a very rosy, though I fear illusionary idea of the bountifulness of the service. After being attested as a private soldier and transferred to the reserve, the clerk handed him a day's pay, two pieces of silver and some coppers. Then the clerk went into the great question of Travelling Allowance. What was his nearest railway station? Tetbury. The clerk disappeared into the wilds of Bradshaw, and emerged at last an aged and more or less broken man. It seemed that to get from Tetbury to Bristol by rail you had to go about one-and-a-half times around the United Kingdom. Being an honest lad, Mike said he had come twenty-two miles in a Morris Eight on petrol he had pinched from his father. No matter. Regulations are regulations. It was not for a private soldier on the reserve to argue with Authority. A heavy stream of silver was poured into both his hands. We made whoopee for days afterwards.

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This looked as if he might be at a loose end for about a year. What to do? Mike, who is a field naturalist, and a gifted manual worker, said he would like to work on a farm. That sounded sensible and useful, and likely to harden him up for the rigours of service to come. Now it happened that the tenant of our farm, who had systematically taken the heart out of it for a number of years, had recently given notice, with a view to taking on a bigger one with his ill-gotten gains. A previous experience of farming should have taught me that even a hundred acres is enough to get a man into the workhouse—but whom the gods wish to destroy . . .

"We'll take it in hand ourselves," it was decided in family council. It would give the boy rather more than a full-time job, and also be an occupation and interest for all of us in these stressful times when some sort of physical drudgery is about the only way to preserve one's reason.

We enjoyed a glow of virtue in undertaking a venture so pre-eminently patriotic, while hoping at the same time to effect, please God, a little quiet profiteering.

There are many joys about farming for those who like the country; indeed, it is doubtful if anyone can have a genuine connection with the countryside, with the people of various sorts who get their living out of the soil, and the many interests and pastimes that centre in it, who does not farm some acres himself. But farming has its tribulations and vexations, too, not least among them being the fact that it is very liable to land you in trouble with your neighbours—as, for instance, when animals stray and eat somebody's precious flower border, or indelibly hoof-pock a pet tennis lawn. We soon found ourselves in serious difficulties with our good friend the Rector. Mindful of the authoritative advice of Lord Bledisloe in *The Times* (how I have blessed him since!), we dashed off to the first sale and bought a great sow and nine hilts, all heavy with promise. Mindful, too, of the advice of the poultry experts in *The Times*, we bought every pullet we could lay hands on, regardless of madly soaring prices, and kept a neighbouring factory busy for weeks making pig huts and poultry houses.

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While the farm was let, we had kept only one small field in the bottom of a valley with springs of water in it, and rented the glebe meadow up above it in front of the Rectory, in which to summer the hunters and graze a few store cattle. I hurried over to the Rectory now, to share with my old friend our first fine careless raptures.

"In here," I said, as we leaned over the iron railings which divided his garden from the meadow, "I'm going to run ten brood sows."

"Ten brood sows?" he repeated without any trace of the enthusiasm I had looked for.

"Yes. With any luck they ought to produce about 160 pigs a year."

"A hundred and sixty pigs a year?" he repeated again, like the backchat comedian in a pantomime.

"With any luck. And——"

"But you can't keep pigs in here," he broke in.

"Can't keep pigs in here?" I repeated, like the second backchat comedian. "Can't keep pigs in here? What *do* you mean?"

"I won't have pigs in here. I can't stand them at any price. I won't have them all round the house."

"But—but I've already bought them," I stammered aghast. "They're coming to-morrow."

"I don't care; I won't have them here."

"But, Bish," I tried to reason with him, "there's a war on. It's absolutely necessary to keep pigs—really it is. If you don't believe me, you go and ask Lord Bledisloe. We can't possibly win the war without pigs—millions and millions and millions of pigs."

He was adamant. He wasn't going to have them in the Rectory meadow on any account.

"Why don't you keep them somewhere else?" he wanted to know. "In front of your own house, for instance?"

"Hathaway doesn't vacate till Lady Day," I reminded him with dignity. To a lover of pigs it seemed incredible that

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anyone could be so devoid of soul. However, seeing he was in earnest, I sought for a way round.

"Well," I grumbled, pointing to a seven-acre wood of mixed timber on the opposite slope, "perhaps I could keep them in Furze grove; of course, it's very damp and unhealthy down there—but still. They would have to have a free run to the water in the field below—but I don't suppose they would wander up here. It's too far."

"They certainly wouldn't if you kept the gate shut between the two fields," he grunted.

"I can't do that," I told him. "There's no water in your meadow here, and the cattle have to go down into the other field to drink."

Thus we parted, rather stiffly, after the first breeze in our long friendship. No one was more pleased about our excursion into farming than Alf, our handyman, who, before coming to us, had been farm foreman on a large estate, and knew all about "gentlemen's farming." He was glad to let the garden go, and resume his native vocation. Whistling cheerfully, he let the pigs out of their hut on the morning after their arrival, fed them their breakfast, then guided them with scattered pig nuts and piggy noises through the opening in the wood's boundary wall into the bottom field, Springoozle by name, and on to the spring pond at the further end.

"You don't think they'll find their way up to the Rectory meadow?" I asked rather anxiously.

Alf was positive they wouldn't. "They'll come back to the wood when they's drunk, and grub about for beech mast," he declared.

But not so. Possessed by some evil spirit, and reversing the Biblical story, our great sow Joyeuse—led the whole herd violently up the steep bank, through the little hunting gate at the top, into the Rectory meadow, and straight as a die and at great speed across it to the Rectory itself. The Rector and his lady happened to be out, but some good-natured fool in the household threw them potato peelings over the railings, so that when his reverence and spouse did return, wearied at

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sundown, it was to see the whole troupe sitting up and begging —and singing—along the railing just in front of his study window. We learned later that they had kept up their serenade far into the night.

I avoided the Rectory for some days, till the Rector came round to ask if we could lend him a candle.

"A candle?" I repeated, having caught from him the backchat habit.

He looked sad and injured. He told us the Rectory was in total darkness. The pigs had broken through the railing and got into the shed and eaten all the carbide for the acetylene lighting plant, and——

"Good heavens!" I howled, dashing frantically across the fields.

I expected to find them breathing white flame; and I hovered over them anxiously throughout the day. But they seemed only to have acquired a relish for this exotic savoury—and I knew, too, a large drum of weed-killer was kept in the same shed. Next day two harassed old men, each with his heavy load of sorrow, hung once again over the garden railings seeking a solution, while Joyeuse and her troupe looked up at us with enquiring faces, singing a harmony in parts.

"If only there was water in this field," I groaned, "we could leave the cattle in here and shut the gate, so that the pigs couldn't get in."

"I tell you what," said the Rector, suddenly inspired. "There's always a big overflow from the water pumped up by the ram into our cistern at the top of the house. Instead of letting it run to waste, I don't see why we shouldn't put a trough here and connect it up with the overflow."

"Splendid!" I said, offering foolishly in the expansiveness of the moment to go halves in the expense. "That will solve the whole thing."

At once we got hold of Dennis Wathen at the local garage, a go-ahead fellow who was always ready to have a try at this or any other sort of job. In a few days the trough was installed; it worked without a flaw. We shut the gate, excluding Joyeuse

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and Co. from the glebe meadow, and the old cordial relations with the Rectory were re-established. All now appeared to be plain sailing. But a few days later I happened to be passing the Rectory gate and saw the Rector leaning over it with a woeful expression. He regarded me sadly and silently.

"What's that noise?" I asked, for there was a sound of rushing waters, as of Niagara in the distance.

He pointed, and I looked.

There was a great hole in the side of the house, about half-way up, and a volume of water was thundering out.

"The trough back-fired," he said sadly. "It overflowed the cistern, and I had to make that hole with a crowbar to let the water out of our bedroom."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "Let's get Dennis Wathen at once."

Rubicund and cheery as ever, Dennis declared he'd soon put matters right. He hit the trough once or twice with a hammer, as though to larn it, and tinkered about a bit here and there. The trough responded nobly. All went well for a time. But a few days later I saw the Rector again leaning over the gate, looking more woebegone than ever.

"Now what?" I asked apprehensively.

He pointed to the house.

"It's back-fired again," he said sadly.

I looked. He had mended the hole in the bedroom wall, and now the water was spouting up through the chimneys, with bedroom slippers and hairbrushes and things dancing on the jets, high in the air, like the balls in a shooting booth at a fair. I stared amazed, subconsciously wishing I had a gun with me.

"It's no good," he said sadly. "I shall have to disconnect the trough."

"Then I shall have to open the gate again," I said sadly, "for the cattle must drink. And the pigs will come into your meadow again."

We looked at each other sadly. He asked me what I thought we had better do now. It was hard to say. After some thought

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I said, "I think I should paint out 'The Rectory' on this gate, and paint in 'The Fountain' instead."

Again there is a certain stiffness in our relations with the Rectory. That is the worst of farming.

Nevertheless, the farming went with a swing—for a time. The pullets, hundreds of them, laid like hail to an eager market. In due season Joyeuse and her companions brought forth their increase, totalling a satisfactory average of nine. The piglings, waxing in stature, began to eat from the creeps, and a vast and ever-increasing quantity of meal vanished daily from the sight of man. Then, like a thunderclap, came ominous words from the millers. The deliveries of feeding stuff began rapidly to diminish. The millers could not guarantee any fixed quantity of supplies, did not know from day to day what they could get themselves. The delivery of a cargo expected at Bristol would, they said, at the last moment have to be taken at London or Liverpool, or even some more distant port—and then would have to be rationed out. All this caused much confusion and uncertainty. At last the Government came out with a declaration of policy. Dairy cows, cattle and sheep were to have the priority claim on imported feeding stuffs. Pigs and poultry came last, and owners were bidden to cut down their stock of each by at least a third. That after all didn't sound too bad; nevertheless, the millers advised their customers to sell right out of pigs and poultry at once, since, in spite of the Government's declaration, they said they could see no prospect of supplying any feeding stuff at all for the two last classes. They thought the position would get worse rather than better. It takes, we were told, seven ships to bring in the feeding stuff required to make the amount of bacon that can be carried by one ship—so the Government not unreasonably decided to import the bacon itself direct from Canada. With that decision, in the circumstances, no one can quarrel. Meanwhile, at the moment of writing, we have over a hundred pigs, quite two months from a marketable condition, and less than a week's food stuff in hand. The miller simply hasn't got any. What next? I am

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thinking of sending them to Lord Bledisloe for a birthday present.

Even as I had forgotten that I was a special constable until reminded by a well-earned reward, so also it had slipped my memory that I still belonged to the Territorial Army Reserve of Officers, until one day instructions arrived from the War Office to report at a reception unit for medical examination and an interview by a Board. If, I thought elated, I get as much travelling allowance as my son did, our fortune is made. But, alas, the Service was not what it had been a couple of months earlier, for attached to the last page of the instructions was a railway voucher, third class, from Tetbury to Bristol. Since, however, the date of the Board was only four days ahead, there would be little hope of getting there in time by that devious means, so the Morris Eight had to be used again for this unprofitable journey. Not being a ready speaker, I spent the intervening days in composing a comprehensive digest of my record of services. A great deal of thought was given to this little piece of classical literature, so that in the end it presented the clear, polished picture of an officer who could hardly fail to be offered great employments, either in the executive or the administrative sphere—obviously equally well fitted for either. No doubt the Board will consist of some old busters from the War Office, I thought, and in these busy times they won't trouble to dig up and verify past records. So I had let myself go a bit. On the day before the Board, this effort was forwarded to the adjutant of the reception unit with a covering letter to the effect that, as the Board would no doubt have a heavy programme, it might save some of their valuable time, and be helpful to them in making their recommendations, etc., etc.

The Medical Board proved to be an alarming experience. There were all sorts, sizes and ages of us there, Fat Boys and Living Skeletons, all appearing to suffer from profound melancholy. In a long narrow kind of anteroom, with the windows wide open, we were required to strip to the buff, a poor entertainment in mid-December. Then, in the nude, we passed into the Chamber of Horrors. All down one side there was a

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long row of cubicles, with a doctor lurking in each, like crabs in their holes in a sea cliff, each doctor having his own little stock-in-trade of gleaming instruments of torture. The first laboriously tried to convince himself that we could see; the next, after deep and sometimes painful probings, that we could hear, the next that we smelt, and so on through the gamut of the functions. Another tried us right out to see if we could say "Ah-h-h-h" and "Ninety-nine." Another made us touch our toes and jump lightly up from a sitting posture on to a four-foot stool. Others intently listened in on all our vital organs. Others keenly watched how we reacted to sudden brutal blows on the knees and naked stomach. Another asked if I'd ever had pneumonia. "No," I said, shivering under the open window, "but I soon shall." It was a long, long, ordeal. Clearly one had to be superbly fit to be allowed to die for one's country. At last I found myself before the chairman, an old friend who had come in consultation some months before, when I had been unwell. He had had at that time a private view, as it were, of my works when they were a bit rusty.

"Hallo, how are you?" he asked.

"Fine."

I mentioned the name of an eminent specialist who had recently pronounced me in good health.

"Good!" he said. "Beastly cold day, isn't it?"

Clothed again, I was shown by an orderly into the room where sat the Interviewing Board. To say that I received a shock, would be putting it mildly. In addition to the young adjutant of the unit, three very familiar faces grinned broadly. One of these inquisitors had entered the same house at the same school at the same minute as myself thirty-nine years before, and the other two were also old friends and colleagues of very many years standing in our local affairs. One way and another there was little they didn't know about me, past and present. They appeared highly amused, and I saw with a sudden feeling of nausea that they had my literary masterpiece in front of them.

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"We were going to suggest," said the President kindly, "that you should be sent out at once to replace Gort. But I'm afraid there's a disaster. The medical board have put you in Grade IV—that is to say, fit only for the lethal chamber. In such cases we have no power to do anything but forward the verdict without comment. Bad luck!"

Then the President made a pretty suggestion.

"They're bringing out a scheme for the welfare of the troops billeted about the country. How about taking on the job of Social Welfare Officer for your part of the world?"

"Yes?"

"It's useful and important work. Unpaid, of course——"

I winced slightly.

"In fact, it will probably cost you a bit out of your own pocket."

I gulped.

"But you will get extra coupons for as much petrol as you need to buy."

"That's most awfully kind," I murmured brokenly.

"Well, think it over, my dear fellow, and let us know what you decide. Good morning."

On the homeward drive misgivings assailed me about the direction of the war. Looking back through the arches of the years, I saw myself sharing a room at Sandhurst with Cyril Newall, our Air Chief, while across the passage was Gort, and a little further along lived Pug Ismay, Secretary of Imperial Defence, with whom relations were so close that he still owes me threepence. A notable quartet, you may say, and yet, somehow, one cylinder seems to be missing in the national effort.

Dusk was falling as the Morris spluttered unwillingly on pool petrol through Filton, and the many thousands of workers were cycling homeward along the twisty lanes. It was my first experience of trying to drive after black-out. Our younger son, who is an enthusiast in motor matters, had undertaken the screening of the lights in accordance with the latest regulations. He had certainly done the job with commendable thoroughness, for no glimmer of light appeared to illumine any fraction of the

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road. As in a nightmare, for miles and miles and miles, spectral cyclists wove a mazy measure all around the car, coming, going, in the middle, and on both sides of the road. A few had headlights, a few had rearlights, scarcely any had both, and the majority had no lights at all. For this they could hardly be blamed, since the makers could not supply the sudden demand created by the new law. I drove with extreme caution, not so much for humanitarian reasons, as from a strong disinclination to spend my declining years in prison. Presently, beyond the shadowy swarm of cyclists, there showed the feeble light points of a car approaching. Here was a test of skill and fibre. When it was about twenty yards away, I crawled to the verge and stopped dead. The man in the other car, also a fine driver, immediately did the same thing. I waited a bit for him to come on. He waited a bit for me to come on. As he seemed to lack nerve, I drove on another few yards and stopped again, at precisely the same moment that he had driven on another few yards and stopped again. In this manner, with all the grace and dignity of an old-time minuet, we made short simultaneous advances and pauses, till eventually we met squarely head on in the middle of the road, slowly reared up on our hind wheels, and as gently subsided again, but with such stately decorum that no shock ensued. Each reversing again, as though with a low bow, we made a better shot next time, and passed without a scathe. There is no doubt that, nowadays, the standard of driving on our roads is very high.

Feeling keenly the degradation of being classed Grade IV, I thought I might as well get a little mild amusement out of it, even if it did hold up the war a bit. The War Office letter had told me to report to the nearest Reception Unit. Well, why not try another equally near? The following week I appeared at Oxford, this time in uniform, and wearing the ribbon of the Special Constable's medal in order to make a deeper impression of military efficiency on the Board. We went through a medical examination exactly similar in every detail to the first, even to the icy blast through open windows on our nude forms; and

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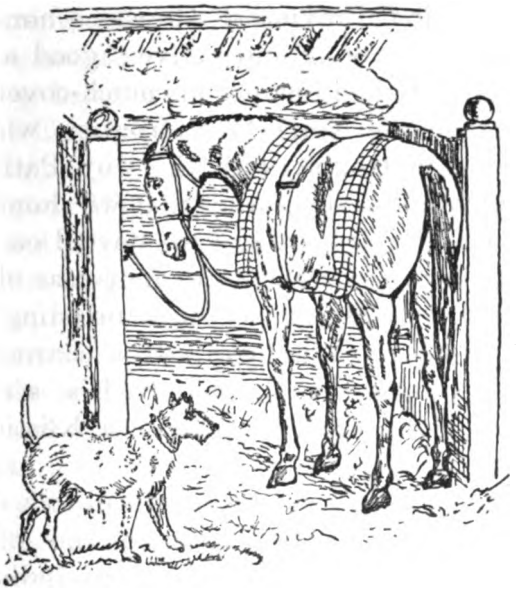
at the end of it, the Chairman, congratulating me on my soundness for a man of my age, put me in Grade I, that is to say, fit to fight some paces in front of the Maginot Line.

I am anxiously waiting to hear, now, what the War Office will make of an officer who is at one and the same time the Alpha and Omega of the human scale. So far, all is silence.

(*To be continued.*)



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NANDANWARA

By COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON, late 3rd Cavalry I.A.

" *And down the skies the wild duck cries*
The day, the day, to man."—

KIPLING.

KING-HARMAN, our friend and shooting companion, first told P. and me about Nandanwara, his own happy hunting ground, and one of the best shooting grounds for duck and snipe in India. He had found it situated in Orchha, a small Indian state which bordered on the United Provinces. He was a horse-gunner and a typical one at that, young and active; good at his job and full of *joie-de-vivre*. He had just got his much-coveted " jacket " and was serving on the North-West frontier, where they had been having a bit of trouble with the wily Pathan, when we received a wire from him suggesting that we should join him in a Christmas shoot. He arrived and we started on the following day, a small party, just ourselves, our four-year old son and an orderly from my regiment, our servants including Sankar Dutt my son's Garwali bearer, a hillman with a charming smile and an imperturbable temperament, and K.-H's. servant, Simon, who delighted in being what he called " a Klistian, same like master."

The first stage of the journey was by rail to a small wayside station. The first night was spent on the platform with camp beds under the clear starlit sky of an Indian December. There is something very pleasant about this camping on railway platforms in India, and many comfortable nights have we spent in this way when shooting or pig-sticking. Indian servants adapt themselves very quickly to circumstances.

Whilst arrangements for the night were in progress King-Harman and I wandered along to where the Indian station

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master was carrying on an animated conversation on the telephone.

" Good evening, station master, how are you ? " said K.-H.

" Your honour's kindness, I am well. May I see your tickets ? "

" Can you tell us if anyone is staying at the rest-house at Barwa-Sagar ? "

" My dear sir, the hurley-burley of this station is such that it is hardly possible for me to know who is staying at the rest-house at Barwa-Sagar ! "

" I'd like to put you down at Paddington for half-an-hour, station master," said King-Harman.

" Some other time, sir ; mixed passenger is signalled, kindly give me leave " said the station master, as he went off to superintend the arrival and departure of what he called the " mixedy," the last train of the day and the end of the hurley-burley for another twelve hours.

We were up betimes in the morning, for an early start is essential in the East. All tentage and other camp furniture had already been sent on ahead to the next camping ground, enabling us to travel light. We three and our orderly rode polo ponies, our servants and the light camp stuff had one trotting bullock cart, and our son had another to himself, fitted with lying down accommodation, an awning to protect him from the midday sun, and a green mosquito net to keep off the flies. The cavalcade moved along the rough country roads at a good steady pace.

As we left our camp there was a pleasant nip in the air, the smell of the camp fires drifted to our nostrils, the sky was of a roseate hue as old Sol appeared above the horizon, green parrots flew amongst the tree tops, pigeons and doves kept up a gentle cooing which was mingled with the imperative call of black partridges in the cotton fields nearby. As we rode along we felt that it was good to be alive !

The midday halt was called close to an old and almost deserted Indian city, by a river, which from its ruined palaces and temples must once have been a place of some importance, the abode of long-departed petty kings. We halted the caravan

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beneath the shade of an old peepul tree. Before lunch King-Harman took us for a personally conducted tour around the places of interest. First the "burning ghat," where in olden days warriors were burnt on the funeral pyre, and where their wives, young and old, committed "Suttee" by stepping nobly and without hesitation into the flames, accompanied by the sound of conches, tom-toms, and other musical instruments, and the plaudits of the priests, near relations and other spectators. All this in order that they should not remain to be loved by others, and that their souls should go with their lord and master to paradise; a barbaric custom now almost unknown.

We visited one of the temples, where the Brahmin priest in charge, at the request of our Rajput orderly, showed us over some of the outer portions of the buildings, long corridors, walls faced with white stucco on which was depicted in colours subjects which were no doubt relics of the days when English armies first marched through the country now known as the United Provinces. On one was depicted a British general being received with all pomp and ceremony by a heavily bejewelled potentate, the officers and men wearing scarlet tunics and white, close-fitting breeches and gaiters. How hot they must have been! On another were depicted soldiers on parade with arms at the shoulder, doing the goose step. On another were British officers being entertained at an evening entertainment, a cock fight, and from the many bottles of wine in evidence, a jovial one; a tiger fight, an elephant fight, and many other similar subjects were shown in brilliant colours. Who painted these pictures on the outer temple? There they were, in this almost deserted building, shown to us by the Brahmin priest, a ghoulish individual, the looks of whom candidly we did not like, who rolled his eyes continually and showed the whites thereof, whose mouth and teeth were red with betel nut, as red as the blood of the goat-sacrifice which we had seen on our way in. We sought the outer air and left him without regret.

After lunch King-Harman rode on to the next camping ground to see that all was in order. As we marched in at dusk we found an ideal camp on a grassy slope by the edge of

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a lake (jheel). Everything was ready, including liquid comforts, and that cheering and essential addition to camp life, a " bari-ag " or camp fire. Without the " bari-ag " to shed its cheerful flickering light on the surrounding trees and tents camp life is robbed of half its delight !

We had arrived at Nandanwara.

While P. and Sunker Dutt were putting our son to bed we called up the shikaries, local fishermen, and made our plans for the morrow.

Hot baths, dinner, some light port, a talk over the camp fire and so to bed.

As usual I awoke long before the time. As I lay awake I could hear the myriad noises that one hears at night by a jheel crowded with wild fowl of numerous kinds. I could hear the honk-honk of geese, the quacking and splashing of duck and the swish and whistle of wings overhead. Just before dawn a servant brought tea and biscuits. We jumped into shooting clothes and as dawn was breaking moved out from the shore in long fishing boats, rudely fashioned from the trunks of trees, and skilfully propelled into the misty semi-darkness. There were five boats in all, one to each gun and three for driving and retrieving operations. At six o'clock it was still rather too dark to see any distance, there was a white mist over the lake. It was distinctly cold and as we swished through the reeds one was glad of a warm camelhair coat. The boats moved silently, and as the drops dripped off the paddles, duck and teal rose quacking almost alongside, we could not shoot until we had reached our positions. The sun rose slowly, brightening up the sky to almost an opalescent hue. Islands dotted here and there about the huge lake took shape and looking back we could see the smoke of the camp fire circling skywards between the trees, the neat white tents and the red sand-stone hill in the back-ground, covered with dark green scrub jungle. It was our first real view of Nandanwara, the happy hunting ground, the best duck jheel in the U.P.

The guns separated, our boat being propelled silently towards an inlet, we passed close by an island of red rocks. As we

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swished through the reeds, duck and teal rose from the rushes, the air was filled with the noises of water fowl. The different kinds were now distinguishable, Spot-bill, Pintail, Shovellers, Red-headed and Golden-eyed Pochard, Gadwell, Common, Gargeny, Whistling and Cotton Teal, the latter really a very minute goose with "parochial" tendencies. Great clumsy Nuktas, neither goose nor duck, Brahminy ducks, and far away we could see white Barheaded Geese, "Raj-Hans," as the boatman called them. We heard their honk-honk as they arrived from the marshes and settled on their feeding ground for the day. Our boatman took us up a long alley-way amongst the reeds to a small grassy hillock with two or three fair-sized rocks thereon. This was to be our stand. The boat hit the shore with a jerk, the boatman was soon waist deep in the water, and made it fast to a tree stump well concealed in the reeds. We got into position under cover of the rocks, placing cartridges where we could get at them easily, and awaited the signal to commence fire, which went not long after. Then there was a noise like a train going over a girder bridge as the whole surface of the lake seemed to rise into the air.

For the next half-hour the shooting was fast and furious, and then it slackened, allowing for retrieving, in which we were assisted by the boatmen. The morning shoot lasted for about two hours. It was then time to return to camp for breakfast, an alfresco meal under the shade of the trees. The rest of the day was spent in pursuit of snipe.

We rode out to a small jheel some miles away, where, owing to no one having disturbed it for a year, there was no lack of birds. We started shooting by an old ruined temple and each taking one side of the water; by this means the snipe crossing from one side to the other, gave some very sporting shots. By the time we had finished shooting, lunch was ready. As we lunched and talked we looked across the water over a mass of pink lotus lilies to an old red sand-stone fort, the combined summer palace and stronghold of a line of warrior kings. These potentates of bygone days chose to live in the proximity of a lake or river. There they built their palaces, laid out their

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gardens, and built long bunds by which means the water was harnessed and concentrated. There they lived, loved, fought and hunted with none to say them nay. As we looked across the water we could see the women of the village in their gaily coloured sarees, vessels of brass or copper poised upon their heads, moving with the inimitable grace characteristic of their kind. We could see the white-headed fish hawks, and watched, fascinated, the black and white speckled kingfishers as they hovered over the water almost stationary, head and beak downwards, until they marked their fish and then with incredible swiftness dropped like a stone upon it, rising immediately to repeat the procedure. In a tree nearby green pigeons were feasting upon red berries, not unlike very small figs. In the scrub jungle at the back of the Temple an old cock black partridge was calling to his mate, "Kit-tarra, kit-tarra, kit-tarra." A light breeze was blowing through the trees and all nature was smiling on that glorious Indian afternoon.

We shot our way back to camp, hares and quail, and pigeons, green and blue rock. As we rode into camp in time for a late tea we were met by the youngest sportsman accompanied by his faithful bearer, Sankar Dutt, and armed with his air-gun. He greeted us with the glad news that he had slain a duck, which he thought was a species unknown to us. He offered to shoot another one for us, and lying behind a rock took careful aim at a Cormorant resting on a rock out in the lake. These birds sit with outspread wings until they see a fish and then dive. The aim was of necessity long and deliberate, the trigger being pulled only when the obliging bird dived.

"Bearer hum ne mara!" said he, with much satisfaction (I have shot it Bearer), as it disappeared from view to appear again upon another rock.

It was a glorious ten days, but it had to come to an end. We promised to meet again the following Christmas. Alas it was not to be, the Great War saw to that.

On looking up my game book I find that our bag for the ten days shoot was just short of five hundred head.

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THE SECOND THREE MONTHS OF THE WAR

By "Observer."

The war, despite sundry alarms and excursions, has run more or less its expected course, during the winter now closing as these lines are being written, at the beginning of March. On land the stalemate of inactivity that winter weather, even when less severe than that recently experienced, always enforces has remained unbroken. On sea the German *guerre de course* against Allied shipping has been pursued, but with diminishing persistence and increasing lack of success. In the air the real struggle for mastery has not yet begun. The world is waiting for the coming of the spring, with its longer days and brighter skies and firmer earth, for the first true trial of strength between the belligerent armed forces. At any time now—perhaps even before these lines appear in print—that trial may have begun. Speculation has been rife as to the form it is likely to take, and will no doubt continue rife until the actual events provide the answer. To this we will revert later. For the moment it is necessary to cast our glances backward rather than forward, so as to be able to estimate exactly how we stand to-day.

It must be said first and foremost that the Allied position, at the opening of the campaigning season of 1940, is as favourable as the most optimistic of us could reasonably have expected it to be, and much more favourable than might well have been feared, or than the enemy no doubt hoped. Let us examine it in some detail, starting first with the war at sea.

The German *guerre de course*, in its first and in many respects necessarily its most dangerous phase, has definitely failed of its purposes. Normally, as shown by naval history, those purposes are two—the first is so to waste away, dislocate or disperse the naval forces of the stronger power as to offer to the weaker the

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opportunity of delivering battle at an advantage—the second, to deprive the stronger power as far as possible of the advantage of its naval superiority by preying on or stopping its commercial sea traffic. The first of these purposes the Germans have probably not aimed at—even if they have, it is quite beyond their powers, for the disparity between their main surface fleet, actual or potential, and the combined fleets of the Allies is too great for the former ever to hope to be able to face a pitched naval battle with the remotest prospect of victory. The second purpose, however, they have quite seriously and resolutely striven to achieve by all available means of surface raiders, submarines and air force; and every week the claim goes forth from their wireless propagandists, speaking both for home and foreign consumption, that they have already achieved it, or are in full course of, or on the point of, achieving it. If there were any foundation for these assertions, it could hardly be necessary to make them so loudly or so often; they are of course no more than clumsy attempts to depress or alarm us, and whip up and keep up the spirits of their own people. The Nazi rulers, and their naval authorities, can hardly be sufficiently deceived by their own propaganda not to realise that their naval *guerre de course*, from which they undoubtedly hoped and expected much, has effected very little, and that its prospects of further success are on the down rather than the up grade.

Figures, which themselves cannot lie, though they may often form the basis of lies, show the exact degree of success so far achieved by the German *guerre de course*. The latest available figures were given in the First Lord of the Admiralty's speech on the Navy Estimates on 28th February, thus right at the end of the second three months of the war, with which this article deals: the net losses inflicted on our mercantile marine, after allowing for new building and captured enemy ships, converted to our own service, totalled a mere 200,000 tons—this out of a total merchant fleet of 21,000,000 tons, of which 17,500,000 tons are ocean-going ships. The loss, in short, is a negligible one, and cannot have the least effect on the subsistence of this country or on the intensity of its war effort. It is as well to

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bear this basic fact in mind when perusing the daily lists of vessels sunk at sea by mine or torpedo, if we are not to get an exaggerated impression of the scale and importance of these losses, and also when listening to the wild claims of the German wireless propagandists, which, in so far as they are not downright lies, merely represent a form of wishful thinking completely divorced from realities.

Against enemy surface and submarine attack, the old tried defence of convoy has proved completely effective. Out of some 8,000 ships convoyed by the Navy up to the end of January, less than twenty were lost—a percentage of risk of a mere 1 in 500, or one fifth of one per cent. So long as this low percentage of risk is not seriously increased, the Allies' command of the sea, and the security of their sea-borne commerce, can be said to be for all practical purposes complete. But so far from any probability of such increase, the gradual diminution of the German means of attack is likely to lessen it. Up to the end of last year thirty-five of the seventy U-boats with which Germany began the war had been destroyed, and only ten new ones had been built to replace them, so that the net loss amounted to twenty-five—more than a third in four months. It is noteworthy that such few German U-boat attacks on convoys as have been attempted have usually resulted in the destruction of the assailants rather than of the assailed. The expected speed-up of enemy submarine building during next spring and summer will be more than offset by the progress of the large Allied construction of hunting and escorting craft, which is already in rapid swing. The German *guerre de course*, in a word, as far as their submarines are concerned, has been a complete failure and any future prospects of success from it are of the slenderest.

Even more disappointing for the enemy has been the results of the activities of his surface commerce raiders. The much boosted " pocket battleships " sent out to take stations on our trade routes before the outbreak of war, failed to do any damage worth mentioning. One of them, the " Graf Spee," was brought to bay and destroyed in a brilliantly bold and well-fought action —worthy of the palmiest days of the Royal Navy—an action

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which not only did more than any single episode of the war to uplift Allied prestige and morale, but revealed in the leadership and morale of the German naval service grave weaknesses, as unsuspected as encouraging to its foes. Mystery overhangs the fate of the "Deutschland," a sister ship to the "Graf Spee," which may be presumed to have been badly damaged, and possibly sunk, as her name has been transferred to another German war vessel, yet to come into service. Apart from the third vessel of the class, the "Admiral Scheer," whose activities have been no more conspicuous, if less disastrous to herself, not a German surface ship has ventured to show her prow outside her own waters. Nor are any likely to do so, in view of the fact that a cruiser squadron out for sailing exercise in the near vicinity of home paid for its temerity by being decimated by two of our submarines that were lying in wait for them.

Nor has the intensification of the German *guerre de course*, by the indiscriminate sowing of magnetic mines proved a conspicuous success. Periodical losses from this cause there have been, and will no doubt continue to be, pending the full development of Allied counter measures now in course of adoption, but these losses, never important, are diminishing in scale weekly. Warfare by mine, magnetic or non-magnetic, has in fact already sunk from being a serious menace to a mere nuisance, though up to date it has accounted for a full third of the small percentage lost ($2\frac{1}{2}\%$) of the whole Allied shipping, and even this figure affords an exaggerated measure of the comparatively minor importance of the mine menace to-day.

The greatest potential danger to our sea command and maritime trade is, however, the German air arm. Its successes hitherto have not been conspicuous, but its full weight has not yet been felt. Its efforts so far have been confined to spasmodic attacks on single craft in the North Sea—attacks which have rarely been persisted in where these vessels were found to be armed for resistance, and have always been hurriedly broken off on the appearance of our defending aircraft. Casualties to personnel and loss of craft have been inflicted on us, but only on a trifling scale, and these have been probably at least offset by

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the toll taken of the raiders. These results, however, afford only a vague guide to the possibilities of the massed and sustained attack on our ports and shipping by the full power of the Nazi air force, which, we are repeatedly told, is in course of active preparation, and from which, we are also told, Hitler and his merry men expect a decisive success. It is certain that in any such offensive heavy toll would be taken of the assailants; it is less certain that the results achieved by it would be worth the cost. The fact that, despite much trumpeting, it has not yet been attempted, may perhaps indicate that the Nazis are not as confident of the outcome as they would like us to think; it may, on the other hand, merely mean that, in their view, the opportune moment for it has not yet come. One may safely say that the delay in its delivery has worked at least as much in our favour as in that of the enemy—probably more so. On this, as on many another matter at present in doubt, the future—the near future—may be expected to enlighten us.

Meanwhile a word must be said on the German war on neutral shipping, which now seems to have become the principal target for Nazi torpedoes, mines, and aeroplane bombs and bullets. The reason for this is to be found partly no doubt in the Nazi's predilection for directing their chivalrous weapons against the helpless and the harmless, but also in a reasoned and reasonable, if utterly heartless and unscrupulous, scheme of destroying our maritime trade with the Continent by cutting it off at source. Napoleon, a hundred and thirty-five years ago, tried the same plan under considerably more favourable circumstances, for our trade with Europe was then a far greater proportion of the whole, and the Emperor controlled all the coasts of the Continent from the Baltic to the Aegean. Yet his plan recoiled on his own head, for the suffering and loss caused to his own people was considerably greater than that inflicted on us, and caused such widespread discontent and revolt that it became practically a dead letter, while his attempt to enforce it on Russia led to the fatal war of 1812, and so to his own downfall. To-day the Nazis, by their combined threats and depredations, are also endeavouring to scare neutral shipping

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from maritime trading with Britain, careless of the fact that the consequent loss of life and property and trade, now as before, hits those neutrals far more heavily than ourselves. Such a policy is bound to arouse bitter resentment and turn neutral opinion more and more against Germany. That opinion may not find voice in the mouths of Governments, who have a natural and well-founded fear of German might and a knowledge that the bandit Germany of to-day, with her peculiar ideas of the rights and functions of neutrals bans as unneutral any word or act that does not suit her nefarious ends or flatter her own uneasy conscience. One day—the day of Nazidom's overthrow—when the peoples can be uplifted free from fear, Germany will be called on to pay retribution for her insolence and ill doing.

As regards the war on land, there is less to be told. There has been new periodical alarms that the war was about to be spread in the west to one or the other flank of the defensive barriers along the Franco-German frontier. Once it was clear that any such attempt, whether against the Low Countries or Switzerland would meet with resolute resistance, the alarms died away. There is reason to doubt if they were ever intended to be more than moves in the "war of nerves" which has for long been a favourite weapon of the Nazis—and, like other weapons of theirs, is now beginning to lose its edge from over-use. It is difficult to believe that a winter attack on either side of the Maginot Line could have brought the aggressors any appreciable advantage adequate to compensate for the resulting addition to the ranks of their enemies and the new shock to the opinion of the civilized world, with which the Nazis will sooner or later have to reckon. The line of attack through Switzerland was always, and always will be, a singularly unpromising one for the Germans, for, even were the initial difficulties of the country and the tenacious Swiss resistance to be overcome, the barrier of the Jura mountains, in face of which the assailants would eventually arrive, has been powerfully fortified to add to its natural strength, so as to form even more formidable an obstacle than the Maginot Line itself. A drive through the Low Countries would probably be aimed at the gap in South

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Holland between the Belgian northern frontier and the double east-west line of the lower Waal and Maas, which is poor in natural defences and affords fairly good going for mobile troops ; its objective would be the establishment of submarine and air bases for a intensive attack on this country. As regards the former, it may be recalled that all the Belgian coast line, which is nearer to our sea routes, was in German hands in the last war, so that our position would hardly be worse than it was then, when we dealt successfully with the danger. The advantage of the latter from the enemy point of view would be that in any future air offensive against Britain their short-range fighter aircraft could escort and protect their bombers, which from their present air bases is impossible. On the other hand, these new air bases themselves would be within easy reach of Allied counter raids both from this country and from France, so that advantage and counter-advantage would be more evenly balanced than might appear at first sight. The question, in fact, will turn, like most questions in war, on the relative strength of the forces concerned. If the Nazis consider that on balance they have a sufficient land and air superiority to make an attack on the Low Countries worth while, they are likely to attempt it, as soon as they deem the moment opportune, and no considerations other than those of expediency—and short-sighted expediency at that—will deter them.

Here again, as so often before, they might well find events giving the lie to their anticipations. Yet it would be foolish to be blind to the possibility of such an offensive as one of the next moves in the war. Should it come, it may be expected soon, for every inactive week that passes diminishes the chances of its success.

Another possible direction in which Germany might strive to spread the war is south-eastwards into the Balkans. Here her first object would be the domination of Rumania with her large supplies of corn and more especially of oil, that essential of modern war, whether on land, at sea or in the air. For this essential, moreover, Germany, despite the heavy reserve stocks she has doubtless accumulated in the last few years and her intensive

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efforts to increase home and substitute production, is still widely dependent on outside sources of supply. In case of an incursion into the Balkans, she would have good jumping off grounds in Slovakia and Poland ; she might well hope, too, for sympathy and perhaps for active help from Hungary and Bulgaria, the "have not" states of this part of the world, each with aspirations to recover from Rumania territory lost as a result of the last war. But the other Balkan Powers have no wish to see a German trespass into their preserves, and such a move might well have unhappy repercussions on Italy too, who has always regarded south-east Europe as a sphere of particular interest to herself. The recent Balkan Entente Conference, where our faithful new ally, Turkey, played a useful and prominent part, gave no encouragement at all to German hopes in this quarter, and made it clear to her, inferentially if not in definite terms, that any incursion on her part would be met with united and determined opposition. There is no south-eastern road to one of these cheap and showy triumphs on which Hitler has so long relied to reconcile his dragooned people to the increasing rigours of the Nazi regime.

Apart from these alarms and discursions which so far have led to nothing—though with better campaigning weather at hand, a revival of any one of them or some new one, may of course turn from a threat into a move—the main military interest of the past three months was centred on the war in Finland. The earlier phases of the campaign there took a turn completely contrary to general expectation: most observers, inclined to take the reputation of the huge Red army at the high value put upon it by Soviet propagandists, expected its swift and overwhelming victory. The Soviet Government itself counted confidently upon this—so confidently that the army of invasion consisted for the most part of inferior troops with little or no military training worthy of the name, whose instruments of conquest comprised brass bands, propagandist books and films, and pictures of Father Stalin for broadcast distribution to the welcoming Finnish people. They were swiftly and bitterly undeceived, for they met a stout, skilful and successful defence,

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which almost everywhere held them firmly at bay and inflicted on them enormous losses, which must conservatively be estimated at hundreds of thousands and probably were well in excess of the whole strength of the victorious defenders. The Red Army commanders were not slow to learn their lesson, and realised that the conquest of Finland, which their own optimistic secret service had led them to believe would easily come about almost of itself by internal collapse, would need the full expenditure of their best troops and their superior material resources. These were brought to bear as soon as could be made available, but the Finns, favoured by the conditions of climate and ground which placed a premium on individual fighting quality and skill at arms, while heavily discounting the advantages normally to be expected from superior numbers, mechanised forces and powerful armament, still managed to maintain their frontiers inviolate almost everywhere, and to take fearful toll of the attacking Red hosts, whose numbers often served merely to swell their casualty lists. Finally, the Red Army command, giving up its attempts to put its clumsy and over-encumbered masses against the agile and daring foe amid the snow-clad forests of northern and central Finland, concentrated all its efforts in a series of furious and sustained thrusts at the deep and formidable defences of the Mannerheim Line, running athwart the Karelian isthmus north of Leningrad, and commanding the line of invasion into southern Finland, the industrial and political heart of the country.

Eventually the Russians, at a cost in lives and material impossible to estimate accurately, but known to be extremely heavy, battered their way through the forward zone of the Mannerheim Line, as far as the outskirts of Viipuri, and thereupon negotiations were opened which ended in Finland agreeing to harsh and bitter terms of peace. Her army, like Lee's sorely tried Confederate army when it surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, was "not conquered, but worn out by conquering." The Finn troops, indeed, were all but exhausted to death by the heavy and ceaseless strain on them, while their foes still had ample resources of men and material on which to draw.

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Some small and unofficial help reached them from and through the other Scandinavian lands. But the governments of these countries, cruelly torn between the realisation that the conquest of Finland would be but the first step to a further Russian advance against themselves, and the fear that active support given to her might expose them to invasion by Germany perhaps under the hypocritical pretext of "saving" them from Russia, but really with the purpose of sharing the spoils with her, maintained an uneasy neutrality which, as always in such a case, worked all in favour of the strong ruthless aggressor and against the weak and unprepared victim. The Allies, though faced with a mortal peril to their existence in the shape of a formidable Germany with the initiative in her hands, yet afforded Finland much help and were prepared to afford more, had she asked for it. Italy and the smaller states of Europe also contributed men and materials, but only on the small scale compatible with some semblance of the voluntary basis necessary to minimise the possibility of political complications. The United States, in the hearts of whose people Finland holds a position peculiarly cherished, failed to extricate herself from her self-imposed trammels of neutrality sufficiently to be able to proffer to the injured victim of as marked an aggression as any in history, anything that could be of use for defence. Thus for all practical purposes, Finland was left to fend for herself. Seeing no hope of ultimate victory without powerful aid from outside, and deprived of any reliable hope of that aid, her Government had to resign itself to signing a peace on conditions even more severe and injurious than those offered and rejected before the outbreak of war. From the material point of view, her sacrifices have been in vain, from the moral standpoint, they form an imperishable page of honour in the national story, and one which generations of Finns to come will cherish in mournful yet proud memory.

Turning lastly from the war on land to the duel in the air, here again the hour of decision has not yet dawned. The respite from operations of more than minor importance has no doubt been used by the enemy to his advantage; stories are current

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that he has eliminated many of his older types of machines, which the autumn and winter fighting, on a small scale as it was, showed to be unequal to cope with the best of our own and the French air arms, and no doubt we may soon expect a formidable attempt on his part, made with new types and in great force, to win a definite, if temporary, air superiority. The lesson of history is that such superiority is a fluctuating and unreliable thing, and is apt to veer rapidly from one side to the other as the newer and better machines of the side which first acquires it are in due course met and outclassed by those of their adversaries. But a danger period for the Allies will obviously ensue if the Germans should succeed in getting even such temporary mastery early in the coming campaigning season, while they still possess a numerical superiority on land and their naval forces are in a state to play an effective part. However, there is no reason to suppose that the Allied air forces have let the grass grow under their landing wheels during these last three months; improvements in quality have certainly kept pace with, and probably surpassed, those made by their foes, while the numerical superiority usually attributed to the latter, though not perhaps yet eliminated altogether, has certainly been reduced to well below any decisive figure. Meanwhile the steady tale of our successes in the sporadic small scale fighting of the last three months makes encouraging reading. The scale has certainly been small—almost microscopic; it is reckoned that the total air losses of the enemy, who has suffered far the more heavily in this period, do not exceed what half a week's work at full output could replace. It is also probably true that the Germans, whose strong point is ordered and organised action, rather than individual brilliancy, will show themselves more formidable in large scale air formation fighting than in the minor combats which have been all that we have seen hitherto. But air warfare is in the ultimate resort a matter for the individual pilot and the gunner and for the machines and weapons at their disposal, and in these respects there is so far every reason to believe that we have the whip hand of the Nazis at the moment, and every reason to hope that we shall continue to hold it, though surprises

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here as elsewhere are, of course, not only possible, but if we may so paradoxically put it, to be expected.

What is the next move in the war likely to be? If a sure answer could be given to that question, the task of the prophet would be easy. For the moment at any rate, such an answer rests with Germany. The balance of numbers, both on land and in the air, is probably still on her side, though it will certainly not rest there for long, and just how great—or small—that superiority is can hardly be known even in the best informed and most authoritative quarters. But it is quite enough to make it unwise, if not impossible, for the Allies to attempt to seize the initiative as yet. They have all the more reason for being content to wait and see what Germany will do, inasmuch as it seems unlikely that her superiority, even on the most pessimistic assumption, is adequate, either on land, or in the air, or in both fields combined, to allow her to achieve anything decisive. Moreover, that superiority is curiously shrinking with every week that passes. The initiative, therefore, rests temporarily with her, but it must be sorely puzzling her rulers to know just what to do with it; yet, should it pass from their hands unused, as before long it certainly will, it will have passed for ever. For a time thenceforward the Allies will of course be in much the same position, but differing in this all important essential, that their superiority will be on the up instead of the down grade, with the continuing passage of time, and the initiative, once it has passed into their hands, will remain there.

It is generally assumed that the coming spring will inevitably herald the delivery of a terrific blow by the Nazis, aimed at scoring a great and decisive victory before the opportunity for it passes from them for ever. Britain is apparently to be the recipient of this furious onslaught, the imminence and irresistibility of which the enemy propagandists have been trumpeting for weeks past. It seems an unusual military procedure to herald the delivery of a surprise decisive blow so far in advance and so blatantly; and though the intrinsic probability of such an offensive—indeed of its strategic necessity, if Germany is to win a decisive victory—is fairly obvious, the doubt inevitably

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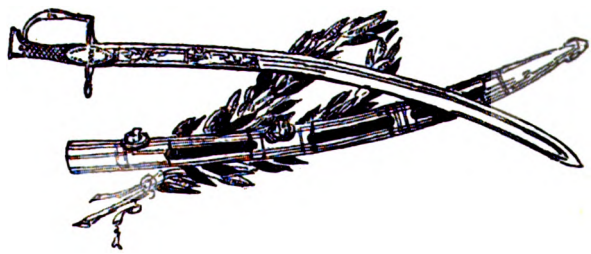
creeps in whether this noisy clamour of threats may not be a cloak for a policy less heroic, which may well appear to the Germans more subtle. It might be worth while in Hitler's view to continue to threaten us without ever delivering his long heralded blow, and meanwhile, while continuing his harassing tactics at sea, to confine himself to the defensive on land and in the air. His hope would then be that when the Allies were finally goaded into attacking him, he would be able to baffle their efforts to secure a decision long enough to sap their will to victory and render possible a negotiated peace in terms not too unfavourable to himself. Whether this would be at all a possible policy depends on factors which no mere outside observer can do more than approximately estimate, the deciding one no doubt being the state of German resources for war and their rate of comparative wastage in a violent all-out drive for victory or a long drawn out policy of sustained defensive. Either course has something to be said for it, and a good deal more to be said against it; but though the choice for the German leaders may be one between the lesser of two evils, it must be made, and that soon, if they have not already made it, or it will be taken out of their hands.

How that choice has fallen, or will fall, time will show, and probably show quickly—indeed, the above discussion may well be academic and irrelevant by the time these words appear in print. All that can safely be said as a conclusion of it is, that, certain as it is that days of heavy toil and grievous sacrifices lie before the Allies, their position is even to-day, and will be to an increasing degree as the year wears on, more promising than that of their enemy. If they have the resolution, as they have the means, to carry on the struggle to the end, there can be no doubt what that end must be.



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IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD

By H. C. Maydon.

It had been a scorching day, hot even for the Sudan in July; now on the arid, sandy polo ground a baker's dozen of thirsty, sunburnt Englishmen kept up their pretence of enjoying a hard game and thought of the buckets of cold drink ahead of them. A mile away the mud hovels of Omdurman shimmered in the heat haze, where even at five in the evening the desert-bred Arabs were still content to doze indoors and the scores of pi-dogs lay huddled in the shade. Westward a featureless plain of treeless sand and low scrub stretched lifelessly to Gebel Surgam, whose dwarf tops emerged occasionally from a dancing curtain of heat haze and dust devils. Even the Arab ponies and their syces were sluggish, streaked with sweat and swishing angrily with tail or whisk at a ceaseless swarm of flies—the one living thing of nature which seems to flourish in discomfort.

The members of the last battling chukker had just ridden off the ground, when Freddy turned to Bringey a trifly anxiously.

"Three more chukkers to go; I doubt we'll get them in. I don't like the look of the sky. We'd be safer to cut it now and make for home."

"Why, what's up?" demanded Bringey, who was new to the country and having ridden five miles across desert from his lonely and solitary barracks at Khor Shambat was loath to forego his last three chukkers and the comradeship of his brother officers, seldom seen but on polo days.

"Haboob," muttered Freddy tersely. "This is their season, and we are due for one by now. They don't give much warning, and the air feels like it to me."

Bringey hated showing his ignorance and so forebore to ask questions. Haboobs—sandstorms—he had heard of them, of course, but why make such a fuss? Let them finish their

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polo anyway if the storm would let them. After all, he was the worst off with a five mile lonely ride across desert back to his quarters; the rest had merely to make the launch on the river, a bare two miles, and then a comfortable drink-carrying voyage back to Khartoum.

The majority backed Bringey's opinion, ashamed, perhaps, of adopting so problematical an excuse for backsliding.

They were midway through the penultimate chukker when they were interrupted by the warning shouts of the spectators and the waving of polo sticks in alarm. An arm pointed to the heavens in explanation, whose portents, hidden to the dust-blinded players, were only too visible. Old-hand Burgess, busy trickling the ball down the side line though he were, raised his eyes, took one peep skyward and rode headlong off the ground; nor did he pause to don his coat nor change his pony, but headed straightway for the meshra (landing stage).

The scene had changed in a flash. The onlookers were already mounted and galloping after Burgess, the syces and spare ponies on their heels. The Mess waiters had packed up and were busy loading their camel; the Arab groundsmen were lowering the changing-room tent feverishly; the polo ground was already absorbed in its primitive desert.

Bringey glanced overhead as he slipped off his sweating pony; it was no good hurrying himself, he had a long hour's ride in any case. A proper sousing would not be unwelcome, especially as all the drinks were packed. On three sides of him the air and sky were still slumbering in stagnant heat, torn, now and again, by swirling sand devils; but from the fourth quarter, the south, a dense black cloud was stealing up the valley of the Nile. It was a queer and terrifying cloud, Zeppelin-shaped, but tailing out behind infinitely. Its heart was black as ink, but its edges were white storm wrack, slashed here and there with crimson. It was so low that it appeared to bump the ground; so fast moving that it seemed to swallow whole streets of straggling Omdurman instantaneously in its gaping maw; yet like an aeroplane it disguised its velocity. Already the air felt chill; an icy blast whistled by Bringey's

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ear, as if the spirits of the air were rushing, sucked by some awesome power to meet their demon master in the cloud.

Bringey felt uneasy for the first time. These old hands would not panic like this without a reason; what ought he to do? He shouted to Freddy, the last of his comrades, but Freddy disappeared into the murk with a wave of his hand.

Old Saati, his syce, led up Bringey's least tired pony. "Better ride fast, Genabak, the boy syce and I will shelter in Omdurman."

For a moment Bringey hesitated. Were it better if he, too, sought refuge at Sandy's, the D.C.'s house, hard by the Khalifa's tomb? Then he remembered that he had no change of clothes, and thought of the long pathless ride back on a moonless night. He stuck spurs into his pony and galloped headlong for his M.I. barracks.

His lonely mess lay behind his mule lines and beyond the harimat or married quarters of his Arab Irregulars. It was sited on the river bank itself, five miles north of Omdurman. If one could see, one could never lose one's way, if one hugged the river, but that meant a winding, zigzag route amid a labyrinth of obstacles. The old ruins of the Khalifa's straggling town stretched for miles along the river bank and short, deep khors fed the flood in the rains and honeycombed the bank. No, it were best to ride straight across desert from polo ground to mess.

As Bringey galloped he found himself racing the storm. The black cloud bank was tearing up the Nile valley on what looked a very narrow front, as if borne by the river itself; but although he had commenced with a two miles' start, it was obvious that the storm was gaining fast. If Bringey were galloping at fifteen miles per hour, the tempest was rushing to engulf him at thirty to sixty. Could he make his quarters in time? Should he turn west and debouch into the open desert, hoping to avoid the wings of the storm?

If he were overtaken, what had he been told to do? He remembered old yarns of Cambyses' lost army. How serious were these haboobs? How long did they last? How thick? Could one breathe in them?

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His gallop had lessened to a hand canter; he must have come four miles; he was already looking for landmarks in the thickening murk, but an icy wind was clutching at his heels, the air was full of dust, and over his right shoulder a great black clammy monster seemed to reach out to grasp him. Suddenly he felt very cold, the world went blind before him, and he could not see his hand three inches before his eyes; he was choking for breath in a tangible flood of sand and dust. His pony pulled up automatically to a walk—a halt—as blinded as his rider. Bringey, wondering if this were the end of the world, slipped out of his saddle and pondered if he should lie down and what then the fate of his pony?

Startlingly an invisible hand seized Bringey by the arm, and another the bridle of his pony.

"Come, genabak," heard Bringey in his faulty Arabic, and his guide dragged him forward. Three minutes later he and his steed were sheltering in the rude mud hut of one of his own Arabs. The storm had swallowed him 300 yards away from his lines, but not before he had been seen by the hawk eyes of the desert man.

For an hour Bringey sheltered while the haboob whistled past. Whistled is the wrong word, but what word is there to express a flood of drowning sand, swift moving, yet dense, and smothering from its miles' long quantity? Its most dread quality its insidious infiltration, so that each close locked room, each bed, chair, table and most secret hiding place will soon be found inches deep in dusty sand.

For that hour there was naught to do but sit and wonder, not happily; breathing thickly, eyes, ears, nose and mouth clogging with sands, hands busy dusting vainly.

Slowly the gale passed, the dust subsided, the air cooled. There was no sign of rain, but the world was cleaner under its new coat of sand.

When it was fit to venture forth, and as he said goodbye to his rescuer, Bringey's eye roved round the hut for some point on which to flatter or interest his host. By chance it fell on a drinking horn, an object uncommon among the Arabs.

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"What's this?" demanded Bringey in his faltering Arabic.

The man smiled, well pleased that his C.O. should show an interest in so trifling an item.

"It is a cup, Genabak," he replied.

"So I see, Suliman Omar." Bringey prided himself on his early acquisition of the names of his men, all at first as like as two peas. "But from what is it made, and whence comes it?"

The man picked up the cup and offered it to Bringey for inspection, while his aged wife crept shyly into the hut bearing a brass tray with one minute cup of thick Turkish coffee.

"Genab el Bimbashi will deign to drink?" asked Suliman Omar.

"Yes, Suliman, with pleasure. Send for a cup for yourself, too. Now tell me of this drinking horn."

"Genabak, it is made from the base of the horn of Um Wahhsh—the wild goat of the mountains. It comes from the Red Sea Hills above Port Sudan, from the country of the Beni Amer."

Bringey's heart gave a bound, for he was a keen shikari, and he had heard of the Red Sea ibex.

"But you are not of the Beni Amer tribe, oh Suliman?" he replied.

"Oh, no, Genabak, I am of the Blue Nile tribes. But my wife is of the Beni Amer. I married her when the world was mad before the coming of Kitchener. She had this as a present from her uncle."

"Well, do you think you could get me one?" asked Bringey, as he sipped his coffee.

"Of course," replied old Suliman. "Is this not the Bimbashi's if he will accept it?"

Bringey laughed. "Oh, no, Suliman; it is not the cup I want, but to shoot one of the wild goats themselves. Can that be done?"

Suliman was enthusiastic, as is the way of the Arabs when sport is afoot, and doubly so if it be a way of gaining recognition from his commandant.

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"Of course, Genabak; what could be simpler? Is not my wife's uncle, Mahommed Kheir, a sheikh in the tribe of the hills above Erkowit? Let the Bimbashi send word and go to him, and the rest will be easy."

So it came about that within a few days Bringey had garnered two items of news from Khartoum. First, that the haboob had claimed at least one victim. Poor Freddy, riding post haste for the landing stage, had missed his way in the black darkness of the storm; his pony had blundered into a sunken pit, come down, and Freddy had broken his leg. Worse still he had not been discovered for some hours, and was now in hospital, doing well.

Secondly, that there was no objection to Bringey going to the Red Sea Hills. There was a Bairam, a three days' holiday, in three months' time, and if the A.G. happened to be in a good temper he might extend it to a week's leave. He liked his officers to see the country.

Suliman Omar sent news to a certain sheikh Mahommed Kheir in the hills above Erkowit by methods of his own; Bringey busied himself in correspondence with the D.C. at Port Sudan on a question of camel hamla and lesser details of his visit.

It was mid-October and still very hot in the plains when a panting train disembarked Bringey, his baggage and retainers at the loftiest rise in the railway's climb over the hills at Summit station. It was 5 a.m., and there was a bite in the air as they loaded their camels for the first of three long marches.

It was Bringey's first jaunt by camel back, and time was precious. They had sixty miles to go, and the last march must be right up among the pinnacles. It was old Suliman who chose his bimbashi's camel, who packed his makloofa to the comfort of an easy chair, and who taught his protégé that the easiest pace of a camel is an endless swinging trot. As the day broke they were far out in the scrub and acacia bush on a pebbly plain, rising fast to the foot of the hills. When they stopped for the midday halt they had already seen numerous herds of Dorcas gazelle, and even a shy bunch of the far greater Ariel.

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"Already worth the journey," thought Bringey; "something better than the gameless plains of Kerreri."

The second day's safaria was a nerve-racking climb up the arid, stony hills, where for the most part, camel-shy Bringey preferred to slip to the ground and trust to his own legs. They were mounting fast now, zigzagging and generally following wadi beds, dense in grass and tamarisk, over which yawned arid flood and wind-torn cliffs. That evening they filled their tanks for the last time from a rare wayside water hole and hoisted and pulled their camels to the final camp on the knees of the heights.

That night after dinner Suliman introduced Mahommed Kheir, a wizened, monkey-like individual, remarkable for his snow-white chop whiskers.

"Genab el Bimbashi is lucky," they admitted. "Sheikh Mahommed has a good herd of wahhsh marked down in Khor Ashat. He knows of two fine rams for certain."

Bringey's zest rose to fever heat, but with one misgiving. "Good. I am glad," he replied, "but what chance have I? Remember we have but three days to hunt."

"Leave it to us," the two Arabs replied confidently. "Is this not our country? As long as the big rams are there it is certain. Let the bimbashi shoot straight."

It is an hour before dawn, and a chill breeze fans the heights. For close on two hours they have climbed hand on foot, while the wadi beds dwindled and crest after crest was made and sank into the underworld. They emerged at last on the very roof of their own little universe and, as he wiped away the sweat, Bringey realised that there was no more climbing. Anxiously his guides steered him away from the sky line, just as his eye had picked out the molten glitter of the Red Sea forty miles away.

At their feet a huge broad nullah filled the foreground, its far bank rising a mile or more away to the distant peaks. North and south it stretched with its near bank falling not too sharply, broken by khors, outcrops and tufts of scrub.

"Khor Ashat," announced Suliman, "the beaters are up at the top, hidden. When the bimbashi is rested and ready, we will creep halfway down the shoulder and conceal ourselves."

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It was the first whisper that Bringey had heard of beaters, but he realised that he was a mere pawn in the game. What chance had he, one gun, on a clear mile of open glacis ? The ibex might break anywhere. Well, anyway, he would see the ibex if there were any, and then he could take control himself in the old, familiar Indian way.

Bringey had been seated half an hour in his chosen eyrie before he spotted the beaters and could outline their tactics. They started in a bunch at the very apex of the nullah, perhaps two miles away, and as they advanced they opened out. A dozen tiny figures were spreading fast along the sky line on Bringey's left ; as many more were lining the nullah bed below on the right, dodging amid the tamarisk trees. A score of others, widespread, were clambering forward over the open, sloping glacis. Suliman, with a last glance at the rifle and a re-assuring wave, disappeared below Bringey to act as stop, while Mahommed Kheir and a boy sprang up from nowhere to stop the heights on Bringey's left.

" Pooh," thought Bringey, " what a hope ! "

Twenty minutes later and his heart jumped to remind him of the good old Kashmiri days. A dozen dots had suddenly come into the picture, dots halfway down the glacis a mile away, halfway between the gun and the beaters. They did not appear flurried, but merely moving casually away at safe distance from their old, familiar enemies according to daily wont. Were they ibex ? They must be game of sorts, but those conspicuous white patches on forelegs were unfamiliar. A few minutes later and peep of field glasses confirmed them as ibex, and among them at least two good rams.

The way those Arab beaters controlled that herd of wild goats was as good as any work at sheepdog trial. A far-seeing eye and a yodelling cry from some hidden leader directed them ; a jink in the line here, the rising of a skyline stop there, and the quarry were headed as desired.

The minutes sped and Bringey's excitement was beyond control. The ibex were only 500 yards away by now, jerking forward by fits and starts, generally walking in single file,

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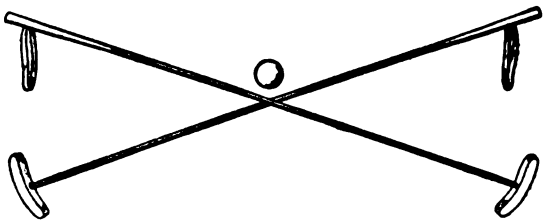
sometimes breaking into a short trot. They were coming almost directly for Bringey, although occasionally a break in the ground forced them out of the straight. Bringey's hide was a group of giant rocks, so that he had ten yards margin of dead ground behind him, in which to manœuvre for position.

Four hundred yards, three hundred, and Bringey was nervously fingering his rifle, but had decided to wait for a face to face sitter. Then came calamity. At 250 yards the herd disappeared into a deep depression and for long anxious moments Bringey waited in suspense; then, at last came the slither of a stone, and he realized that the herd had passed below and beyond him and were still out of sight. The chance had come and gone. Bringey, in despair, was about to climb one of his sheltering rocks for vantage, when Mahommed Kheir played his last trump. The boy, unseen, had quitted his position as flank stop, and, himself as agile as any ibex, had dropped down to become backstop. He it was who turned the ibex as they emerged from the depression and drove them back on top of Bringey. So well was it done that the leaders of the herd and Bringey met face to face amid the corners and the windings of the giant rocks. The leader of the ibex was the monster ram, to fall dead to bullet ere ever his expression of startled surprise had faded. The rest of the herd panicked forward, and almost jostled Bringey in their blind rush. A second good ram went down like a bolted rabbit.

A fine Nubian ibex is a rare prize, and even if Bringey had done little to earn it, yet the memory is for ever green. So much does luck depend on unsuspected trifles. If there had been no haboob that day; if his eye had not chanced on that drinking horn; if the boy had not been in exactly the right place, there might still be a record head in Khor Ashat and Suliman Omar might never have worn his corporal's stripes.



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HORSEMEN OF THE DECCAN

By Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.

India has always been the scene of cavalry activity, real cavalry, horsemen in their thousands and tens of thousands. For one thing, there was, and is, ample room for cavalry manœuvres on a grandiose scale, and then war, civil or otherwise, was practically endemic, and would probably be so again if India cut adrift from the British Empire. There is this much to be said of the British Raj, that it is the only government that has survived war, rebellion and epidemics, without falling out of step with the times and dying of premature old age and exhaustion.

There is no definite mention of cavalry in India before Alexander's invasion of the sub-continent, but it is not easy to imagine how King Ajatasatru managed his war chariots without horses. Perhaps he used elephants to move these forerunners of the armoured car from which his warriors hurled all manner of death-dealing missiles. Elephants were rather the spoilt darlings of Indian potentates. We hear of Pulakesin who ruled over the Chalukyas of the Deccan in the 7th century, that he gave his elephants strong drink; this must have given to the battle some semblance of a "beano."

Early prehistoric invasions brought the horse to India releasing swarms of cavalry to live on the land and give the effect of a visitation of locusts. This condition continued practically until European influence began to make itself felt by two master people, the French and the English. Alexander the Great's mounted archers no doubt provided an example of highly disciplined troops and encouraged an Indian ruler here and there to instil some sense of obedience into his warriors. This endeavour was often handicapped by the custom of rewarding

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the faithful services of a great vassal with the command of a few thousand cavalry. No particular qualification was required, except perhaps the capacity, and disposition, to pay his men.

In this direction Hindu rulers were less forthcoming than the Muslim invaders. The latter also had this advantage that they could generally count on the enthusiastic support of co-religionists and others who were as ready to fight for good money as any English or Scottish mercenaries of the European wars of religion. Indeed European and Turkish gunners helped the 14th century Muhammad ibn Tughluk in his war of aggression against Bukka, King of Vijayanagar. The occasion that gave pretext for Muhammad's enterprise has a familiar ring about it. Some horsedealers complained to him of being compelled to sell their best horses to a Hindu potentate. This was regarded as serious provocation, therefore Muhammad took stern measures, putting his opponent when captured to a cruel death. But Muhammad also had his lighter moments as when he sent the bill presented by a troupe of dancers who had entertained him, to be paid from Bukka's treasury. This pleasantry was not appreciated, it led to the first great conflict between Hindus and Muslims in the Deccan, which ended in great slaughter and the flight of Bukka, who was forced to meet the bill for the dancers after all; and that was not the least of his losses. Another Bukka, son of the former, started the war over again by sending 500 horsemen to kidnap the lovely daughter of a goldsmith. Perhaps if he had led the expedition in person he might have succeeded; it was certainly the sort of enterprise that requires personal effort, and should have been attempted without the racket of a swarm of accompanying swashbucklers. It is even at this distance of time, pleasant to reflect that the lady's parents managed to conduct her out of the turmoil to a place of safety.

Another, a very gallant lady, flashes across the romantic background of Deccan history. By this time Deccan horsemen had been formed into regiments and trained after the fashion of British light cavalry, whose example they followed with enthusiasm. The lady in question was the Rani of Jhansi, the

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time, one of great tribulation, the Mutiny years in mid-19th century. Jhansi was holding out bravely under the inspiration of the Rani, but Tantia Topi's attempt to raise the siege failed, and the city after a desperate resistance fell before the assault of Sir Hugh Rose's Bombay column. Among the troops engaged was a body already honourably known as the 4th Regiment of Nizam's Cavalry. This regiment only some thirty years old officially, had ridden out to the banks of the Betwa River to hold up Tantia's progress. The 4th Cavalry, with H.M. 14th Light Dragoons, and " Eagle " Troop of R.H.A., cut their way at a gallop through burning jungle and having carried out their purpose, returned to guard the exits from Jhansi. The Rani managed to escape; she was seen streaking away on her grey horse with four attendants round her and sowars of the 4th in pursuit. An elusive lady was the Rani, moreover, she was not captured, but died fighting. Dressed as a cavalry soldier this lady, gallant and greatly daring, fell in single combat with a British light dragoon, when Gwalior and his malcontents, 7,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry and 12 guns, were finally brought to bay. Those were brave old days when a battle was apt to develop into a series of duels between swordsmen; and among the bravest of the brave on this occasion was the Rani of Jhansi.

The old 4th Nizam's cavalry was the last of the regiments raised by Henry Russell's great achievement, in reforming the inchoate swarms of warriors that were supposed to guard the ruler's lands from invasion by many and very lively neighbours. Ever since the beginning of recorded history these highlands of the Deccan have been favourite hunting grounds for any who felt strong enough to follow his fighting bent at the cost of his neighbour. It was not till after the Mutiny that the present demarcation of the Nizam's territory was laid down. When Russell was resident at Hyderabad the state was still suffering from the confusion caused by the incursions of Mahratta horsemen, turbulent Rohillas, Korkus, who from their strongholds in the mountains of Berar were ever ready to harass any army that came their way.

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Then there were Ghonds on the banks of the Wardha, and in the Nirmal forests and the Ajanta hills predatory Bhils lurked for opportunities of making a bit. There was a colony of Sikhs at Nander, on Godavery, with a shrine second only to the Golden Temple of Amritsa in sanctity, and sacred to the memory of Guru Govind who died here. Arab mercenaries were still infesting the district, and tradition insists on an Amazon Corps of such courage and renown that somebody made one of those songs about it, so melancholy because they are so longwinded. Perhaps this song is an echo of the influence of the French had exercised over the rulers and warriors of the Deccan.

Strictly speaking the first three regiments of Nizam's Cavalry were the result of Russell's reforms, were indeed described as "Reformed Horse." This means that in 1826 the risallahs of Nawab Jalal-ud-daula, with those of Captains Davis and Clark were re-formed and styled 1st Regiment Nizam's Cavalry, Hyderabad Contingent, 1st Lancers H.C., 29th Deccan Horse, and "Royal" in 1921. At the same time a second regiment, known as 2nd Lancers, Hyderabad Contingent, was re-formed from the risallahs of Nawab Murtiza Yar Jang, Captains Hallis and Smith. Now linked together those two form one Regiment, "The Royal Deccan Horse" and retain their rifle green uniform with white facings.

After three regiments had been formed from the existing risallahs, there were enough horsemen over to fill the ranks of a fourth. This task was handed over to a man whose name has been connected with the regiment throughout all the changes it has undergone. The man was Sir John Gordon, Bart., who came as major from the 15th Light Dragoons and lived the rest of his life, twenty-three years, in India; he died at Madras in 1849. Now Gordons have not only made a speciality of raising regiments, but have also inspired each such creation with the divine fire of ever-youthful enthusiasm. Some units live only a short time, others are still with us, all have risen to glorious repute. As 30th Lancers (Gordon's Horse) Sir John's regiment was linked with the 26th King George's Own Light Cavalry and now appears under the title, 8th King George V's Own Light Cavalry. The

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honours tell, modestly, a story of gallant devotion to duty, with "Givenchy 1917," "France and Flanders 1914-15," and "Aden" to show how the two components took part in the Great War. The Royal Deccan Horse is modest about its century and more of achievement in India's martial history, covering all its deeds under one honour "Central India." The Great War gave these regiments their opportunity to win distinction on many widely separated battlefronts, Givenchy, Somme 1916, Bazentin, Delville Wood, Flers Courcelette, Cambrai 1917, France and Flanders 1914-1918, Megiddo, Sharon, Damascus, Palestine 1918. The regiment's Hon. Colonel is His Exalted Highness Nizam-ul-Mulk with "Faithful Ally of the British Government" as one of his many high titles.

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THE MAY-FLY ON LOUGH SHEILAN

By Colonel F. A. Hamilton, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

"The fly is 'up' on Lough Sheilan, your honour," says a voice in a soft Irish brogue. The speaker is Johnny Regan, the boatman of Mount Nugent, an undoubted character, whose duty, not to mention pleasure, is to take our hostess's guests in search of the big lake trout which frequent the cool depths of Lough Sheilan, one of Ireland's most beautiful inland lakes, more especially during the season when the May-fly is "up," a short, much too short, period when the great lake trout take freely and glut themselves greedily with those tempting morsels.

"The boat is ready, I have fixed the out-board engine on to her stern, there's a nice breeze on the lake and a ripple on the water, they should be taking well to-day. What time will you start?" he continues, taking it for granted that nobody in their right senses would refuse to go fishing this first day of the "dapping" season on Lough Sheilan.

"Give me time to collect some sandwiches and a flask and I will be with you," I reply, offering him my tobacco pouch, "I'll be ready in half an hour."

The old man helps himself to a pipe-full, packing it as tight as possible, lights it leisurely and sits down on the hall doorstep. By ten o'clock we are on our way down to the boat-house some two miles distant, Johnny carrying the luncheon-basket, and I a mackintosh and other fishing impedimenta. It is an ideal fishing day. The sun is conspicuous by its absence, the wind is in the south-west and there is a "sough" in the air which caresses your cheek as you walk.

As we near the boat-house a boat with an out-board engine moves across the water at some speed. In it are two sportsmen one of whom on seeing Johnny, gives a shrill view-halloa, and holding up two large trout, one in each hand, shouts

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" Six and seven pounds, Johnny, they're taking like mad, we have three more smaller ones in the boat. You can't beat that John Regan ! Good luck and a tight line to you and your friend. I am obliged to go back, worse luck ! "

" That's Father O'Neil, the parish priest and his man, they were out early and now he has to get back to a funeral. Come on, your honour, we must beat them, let's get out as soon as we can. I have the rods already in the boat. We'll go over towards the Island and try a drift there where the water is not too deep," said he, starting up the outboard-engine.

We are soon skimming across the water in the direction of a small island on which is an old ivy-covered ruin, all that remains of an ancient castle, once the stronghold of an Irish Chieftain.

In the May-fly season on an Irish lough there are two ways of fishing. One is known as " dapping " and the other as " dry-fly." For the former no very great skill is required, but it is not quite as easy as it looks ! The latter requires much skill for reasons which I will give later. To " dap " you require a long rod made of selected bamboo, some seventeen feet in length ; an ordinary reel and trout line to which is attached some fifteen feet of very thin silk line, known as a blow-line, as it is easily blown out by the prevailing wind. A plain fair-sized single hook is attached to the blow-line, on to which are skilfully fixed some two or more live may-flies. The fisherman sits in the boat with his back to the wind, his rod well up, the wind blows the blow-line out until the flies float nicely on the water. Some skill is required to keep the flies just floating so that they do not become too wet, perhaps drowned, and certainly too unlike the genuine article to provide a sufficiently attractive morsel for the trout. A change of flies periodically is essential. The fisherman, with much patience, must keep his eye on the bunch of flies until a fish rises to it, often only noticeable by an almost imperceptible break of the surface of the water. Then comes the difficult moment. He must not strike too early, but count slowly " one, two," and then tighten on his fish, which by this time has taken the hook down with him, his head pointing towards the bottom of the lake. He should by then be hooked well and fairly through

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the lip. This all requires practice and a nice judgment, for should the fisherman strike too soon the trout will be hooked too lightly or not at all. Much concentration is necessary if you are to "dap" well.

Having arrived at a favourable stretch of water the boatman lets the boat drift broadside with the wind, using a single oar only to maintain its direction.

In "dry-fly" fishing the fisherman sits or stands up in the boat, which the boatman keeps stationary, just keeping his oars ready for instant action. When a rise is seen the boatman moves like lightning towards the ring on the water to enable the fisherman to cast his artificial may-fly skilfully over the fish. This latter is most difficult to do well in order to present the fly to the fish in the most attractive way; the reason being that on a lake, unlike river fishing, it is very difficult to know in which direction the fish is facing in order that the fly may be offered to him so that he sees it and can take it. A skilful dry-flier casts his fly so as to describe a neat circle around the fish so that he must see it. The inexperienced fisherman may very probably cast behind the fish with no effect.

To see a good boatman lying in wait like an old-time Rover waiting to swoop down on an unsuspecting merchantman, is a pretty sight, more especially should the fisherman do justice to this skill in manœuvre. I well remember observing a well-known, one-armed sportsman, who always stood up in the boat. The combination of him and his boatman was a triumph of piscatorial efficiency. They seemed to kill fish when no one else could.

When there is not sufficient wind for "dapping," "dry-fly" is the only method, and a very pleasant variation to the monotony. The evening is the best time.

On the morning in question there are several boats on the lough, some of them carrying three or four fishermen talking, smoking and watching their flies. Every now and again one of them will stand up to play a fish, while his friends shout words of advice.

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"Now, sir, your rod is ready, we'll try this drift," says Johnny, as he too settles down to serious fishing.

In less than five minutes there is a slight swirl close by my flies, but I strike too soon and miss him, earning a well-merited rebuke from Johnny, who a few seconds after, hooks a nice fish which I net for him after a five minutes fight. It turns the scales at 3½ lbs. Another ten minutes sees me more successful as a well-timed strike results in a delightful curve of the rod, soon to be followed by a scream from the reel as the line runs out some thirty yards.

"That's a big fish. Keep your point up, sir, let him go, don't touch the reel; now check him a bit and wind him in. Oh, look at that for a lep!" shouts Johnny.

As the big trout jumps a good three feet out of the water I lower my point at once. Three times he repeats this performance before he again takes charge and races away once more, causing a protesting scream from the reel as the taut line streaks across the lake.

"When will he stop? He has already taken out forty yards of line; ah, he is stopping; he has stopped."

"Wind him in gently, sir; there he comes back to us again, only twenty yards out now I can see him," says Johnny. "It's a big fish, a seven pounder at least; stop winding now, let the rod tire him," he continues.

"All right, Johnny, I have him well under control now. By jove though, I'm not so sure." Scream goes the reel again.

"He is making for that clump of rocks, brake, brake. Can't you stop him? Well done, sir, that was a near thing, he was only a few yards from the rocks and would have broken you. Now wind in again slowly, don't hurry him, though he should soon be getting tired. There, now he is coming back to you."

Nearer and nearer to the boat he comes, there is a silvery-gold splash twenty feet from us. I can now see him plainly cruising around. What a whopper, let us hope that the gut holds!

"Mind he does not get under the boat, sir," say Johnny, as the fish makes a quick rush towards us. "Turn and bring him round the end of the boat to the back."

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The fish is already there, however, and I am well in contact with him.

"He is only a few yards away Johnny, get the net ready," I shout. Out goes the net, but splash, out of the water he leaps and off he goes again, apparently still full of life. He does not go far however, and soon I am on terms with him once more. I wind him in till he is quite close; he is wearying and rolls over on the surface. Johnny slips the net quietly into the water. I lower the rod gently, still keeping contact, for this is a ticklish moment, and draw him towards the waiting net. Johnny nets him and brings him safely into the boat. A blow on the head gives him his quietus. He turns the scales at 6½ lbs.

"A grand fish and a great fight your honour. Now that we have made a good start we shall beat the Holy Father's catch before nightfall," says the old boatman. His prophesy proved correct.

I feast my eyes on my victim. What a pity I can't have it all over again! How long has it lasted? Twelve minutes at least, I feel that I have lived a life-time.

(No! I am not a good fisherman, and this was one of my few successful catches!)

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The January "Army Quarterly" devotes a number of articles to the first phase of the war on land, at sea, and in the air; but to the majority of readers the most interesting of these will be Dr. Rosinski's account of the present day German army. He scouts the idea of a possible military revolt against the Nazi regime, which now completely controls the army from a political standpoint, though the generals naturally retain their voice in matters of strategy. There are critics among the officers, but for most of them the war is popular and they feel confident of winning it; and the rank and file too have generally accepted the war without a grumble. But the quality of the non-commissioned officers, the backbone of the old Imperial army, has badly deteriorated, and though materially the army is not badly off, it is not, on the whole, in a happy mood, with little enthusiasm for or joy in the war. Pleased with the way they came through their first test in Poland, not, they admit, an unduly severe one—few officers or men, however, doubt that the ultimate victory will be theirs. Of the other war articles, that on the work and spirit of the R.A.F. in the first three months of war, by Air-Commodore Fellowes, perhaps comes next in interest; "With the Air Force animated by the spirit of which it has already given evidence, and organized and led on the present lines, we may well look to the future with the fullest confidence," he writes, after a discussion of the duties and work of the various air commands, their equipment and training, and the morale of their personnel. Other subjects not directly concerned with the war, dealt with in this issue, include "Napoleon's Methods Applied to Motorised Forces," "Infantry Support for Machine Guns," "Clergymen-at-Arms," and "Military Customs and Survivals."

The February "Fighting Forces" also has a series of articles on the progress of the war in all theatres, including one on the conflict between Russia and Finland, and one by Lt.-Colonel MacNamara on "Parliament and the War." The last-named feels that the spirit of national unity has as yet not

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manifested itself sufficiently in the House, and thinks that more secret sessions might well be held. He then pays a well merited tribute to Mr. Hore-Belisha's work as an army reformer, and ends by pleading for a more active war policy; he foresees a long war of many surprises, in which "It will be difficult to prophesy whom we will end up by fighting." G.O.M., in an article on the "Evolution of Air Warfare," takes up a rather different viewpoint from that of Air-Commodore Fellowes; though equally confident of our material and moral, as distinct from numerical, superiority in the air, he foresees difficulties ahead, particularly if we have failed to use the winter respite to bring co-operation between our Army and Air Force up to a pitch of efficiency equal to that attained by the Germans in Poland. Three brief topical articles also deal with control in war, the future of the British Empire and its defence, and European union.

The "Journal of the Royal Artillery" for January, unlike its two contemporaries above mentioned, refrains from touching on the present war at all, except for an indirect reference in an article "Siegfried Tactics in the 16th Century"—an account of the ruse by which Henry of Navarre baffled a Spanish attempt to raise the siege of Amiens in 1597. General Rowan-Robinson contributes a vivid account of a more recent action, the defence of Wagon Hill during the siege of Ladysmith in 1900; and Major Laws goes somewhat further back with his story of the British artillery at Ostend in 1798, and General Headlam yet further to the Renaissance and the British guns and gunners of that day. Half-a-dozen articles on sport and travel complete a number pervaded by a refreshing spirit of detachment from the troubles of these turbulent days.

The "Royal Air Force Quarterly" for January devotes more than half its pages to the war, mainly in the form of brief narratives of various air episodes, of which it is good to have these useful if unpretentious records. One article has had the unusual distinction of having been cut out completely by the censor; the rest are of a light order.

E.W.S.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

" Fleet Street Goes Racing." By Percy Swaffer. (Hutchinson.) 12s. 6d.

As its title would suggest, this book is written by a racing journalist. Within the past half-dozen years we have had the reminiscences of two racing correspondents in the late Sidney Galtrey's " Memoirs of a Racing Journalist," and " On and Off the Racecourse," by Eric Rickman, both capital works. It is always of interest to read about racing from another angle, i.e., that of the pressroom. The racing public is to-day well served by the press ; a *flair*, however, for selecting winners is more in demand than an astute and knowledgeable writer on horseflesh.

For those who dearly love to read about the breeding, conformation and historical facts regarding the outstanding performers on the Turf of to-day and yesterday, there are the erudite articles of " Mankato " (Professor Robertson, M.R.C.V.C.) at their disposal in a sporting paper. As " The Druid " in another era, stood out in a class by himself, so does " Mankato " to-day, and one is glad to note the tribute paid to him by the author. No doubt the chapters dealing with steeplechasing will appeal most to the readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL. Perhaps the author stresses too much emphasis on the ill-luck which befell the entire Davy Jones in the National of 1936, who was in receipt of 21lbs. from Reynoldstown. People are apt to become unbalanced over this incident, forgetting the fact that there was one more fence to be negotiated after the tantalising disaster occurred to Mr. Mildmay's reins, and a fence which had brought down more than a dozen almost certain winners in the last thirty-five years, Billy Barton included.

Had the tubed son of Pharos won he would have gone down into history as quite one of the luckiest of horses. The writer recalls the advertisement of his sale which appeared in the Calendar not so many weeks before the National. The author

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refers to the fact of T. Coulthwaite never having been on a horse's back, which must be a unique record for a trainer.

Judging by the appearance of his charges in the paddock, and his record as a trainer of Eremon, 1907, Jenkinstown 1910, and Grakle 1931, there is a deal of truth in the saying "More races are won inside the stable than on the racecourse."

Dealing with the horses owned by Mr. J. H. Whitney and their efforts to win the National, it is surprising that the author omits mention of Easter Hero, or this gallant 'chaser's attempt to concede 17lbs. to Gregalach (and further handicapped with a twisted plate) in 1929.

There is much about the American invasion at Aintree, but, with the exception of Mrs. Scott, Battleship's owner, other U.S.A. owners have been contented to achieve success by exploiting English and Irish-bred horses purchased in some cases on the eve of the great race with the almighty dollar.

In referring to Druid's Lodge, it was the combination of Gwyn Evans and the now fourteen-year-old Southern Hero, which brought this establishment back into the picture since the halcyon days of the Purefoy regime ; the author has forgotten this trainer, whose untimely death last year in a motor accident after Newbury Races, was so deeply deplored.

In dealing with hurdle events he states that there has been nothing of note since Miss Paget's Insurance—one feels, however, that Victor Norman has been overlooked.

Referring to the sale of Royal Mail for 6,500 guineas, the author wonders what Sir Charles Assheton-Smith paid for Jerry M, quite one of the gamest horses to have ever looked through a racing bridle. Jerry M changed hands for 1,100 and without a vet.'s certificate as he made a slight noise, and the price was a mere song in view of his later achievements.

He portrays most of the Turf celebrities under both codes, from Danny Maher to Fred Rees, and Bob Gore to George Poole.

A vision of the latter stands out in the reviewer's mind on the Lewes gallops. In torrential rain, bestride old Shaun Spadah, with his exceptionally long leathers due to a hunting accident,

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minus mackintosh, and garbed in a blue suit (cigarette having been long washed away from his lower lip). In spite of the rain pouring from the toes of his shoes, the trainer was beaming with satisfaction, for it was nearing the Lincoln and Solenoid enjoyed soft going. All would be well if the heavens poured after a prolonged drought; but unfortunately the mare Dorigen (likewise debarred from entry in the General Stud Book), liked ploughing through heavy going, which she found to her advantage on the Carholme. And so Solenoid failed to bring back the spoils from Lincoln, which Senhora had just missed in order to land the Apsley House trainer with an amazing spring double.

Mention of *Lotinga's Weekly* recalls that short-lived racing paper which initiated the ingenious competition of nomenclature for horses, a prize being awarded for the most original name embracing that of the sire and dam.

There is much about owners and their eccentricities—was it not a woman owner, with a reputation for continually changing her trainers and jockeys, and a vicious tongue, which caused the following conversation in the weighing room. First jockey: "Hallo, you're riding for the old woman (but he did not say woman !) now; you know, she ought to be put down." "Yes," replied the second jockey, wearing her colours for the first time, "and not with a humane killer!"

Mr. Swaffer has covered his ground ably; in these days of wars and rumours of wars, it is indeed a relief to turn to his interesting book and read about the equine pillars of the Turf, and simultaneously drop a bucket into the well of memory.

What a carefree era Slieve Gallion recalls—Greer, his owner's name, was one to conjure with in Ireland in those palmy days, when the Curragh resounded to the ring of the hoofs of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, when the gorse might conceal skirmishing lines of the Black Watch, and when standing on Gibbet Rath one could discern strings of thoroughbreds wending their graceful ways back to Maddenstown House and Mountjoy Lodge, and then go back to breakfast full of the joy of life.

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But the author, with a nasty jar, pulls one out of reverie in his description of a disgruntled editor of this present and very ugly era. Having complained bitterly to his racing correspondent for not supplying winners to assist the circulation of his paper, he adds: "Never mind, we'll fall back on Hitler!" And so the German Führer is responsible for not only putting all Europe into turmoil, but for guaranteeing the sales of the Fleet Street sensational press.

F. C. H.

"Epsom and the Dorlings." By E. E. Dorling. (Stanley Paul.) 10s. 6d.

The name Dorling needs no introduction to racegoers and to those who have scrutinised their race cards at the Derby, or at any of the Epsom meetings, for the name of the author of this quite outstanding book of racing reminiscences appears as general manager of the racecourse.

The very card itself is printed by Dorling & Co. (Epsom), Ltd., and thereby hangs a very happy tale which goes back into the early nineteenth century. The Dorlings have been connected with Epsom racecourse since 1828, when William Dorling mounted his horse one morning and set off for pastures new. He reined up on Epsom Downs, and was so enthralled by the beauty of the scenery, that he decided to off-saddle—it was a case of "J'y suis, j'y reste."

It was not, however, through any direct connection with the racing *milieu* which brought this adventurous spirit on to the course, but through the following indirect method.

The Derby had been in existence for forty years. William by calling was a printer, and being an opportunist, saw that the town's staple industry—racing—could be turned to his advantage; he, therefore, opened a printing establishment, and proceeded to publish a race card, having obtained all the information from the patrons of the Turf beforehand. The printer's establishment was a flourishing concern when it passed to his son Henry, who exploited his trade for the benefit of the race committee and also for churchgoers, for we note that

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Watts's psalms and hymns were set up in his press—perhaps a list of the runners for the great classic sometimes strayed into the hymnal!

The author succeeded to the proprietorship of this unique establishment in Grand Parade's year on, one should note, his retirement from the Army, in which he had served in the rôle of Chaplain to the Forces, having previously been a Canon of Salisbury Cathedral. He records that the press gave him a rare welcome with such headlines as—"Novel Job for a Clergyman," when it was learnt that his first duty was to print the Derby Day card. In this year he also became a member of the Management Committee of the Grand Stand Association.

The author has a great descriptive power and a merry pen, which makes his all-interesting subject an exceedingly fascinating one. It is based on historical facts with a wealth of detail, and anecdote, for in spite of his important duties on Derby Day he has never failed to spot incidents grave and gay.

There is a detailed account of the disastrous Derby of 1918 which saw the disqualification of Craganour for the advantage of the by-no-means-guiltless Aboyeur in the jostling match. One believes that everyone connected with that amazing decision of the Stewards, both equine and human, has passed on.

Major Eustace Loder, the late Lord Rosebery, Lord Wolverton, Lord Durham, then the Hon. F. W. Lambton. The victim Craganour died at the age of twenty in the Argentine in 1930, where he was sent, having been purchased for £30,000 from a broken-hearted owner, with the stipulation he should never race again. One wonders where the jockeys Johnny Reiff, who rode Craganour, and Pyper, who rode Aboyeur, are to-day. The latter's brother, Sam Pyper, is kennel huntsman to the Dartmoor Foxhounds. One thing is certain about this race which is also notorious for the Suffragette's interference with the King's horse, Anmer, with fatal results to herself, and almost to Herbert Jones, that had the late Lord Rosebery released Danny Maher, the Irish-American jockey (the author has omitted his Irish connection) from riding his filly Prue, Craganour would have undoubtedly been the winner with this superb horseman.

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This is an altogether admirable book, charmingly written. No one should fail to read these reminiscences about great men and greater horses who made the British Turf what it is to-day. For its next edition it should be noted that Papyrus was owned by Mr. Ben Irish, but this is an obvious misprint.

A plan showing the Derby course might have been included, showing the various alterations which have taken place from early times, particularly in the alteration of the position of the start from its original position south of Downs House. It is of interest to note that the *Morning Post* was until its deplorable absorption by the *Daily Telegraph* in 1937, the only daily paper which published the result of the first Derby. A facsimile of the result as it appeared in the *Morning Post* of 4th May, 1780, was reproduced in "To Horse."

One feels that some reference in a book so devoted to the Great Classic might have been made to the last amateur rider to take part, and such a conspicuous part, in the race as Sir George Thursby, Master of the New Forest Buckhounds, who was second on two occasions, riding John O'Gaunt in 1904 and Picton in 1906.

One wishes also that the date had been added to the photograph depicting the starting gate being used for the Derby for the first time. These, however, are merely mild suggestions regarding a wholly capital book, which was a joy to read.

F. C. H.

"Imperial Policing." By Major-General Sir Charles W. Gwynn, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.) 12s. 6d.

This is the second edition of a book first published in 1934, and twice reprinted, which goes to prove its value is appreciated by military officers.

The new edition has not been revised, but two new chapters have been added, recording the episodes in Palestine in 1936, and some of the more important events in Waziristan in 1937.

The author states that the book is not "intended to give examples of the application of particular principles, but rather to show the various forms police duties may take." The

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incidents selected are excellent examples of the duties which troops are called upon to perform when ordered out in aid of the Civil Power; a duty which, for obvious reasons, cannot be practised previously like most other duties, and herein lies the value of this book.

General Gwynn explains the action taken by the officers in each event, and where necessary, adds constructive criticisms from facts made known after the incidents. Although he makes no claim as to the completeness of his narratives, there is no doubt that he presents to the reader all the salient features of each event with some idea of the atmosphere in which they took place.

This book should be carefully studied by all officers and is recommended to politicians and those civil officials who have the authority to call on military forces to assist them when the civil population has got beyond their control.

S. J. P.

"Reminiscences of Sport and War." By General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.) 15s.

This book makes light and pleasant reading for all those who are interested in hearing about pre 1914–18 life in the Army—especially in India.

General de Lisle was well known on the race-courses and polo fields of India long before he came into prominence as a mounted infantry leader in the South African War, and is well qualified to give intimate sketches of life in India with descriptions of racing, polo, shooting and pig-sticking. Many would have been interested to hear something more about the remarkable polo team he trained and organized for the Durham Light Infantry; but of set purpose he rather glosses over this, on the plea that it has been described before.

As a soldier General de Lisle saw a great deal of service, and had a somewhat remarkable career, including a transfer from infantry to cavalry at the age of 38.

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His various campaigns made him personally acquainted with most of the leading personalities in the British Army; this fact, combined with the importance of some of the posts he held between 1914 and 1918, makes his accounts of what then happened of particular interest.

His acquaintance was not confined to soldiers; and he has made some interesting comments on various personalities and relates some interesting stories about H.I.M. the German Emperor. The latter was Colonel-in-Chief of the Royals, and took a great and kindly interest in the regiment. He made a point of inviting each new commanding officer to Berlin and General de Lisle has pleasant memories of his visit.

H. S. S.

"World in Arms." By R. Ernest Dupuy. (Cassell & Co.) 5s.

Can you find your way round Europe, from a soldiering point of view,
Can you name the strength of any modern army,
Can you indicate what submarines the Germans have "on strength,"
Or the bombing range of 'planes from Suo'salmi;
Do you know the likely spots at which invasions might begin,
If Russia still encourages the lancer?
On all these points, and many more, this handy little book
Will very swiftly proffer you the answer.

It's a mine of information that is really up to date;
Both brains and skill have gone into the mapping:
Its marshalled facts ingested and the most enquiring mind
Will find it very hard to catch you napping.
It's a book for "boob" or expert, in these war-bestridden times,
When ignorance your trepidation can't ease;
But don't bestow it casual-like, we'd dare to recommend,
As a bedside book for nervous maiden aunties!

R. H.

"A Short History of the British Army." By Eric W. Sheppard. (Constable and Company.) 10s.

Fortescue took a little over thirty years to produce the fourteen volumes of his monumental "History of the British

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Army," and the most avid reader could hardly hope to achieve their perusal under a month's solid application—with remarkably little time off for meals! There are those who might lack the power of concentration—or the impulse—to essay the attempt, and for them no better précis of our Army's amazing story could be desired than that which Major Sheppard has given us in this crisp and lucid history-in-miniature. Published originally in 1925—when it was warmly welcomed by THE CAVALRY JOURNAL—the book went on, very justifiably, to achieve a second edition. To this, the third reprint, the author has added a considerable amount of new material, including a whole section devoted to the story of the World Crisis of 1914–18.

If, in dealing with this new and difficult material, Major Sheppard has committed himself to verdicts and opinions with which not every reader will be prepared to agree—to cite only one instance, most of the old criticisms of the Passchendaele offensive are again paraded without any particularly penetrative envisagement of the real motivation of that costly but ineluctable sacrifice—perhaps it can hardly be accounted as surprising. If we can still wax controversial over what Clinton did or did not do on the Hudson in 1777, how much more must we continue disputations over the actions and decisions arrived at in a conflict whose gargantuan proportions dwarf the earlier struggle to the size of a snarling match between a couple of provincial Town Councillors. In any case, complete objectivity is almost impossible of attainment so near to the event.

Taking all in all, Major Sheppard, in his additional section, has steered a remarkably even course; while the work as a whole can be thoroughly recommended to all those in search of an outline of our military story which is justly proportioned and clearly drawn. To those who, stimulated by the perusal of this excellent piece of historico-military "first aid," would make further and more detailed enquiry into the chronicle of British arms, the author's Notes For Further Reading will prove invaluable. The mapping throughout, while unpretentious, adequately serves the broad purpose for which it is designed.

R. H.

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WILLIAM WELDON,

Trumpet-Major of the 13th Light Dragoons.

"The palm, the harp of God, and that victorious faith that overcomes the world, be with thee, so prays thy fellow soldier, in the most just and most honourable of all warfare."

W.m Huntington

London. Published June 23. 1811. by E. Huntington. 53. High Street Bloomsbury

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EXTRACT FROM HISTORY OF THE XIII HUSSARS

"The frontispiece is from an engraved portrait of William Weldon, Trumpet-Major of the 13th Light Dragoons, who acted as trumpeter to Lord Hill during the whole of the Peninsular Campaign.

"The portrait was painted some years after the conclusion of the war.

"Trumpeter Weldon belonged to the troop commanded by Captain Macalester, and sailed with the regiment in February, 1810. As Trumpet-Major Weldon he accompanied Captain Macalester's troop to Belgium in May, 1815, and was present at the Battle of Waterloo. It is said that in that campaign he also served as trumpeter to Lord Hill for the second time, but this has nothing more than tradition to support it."

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

JULY, 1940

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

SIR,—My Council would be most grateful if it were possible for you to use this letter to remind readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL of the needs of the fighting Forces for books and other reading matter.

The Service Libraries and Books Fund, which was created at the Mansion House at the request of the Service Departments, carries on an appeal to meet this need under the lead of the Lord Mayor of London and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

Great strides have been made, and the number of books and periodicals already collected and sent to the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force, exceeds one-and-a-half millions, but this is barely sufficient to keep pace with the demand from the men and women on active service.

The Postmaster-General has lately announced that books and periodicals may be handed in at nearly all Post Offices, unaddressed and unwrapped, for transmission free of charge to the Central Book Depot. This makes the dispatch of books a very simple matter, and one involving no expense to the giver.

Any books, illustrated papers, or other periodicals, handed over in this way, particularly the lighter type of book, will be very greatly appreciated.

HERBERT CREEDY,
Deputy Chairman.

1*st June*, 1940.

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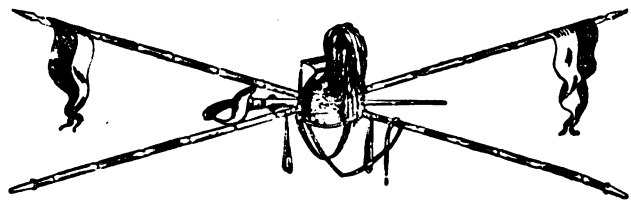
OUR WAR POSTSCRIPT

THE months have meandered on, uneventfully enough, in our rural quietude, where the outward appearances are still all of peace, of a peace profound and immemorial, as yet scarcely ruffled by the distant blast of war. On a somewhat minor scale, we have lived much the same life as usual. We have gone on with the common round of little local duties—and other little duties to do with the war have been added to them, so that we have felt, or tried to feel, that we really are helping in the struggle. But we have found time, too, with rather uneasy consciences, to do a little hunting, telling ourselves we are keeping it going for when the boys come home again; and for a little shooting, with better consciences, to preserve the crops. Now, with dramatic suddenness, the war has flared into action. At the moment of writing, what is perhaps the decisive battle of our history is being joined. The men who used to read (if any of them were foolish enough to do so) the stuff that it amused me to write in our Journal, are now in the forefront of the battle. At such a time it is not for an old man sitting in comfort at home, to write vain trivialities about his own insignificant doings—and I have no heart to attempt it. Now, even for us old 'uns, there is work, much work, that we must try our all to do, so as to support to the utmost, each in our microscopic way, the efforts of our champions at the front. Until happier times come, may I say, God give you courage and endurance, and, if it be His will, bring you safe home again.

A. A. H. B.



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THE BOWLER VALE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT

By Major Oskar Teichman, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.

V.

It is the day of the Point-to-Point.

At 9 a.m. Rakso leaves his house for the course. In his car he has four thousand race-cards, a box full of tickets, spare badges, a case containing all the number cloths, etc., for each race, £20 in small change, all his files which include the original entry forms for each race, Messrs. Weatherby's list of Certificates of Masters of Hounds, the Farmers' Lunch book, declaration, Judge's, Starter's and Tote cards, the paddock bell, all the cups and various other small articles.

There is one important item which he has remembered to put in his pocket, that invaluable little manual, "National Hunt Regulations for Point-to-Point Steeple Chases" for the current year. Rakso knows that if any dispute should occur and he is unable to produce this book and quote from it, complications will ensue. The Acting Stewards rarely bring a copy with them.

Directly Rakso arrives on the course he drives to his tent where he finds his first batch of gate collectors awaiting him.

After receiving their tickets and some small change, they leave for their gates and Rakso sends for the race-card sellers. These are local Territorials. Five hundred cards are handed out for each of the four pay-boxes, and Rakso instructs the N.C.O. to keep in touch with his men in the pay-boxes, in order to call for fresh cards when required.

For the next half hour Rakso is busy writing out lunch and tea chits for Police, A.A. Officials, Territorials, Boy Scouts, Ambulance Men, paid officials on gates, farm labourers and Hunt

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servants, in order that the caterer can arrange to feed them in relays before the Farmers' Lunch and after the last race. By this time all the Police have arrived and have been posted by the Superintendent, who also details one constable for the Secretary's tent.

Silas Dilton, the Clerk of the Scales, and one assistant have already arrived but the other Clerk of the Scales, Arthur Chester, who has promised to bring his own scales with him, has not yet put in an appearance. Silas probably knows more about his job and how to do it thoroughly efficiently than any other Point-to-Point Clerk of the Scales in England, for he has acted in this capacity in the Bowler Vale Hunt for the last fifteen years. This takes all the responsibility off Rakso, who would have to explain all the duties to a new Clerk of the Scales, including all the detail connected with declaration forms, Starter's cards, Tote cards and Judges' cards. The same applies to John Brown, in charge of the Number Board, for if he were new to the job he would have to be carefully instructed in his duties.

Bob Norris, a burly farmer, who does not care a damn for anybody, is posted on the paddock gate with instructions to keep out anyone, bar riders and owners, who has not got a paddock ticket. His is no easy job, but he is the right man for it.

In his tent, Rakso has the two most intelligent Boy Scouts of the Local Troop. One of these he details to take the list of starters to the Starter, to post himself behind the Judges' waggon and to run with the signed result card immediately after each race to the Clerk of the Scales' tent. The other Scout is used as Rakso's personal runner (and his errands are legion during the day) and also has charge of the signal flags on the flag-staff.

It is now eleven o'clock and there is no sign of Chester and his scales. Although there are still two hours to go Rakso is very worried. Why did he not bring his own bath-room scales with him as a spare ? He is just thinking of sending for them, when Chester arrives perspiring freely and carrying his scales. Major Ponto is the next arrival.

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" I have come early," he exclaims as he darkens the entrance to Rakso's tent, " ready to take on any job, but first I am going to look up Dilton in the Weighing Tent and give him a few pointers."

" Stop," says Rakso, knowing that Ponto will only put Dilton's back up, " I have got two urgent jobs for you."

" What are they ? "

" I should be awfully obliged if you would first go down to the 5/- car park (this is half a mile from the paddock) and see if they want any help, and on the way see if Bugley's cattle have strayed into the field by the canal."

" I shall have to walk across country," says Ponto dubiously, " and what then ? "

Rakso thinks furiously for a few seconds ; he must get rid of Ponto for a while and prevent him from causing trouble by his interference and gratuitous advice.

" If you wouldn't mind running over to Bollerton Station and seeing whether the St. John Ambulance Brigade men have arrived," continues Rakso who knows perfectly well that their train does not arrive until 12.15, " I should be very grateful."

Ponto walks out and Rakso knows that he is safe for at least an hour.

Five minutes later Mogg-Blotter bursts into Rakso's tent.

" I have good news old boy," says Blotto, " Congratulations ! We are doing splendidly ; I have been counting the cars in the £1 and 10/- car parks ; the A.A. fellow says that there are over one hundred in the £1 enclosures and nearly four hundred in the 10/- park. That means £300 already taken and it is only twelve o'clock."

" Damned bad news ! " says Rakso curtly.

" What do you mean ? "

" You, as a member of the Committee, know perfectly well that four hundred complimentary Farmers' car tickets were sent out ; nearly all the farmers come early ; also I have issued one hundred free £1 tickets to officials (like yourself), owners and some others ! "

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Mogg-Blotter retires and gives some quite unnecessary advice to the man whom Rakso has posted on the paddock gate.

Meanwhile the car parks are really filling up; it is the rush hour. Requests for more tickets are received from all the gates, one of which is so pressed that an extra collector is asked for. As some other members of the Hunt have now arrived they are sent down to relieve those on duty.

Although the Farmers' Lunch tent does not really function until 1.30 p.m. it is already a scene of some activity, as relays of Police, A.A. Officials, etc., are having an early lunch, while picnic lunches are being despatched to those who cannot leave their posts.

The St. John Ambulance Brigade personnel arrive on time, and after a hasty lunch, they are handed over to the Clerk of the Course who promises to distribute them with their flags at the most advantageous points. As he seems rather vague about it, Rakso asks the Master, who has just looked into the tent, to keep an eye on him as he is new to the job.

The four Acting Stewards are next to report for duty. They all know their job and can be relied upon to do their duty if there is any trouble. One of them is Point-to-Point Hon. Secretary of the South Mudshire, one is Major Magspur of the Lanchesters and the other two have been associated with racing in the past.

The Acting Stewards are followed by the Doctor and Veterinary Surgeon, and these are told where they will find a horse tethered, which they can use in case they may have to ride to a casualty out in the country.

Meanwhile Rakso is inundated with messages from outside demanding free car passes and paddock tickets. To all these he turns a deaf ear.

But in spite of the "tough" man on the paddock gate some self-important individuals force their way in and demand paddock tickets.

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"I am sorry" says Rakso to one of these, "but as you are neither an official nor an owner you can't have one; I have to keep to the rules laid down by my Committee."

"But I am Sir Bimface Bolloxton," says the gate-crasher.

"You may be," retorts Rakso, "but you do not even live in the Bowler Vale Country, and to my certain knowledge you have never subscribed a penny to the Hunt!"

The offender is shepherded out of the enclosure, and the "tough" man on the paddock gate is told to be a bit tougher.

Next three individuals are brought in who wish to pay on and exchange 10/- for £1 tickets. This is conceded.

Then a stout man appears who is dissatisfied with the position of his car in the £1 park.

"I have been put in the fourth row," he exclaims, "and either you give orders for my car to be moved up into the first row, where there are several vacant places, or you return me 10/-, for that is all my present position is worth!"

"The vacant places are reserved for those who have taken their tickets beforehand," answers Rakso, "and I should advise you to do that next year instead of arriving half an hour before the first race."

"What about my 10/-?"

"No money is refunded on tickets sold," replies Rakso trying to keep his temper. As the stout man is about to pass out through the paddock gate, he makes a remark about the organisation of the Bowler Vale Hunt Point-to-Point. The tough man on the gate resents this and comments dispassionately on the stout man's ancestry. The latter disappears in the crowd and has his pocket picked. He discovers this when he tries to buy a race-card and complains to a policeman. The latter is sympathetic and points to the pickpocket notice on the race-card paybox.

This is too much for the stout man, and he explodes.

"You Bollerton Policeman are the most useless set of blighters (he uses another word) and you can't even protect the public from pickpockets!" he yells.

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"If I were you," retorts P.C. Ramsbottom, stung to the quick by an insult to the Bollerton Police, "I should keep quiet and move on or I will charge you with using offensive words and behaviour."

Later in the day Rakso hears of this incident, for the stout man is a well-known character from a neighbouring country.

A number of reporters from a distance manage to get into the paddock by muttering the magic word "Press," and subsequently invade Rakso's tent. They all want their money refunded on their car tickets, and also claim paddock tickets. Rakso refuses their demand.

"But we give you free publicity!" says one.

"I have already paid your paper over four pounds for advertisement," retorts Rakso, "and we don't care if you give us no publicity, as we shall get plenty of that from one London, one County and two local newspapers whose accredited representatives have already received the necessary free tickets."

"Anyhow you might give me and these other gentlemen some race-cards and save us that expense," says the disappointed representative of the PIDDLETON ADVERTISER.

"If you will all come to me after the last race, I will give you each a dozen race-cards," is Rakso's answer.

As the reporters leave the tent the "Tote" runner and the Bookmaker's runner arrive in order to establish their *bonafides*, as both must have access to the Clerk of the Scales. While the latter is busy weighing out for the first race, the two Judges and the Starter arrive on the scene. One of the Judges has forgotten to bring the badge sent to him three weeks previously, and Rakso supplies the deficiency. The Starter (who is the Hon. Secretary of the South Mudshire) is handed a small flag, but he refuses a horse, as the start is only two hundreds yards away.

Next a rather perturbed Steward (he is only one of the "look pretty" names on the race-card and not an Acting Steward) enters the tent and explains that he forgot to bring his complimentary car ticket, that he knows it was number 15 and that he has had to pay £1 for entrance. He also adds that

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he has been put in the fifth row and that number 15 is occupied.

Rakso refunds the £1 and on looking up his list he finds that No. 15 is the Steward's correct number, and consequently some unauthorised person has appropriated it. This is the very job for Major Ponto, who has just looked in.

Ponto loves a row, particularly if he is on a winner, and being also a snob he is delighted to take in hand the Steward, who is a very influential person, and establish him in his correct place after evicting the intruder.

Just as the numbers are going up for the first race (Members' and Farmers' Light Weight) the Honorary Treasurer arrives, with his Police escort, carrying a small suitcase which contains the result of his first round of collections from car park gates and race-card payboxes. He reports all fairly satisfactory and at once leaves on another round.

The policeman on duty in the tent takes up a position near the suitcase, and thenceforth eyes all visitors with suspicion.

The M.F.H. who has been nearly everywhere during the last three hours in order to see that nothing goes wrong, looks in and reports that one small " Pirate " car park has appeared in a small-holder's field a mile away. It transpires afterwards that the " Pirate " (who was sent car and lunch tickets) has put up a notice pointing to a short cut which reads: " Footpath to the course by courtesy of the Owner."

The " owner " happens to be Arthur Bugley, and his anger may be imagined when he hears of the incident during the afternoon.

As the M.F.H. leaves Rakso's tent to speak to an acquaintance in the paddock, he remarks, " Our tough friend is at any rate doing his job properly now," pointing to an altercation which is going on at the paddock gate.

" About time he did," responds Rakso, " after letting all those reporters in contrary to orders ! "

After a few minutes, as the altercation still continues, something prompts Rakso to walk over to the gate and see what it is all about. There he finds Lieutenant-Colonel Sparkinge-Plugge, commanding the Lanchester Lancers, being refused

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admission to the paddock, after providing a Regimental Race for the Meeting !

Rakso apologises profusely for the contretemps and the Colonel takes it in the right spirit. The former now remembers that although he sent all the necessary tickets to the Adjutant, the Second-in-Command (who is the Military Member of the Bowler Vale Hunt Point-to-Point Committee) and to all Officers entering horses, he quite forget to send any to the Commanding Officer, whom incidentally he has never met as he does not hunt.

Having introduced Sparkinge-Plugge to the M.F.H., Rakso returns to his tent and makes a note in a little book labelled " suggestions for next year."

The first race is over and it has been won by the one horse which the M.F.H. and Rakso hoped would not win ! These two look at one another and make no remark.

It was rather doubtful whether the horse should have been granted a certificate. He was " reputed " to have been out with hounds on a few occasions ; and as the race in question had been very hard to fill, the Master had at the eleventh hour granted his certificate, remarking that anyhow the horse had not the slightest chance of winning !

Fortunately, as the owner comes from a distant part of the country and his farm lies partly outside it and the other competitors happen to know nothing about the distant meets, no comment is made.

The Farmers' Lunch is the next event and the Master goes off to attend it and to make the usual speech, which does not vary much from year to year.

> " I want to take this opportunity of thanking you all for the hospitality you have afforded the Hunt during the past season. We have enjoyed an extraordinarily good season's hunting and I am glad to say that we have killed a record number of foxes (this is said yearly whatever the tally may be). I should like to thank you for the very plentiful supply of foxes which you have maintained, for the puppies which you have walked, and for your successful efforts in pre-

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venting the country from becoming wired up in certain districts by using the timber supplied by the Hunt. In conclusion I will say, and I say it with all sincerity, that no Master of Foxhounds in Great Britain could have a better lot of farmers than those in the Bowler Vale Country." (Cheers).

Mr. Podger, who has proposed the health of the Master in the same words for many years, then replies :—

"In proposing the health of the Master of the Bowler Vale Hunt, I should like to say that we have never had a better one and long may he continue to hunt the Bowler Vale Hounds. Some people say you can have too much of a good thing, but I say that does not apply to foxhunting in the Bowler Vale Country." (Cheers).

For propaganda purposes Rakso has given lunch tickets to the reporters of two local papers. They enjoy their lunch and do their duty, but unfortunately the subsequent account in the BOLLERTON GAZETTE is somewhat confused, and amongst other things the Master is reported as having congratulated the farmers on having wired up the country so successfully !

Rakso is unable to attend the Farmers' Lunch as he must remain in his tent to answer enquiries.

The next event is the Adjacent Hunts Maiden. Rakso does not feel quite happy about one entry in this race, although the horse is "R.W.", and the entry form is in order. He remembers an incident which occurred at the previous Point-to-Point, when the same horse belonged to a different owner. On that occasion when the horse was going to the post for the same Maiden Race, two agitated individuals tried to get into the Honorary Secretary's tent but were stopped at the entrance by the policeman.

"You must stop that horse from starting and look sharp about it," screamed one of them, "for he has won a race before ! "

"If you let him start," cried the other, "I shall object on the grounds that being ineligible to run he has obstructed my horse in an already crowded race ! "

On that occasion the Honorary Secretary was quite alone (except for his policeman) for everyone including the four

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Acting Stewards had gone out to watch the race. He showed the angry owner and his friend the entry form for X, which showed no previous win and also the National Hunt Regulations as to the detail for making an objection *after* the race. By this time the race had started and the agitated visitors were advised to go along quietly and watch it. At length they went off, the owner exclaiming: "I can tell you, Mr. Secretary, that X *has* won a race, and I can produce a witness on this course who saw him win it; you will hear more about this!"

The Honorary Secretary waited anxiously for the result of the race and for the return of his allies the Acting Stewards; and then he heard that X had fallen at the first fence and thanked God for that.

All this happened the year before, and here is the same horse X, owned by a different man, in for the same race.

But this time the trouble is to start earlier. The riders are beginning to weigh out for the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race, when sure enough the same two men burst into Rakso's tent with the same tale about the horse X not being a maiden.

Here is a good job for the Acting Stewards, two of whom are on the spot in the Weighing tent. Rakso accordingly hands the two objectors over to the two Stewards, at the same time passing "National Hunt Regulations for Point-to-Point Steeple Chases," open at page 21, "Objections," to one of them. The objectors state their case and get very excited. The Stewards keep very calm and one of them says, addressing himself to the principal objector:—

"You must make your objection in writing, stating the reason, and sign it. You will then deposit two pounds with the Clerk of the Scales, and if the case be decided against you the money will be forfeited to the National Hunt Fund."

Meanwhile Silas Dilton, having completed the weighing out for the race, whispers to Rakso that the horse X is not starting. Rakso is about to pass this information on to the objector, when Silas stops him and says: "That man has got properly wound up, let him go on for a bit longer, I want to watch the fun!"

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The argument continues, the objector refuses to deposit the two pounds and gets more and more excited.

"I think we had better tell him now," says Silas "or he may burst a blood-vessel!"

Rakso then steps in and announces that X is not starting. At this anti-climax the two objectors appear quite disappointed, and they leave the paddock muttering that they will look out for X at a neighbouring Point-to-Point where they know he will be running.

The Open Race is the next event. In this race £1 has been received with each entry and £1 is to be paid at the scales. Rakso goes round to remind the Clerk of the Scales about the latter payment, for he knows that owners are apt to forget this small detail. The race is won after a very close finish by the favourite, amidst great excitement. The rider of the winner has run it very fine and can only draw 12 st. 6 lb., but Silas Dilton is authorised under National Hunt Regulations to allow 2 lb., and all is well.

The ladies are now getting ready for their race, and an urgent message reaches Rakso that an essential article of furniture, which should be in the ladies' dressing tent, is missing. He inspected the contents of the tent directly he reached the paddock early in the morning and thought that all was present and correct. As the matter appears to be urgent he despatches a Boy Scout to the contractor's man who is responsible for the tents in the paddock, but before the latter arrives the lacking piece of furniture is discovered under a rug and all is well.

There appears to be less cameraderie amongst the lady riders than the men, and the former seem to view one another with suspicion. The race passes off without incident, although one rider, who finishes a bad second, is heard to remark to a group of admirers in the paddock: "I should have won if that awful —— girl hadn't crossed me at the third fence!"

Rakso is now occupied in writing out tea chits for members of his personnel who have somehow been overlooked, when one of the Committee tells him that a wing of the fifth fence has been broken and that the crowd has made a hole in the fence

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at the side, that a rider in making too sharp a turn in the last race collided with a turning flag and brought it down.

The Clerk of the Course cannot be found, although his horse is tethered behind the Weighing tent; there is no time to lose for the Members' and Farmers' Heavy Weight Race is due to start in ten minutes!

Rakso sends for a hedger and a Boy Scout and despatches them to make good the damage at once. Will the work be finished in time?

It is an anxious moment for Rakso, for the fence in question is a quarter and the post half a mile away. The Boy Scout has been told to run all out for the turning post, while the hedger attends to the fence wing.

Fortunately the Master turns up at this moment. He consigns the Clerk of the Course to oblivion, seizes his horse, gallops out to the fallen turning flag, replaces it—while the Boy Scout and farm labourer mend the fence—and return just as the race is starting.

A very awkward situation has been avoided, for without that turning flag the whole field would have been effectively bogged, after half of them had run out at the gap in the fence where there was no wing!

As the farmers go to the post—some of the horses are ridden by young soldiers, also due to ride in their own race, who hope that their mounts have been schooled to jump; others by their owners who have made up their minds to get the course however many times they fall—the Inspector of Courses, an official appointed by the National Hunt Committee, enters Rakso's tent. The latter knows that this is a person who must be propitiated if he has found anything to criticise on the course and, recognising his tie, he whispers to his runner to fetch Brigadier-General Heston-Titmouse (who has served in the same regiment) from the paddock. The two old soldiers will doubtless fall on one another's necks and talk about their days at Poona, and any unfortunate shortcomings in the course will be forgotten. This precaution is, however, unnecessary, for the Inspector of Courses

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is apparently pleased with the course and is likely to give a good chit.

By this time Brigadier-General Heston-Titmouse, late commanding the 1st Battalion of the Royal Mudshire Regiment, arrives and is delighted to meet a brother officer whom he has not seen for many years.

They start reminiscing, but as this is apparently going to be a long business Rakso gently shepherds them out of his tent into the paddock, where the numbers are going up for the last race, as the Superintendent is waiting to see him.

The policeman guarding the gate money and the cups springs to attention as the Superintendent walks into the tent. He reports that all is going well so far and that only a few pockets have been picked and that two miscreants have been arrested; also that in spite of the public refreshment tents doing a roaring trade on a hot day, there have been no obvious cases of drunkenness.

The Superintendent is followed by a constable carrying the remains of a large brass-topped blackboard (embellished with the name and slogan of its late owner) and an enormous betting book which appears to have been trampled in the mud.

"I have brought you a couple of souvenirs," says the Superintendent with a smile, "possibly there will be more after this race!"

The Honorary Treasurer next arrives with his final collection, as no more race-cards will be sold and no more cars will arrive.

A few minutes later most of the ticket-sellers and race-card sellers come in and return their surplus stock. This is subtracted from the amount issued in each case and checked against the cash received.

The Honorary Treasurer begins to count the money collected, assisted by one of his bank clerks. A rough calculation is made, from which it appears that receipts are slightly down on last year. The M.F.H., who has just looked in and who expected a bumper Meeting is disappointed. He, Rakso and the Honorary Treasurer think furiously for a few moments, Rakso then

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remarks: "Last year we counted in the waggon money and the pre-paid car-park money!"

There is general relief, especially when the Honorary Treasurer announces that receipts will now be up.

At this juncture the second instalment from the 2/6 car-park, which the Honorary Treasurer has forgotten to collect, arrives in a very heavy nose-bag; and a moment later the Master exclaims: "What about the 5 per cent. on the Tote?"

Everyone has forgotten about this not unimportant item which, of course, cannot be received until the last race has been run.

"Last year the Tote paid us £40," says the Honorary Treasurer, "and this year I anticipate quite as much."

It *is* going to be a bumper meeting after all! and Rakso sends to the Weighing tent for some whisky (there is always whisky in the Weighing tent). The Master, Rakso, the Honorary Treasurer and Silas Dilton, who has just come in, drink to the general public who have so generously assisted in balancing the Hunt accounts.

Leaving the Honorary Treasurer to brood over his hoard like an old hen, Rakso goes out into the paddock to see the soldiers saddle up. This is the only race of the day in which there are no "defaulters."

Some of the riders who have ridden in the Farmers' Race show signs of having been on the floor. One is clamouring for the loan of a saddle, his own having been on the back of a farmer's four-year-old, which has not been heard of since it was last seen taking its own course after falling out in the country. Another has already had three mounts, including two wins. The young soldier is generally assured of a mount at a Point-to-Point if he can ride.

Half the horses in the Regimental Race have "G.C." and a number after their names, probably for the last time as the Lanchester Lancers are in the process of mechanization.*

In the paddock Rakso meets a lady who asks him to come over to tea, only three miles away, directly after the race.

* The Point-to-Point took place a few years ago.

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Rakso regrets that he will be too busy. The lady obviously does not believe him and says to her husband, "What on earth can he have to do when the last race is over?"

As Rakso hears the final notes of the First Whip's horn blowing the riders "home" (at many Point-to-Point Meetings the horses are blown "away" but not always "home") he suddenly remembers that, "Immediately after the last race the prizes will be presented outside the Honorary Secretary's tent by Mrs. ——." He therefore, with the help of his faithful policeman, carries out a table on which the cups are placed.

Directly the Boy Scout returns for the last time with the result card from the Judges' waggon, the first four riders have weighed in and the green flag has been run up, Rakso goes to the Weighing tent and fetches the declaration book and the Judges' result cards, from which he will make out all his returns.

Some of the officials return their badges, and Rakso takes these off others as they rush off to their cars, but nearly half the badges are never seen again.

The Master's wife takes up her position behind the table, the Master on her right and the Clerk of the Scales on her left. The Master calls out the names of the winners for each race. Rakso hovers in the background and passes the correct cups to the lady.

This ceremony, coming after a "perfect day," during which everyone has been keyed to a state of excitement in each race, is somewhat of an anti-climax.

At the conclusion of a race meeting abroad, the ceremony of presenting the prizes would be attended by an enthusiastic crowd of spectators. The foreigner who first remarked, "The English take their pleasures sadly" indeed spoke *le mot juste*.

The crowd on this occasion consists of about a dozen bored-looking individuals, who have drifted into the now open paddock out of curiosity in order to look at the cups.

Not even all the winners of cups are present to receive their prizes, and those who have won money instead of cups do not appear, knowing that their cheques will be sent to them later.

There is a little feeble clapping, which the Master, his wife,

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Rakso and the Clerk of the Scales vainly try to work up into a crescendo, as any winners who happen to be present receive their trophies, and the ceremony is over.

Meanwhile the large crowd which has been watching the Bowler Vale Hunt Point-to-Point Races has practically disappeared, except for a few officials, the contractor's men and the rapidly departing bookmakers. It is amazing how quickly the public and their cars can disappear, if the parking arrangements have been properly carried out and the going is good.

Rakso returns to his tent, where he finds one of the Tote officials handing over the specified 5 per cent. of its takings to the Honorary Treasurer. The latter gives a cheque to the official for the other 95 per cent. and takes the corresponding money, in order to save him travelling back to London with so much loose cash. The Tote has done pretty well for a small meeting, for it has taken £800—of which £40 now belongs to the Hunt. In addition to the £800 the Honorary Treasurer has all the car park and race-card money, so he would be well worth holding up.

As he drives off with two policemen, the Master wishes them luck should they again find two toughs waiting outside the bank, as they did on a former occasion.

Rakso next sends for the paid helpers (some ex-policemen, a few farm labourers and one or two grooms) and settles with them.

After conferring a few necessary tips elsewhere, and thanking the A.A. patrols and the St. John Ambulance Brigade for their services, he is visited by a policeman carrying some of the lost property found on the course. This consists almost entirely of shooting sticks; but a weight cloth, a cutting whip, a girth, a pair of boot lifts, a single glove and some lipstick are added from the dressing tents.

All this lost property entails extra work for Rakso. He will have to advertise it (except the lipstick) in one County and one local paper, asking for an exact description of each article before parting with it. A few of these are applied for direct and a good

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many more are eventually claimed, but it is a poor year if Rakso does not make at least one good shooting stick!

It takes some time to pack his car, as there are so many articles which he brought with him in the morning and which if left out overnight may disappear; for gypsies have already appeared and are scavenging amongst the tents in the paddock.

By 7 p.m. Rakso drives homewards, leaving only the contractor's men on the ground who will sleep the night in their tents.

While he is dressing, the telephone rings and a hoarse voice from London demands the particulars of every race in order that the results may appear in three London dailies next morning.

Rakso immediately rings off and goes into dinner, which he feels he has earned.

VI

Nearly two months have passed since the Bowler Vale Hunt Point-to-Point.

At five o'clock on a warm afternoon in May, Rakso walks down the drive to get his car from the garage and stops on the way to look at his two hunters who are peacefully munching in a nearby paddock. They are enjoying the beginning of their summer holiday.

It is the day of the annual Hunt Meeting. On the steps of the Bollerton Arms (a hostelry which possesses the distinction of two stars in the A.A. book) Rakso meets Silas Dilton and Dr. Murgatroyd. The latter is as optimistic as ever and is bursting with information about a new potential subscriber who may be coming to live in the Country next Season; he also adds, as usual, that subscriptions are up this year.

"Have you cleared up everything to do with the Point-to-Point?" says Dilton after shaking hands with Rakso.

"Everything has been collected and stored ready for next year, and the Honorary Treasurer has completed his accounts, which show a handsome profit on the Point-to-Point," replies Rakso.

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"Then why is the board still up advertising the Bowler Vale Point-to-Point on April 1st?" asks Silas with a twinkle in his eye.

Rakso has been caught again; he gave the order to have the board taken down and stored at a neighbouring farm six weeks ago, but he omitted to go and *see* that it was done.

Inside the Bollerton Arms, the Master, Brigadier-General Heston-Titmouse, the Chairman of the Hunt, Major Ponto and Arthur Bugley, with the rest of the Committee and several other members of the Bowler Vale Hunt are already assembled in a large room on the first floor. After a brief speech by the Chairman, the Hunt balance sheet is presented by the Honorary Treasurer, who announces that the net profit on the Point-to-Point is £370. (Cheers.) The Master, Honorary Secretary, Chairman, Point-to-Point Hon. Sec. and Honorary Treasurer are re-elected and the Hunt Committee and Point-to-Point Committee are chosen.

The Chairman then says that the Hunt owes a debt of gratitude to the Honorary Treasurer for all his work, and Rakso adds that in his work in connection with the Point-to-Point he has realised how much work the Honorary Treasurer does.

The Chairman next thanks the Point-to-Point Committee for the tremendous amount of work put in to make the recent Meeting so successful. Rakso thinks to himself that if the Chairman had added "for two days before the Meeting," he would have been nearer the mark!

Silas Dilton proposes, and Major Ponto seconds, a hearty vote of thanks to Rakso.

The Master then makes his usual speech, which does not vary much from year to year.

"It is usually the duty and privilege of the Master to say something at the end of the Season.

"The Bowler Vale Hounds have had an extraordinarily good season and the weather has been kind to them. I do not believe it possible to hunt our Country properly unless we have

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a fairly wet season; we have certainly had that, but we do not want the Bowler in flood again as it was this year!

"We have had a good season from a hunting point of view, and we have killed a record number of foxes" (he has said this for the last ten years!).

"I do not believe that any M.F.H. in England has had greater support than I have had since I have been in the Bowler Vale. I have had the greatest assistance from the Chairman and all the members of the Committee, who have always backed me up; and I have never had a cross word with any of them, and am not likely to.

"The first thing necessary, if we are to have a successful Season, is a plentiful supply of foxes; and I think that no Country could have been better foxed than ours was this year. I should like to express my grateful thanks to all those who have kept foxes for us this year.

"With regard to our Hunt Secretary, I defy the Hunt to continue without Dr. Murgatroyd! The more we see of him the more we respect him and the more we like him. He is the grandest tonic when one is feeling out of sorts that I have seen in my life!"

After thanking the promotors of the Horse Show, the Hunter Trials, the Hunt Ball, the Point-to-Point Dance and the Farmers' Dance, the Master continues:

"I can honestly say that I have never seen a Point-to-Point run like ours was this year. There was not a solitary thing left to chance, everything went with a swing and the financial result was most gratifying. We are most grateful to Rakso for all the work he has done in connection with the Point-to-Point."

* * *

As Rakso drives home in the twilight, he stops his car and takes a little book out of his pocket, labelled "Suggestion, P-to-P for next year," and writes, "See that Notice Board is taken down on day after Meeting." He is about to drive on again, when a face appears at the window. It is John Brown who farms at Upton Parva.

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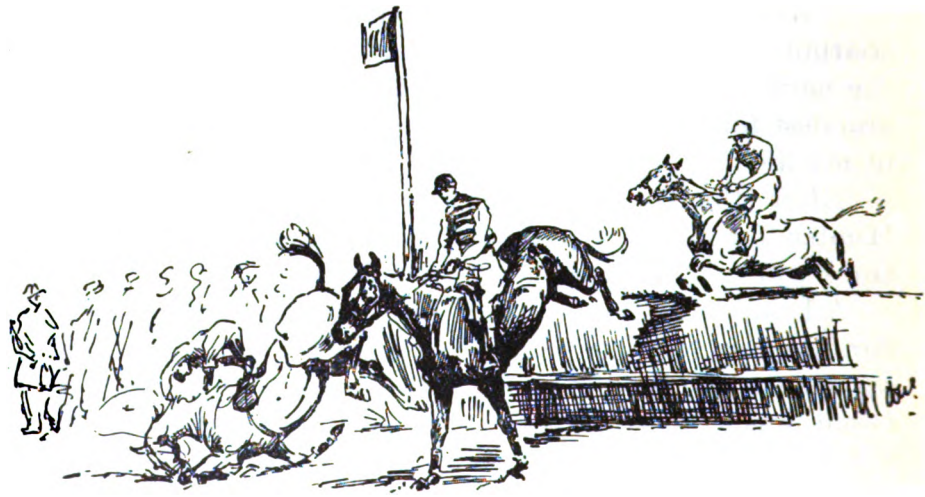
"As you know," says Brown, "I no longer hunt, but I do want to thank you for our Point-to-Point. It was a first-class show, and we farmers are proud of it. Good-night."

"That," thinks Rakso to himself, "means much more to me than the fact that I have helped to make a considerable sum of money for the Bowler Vale Hunt."



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SNIPING AND OBSERVING IN WAR TIME

By Richard Clapham

(Sniper and Observer with the 8th King's Liverpools in the Great War)

Often during the last war one felt an intense desire to go behind the German lines and see what everything looked like. The writer was not alone in this because he met many others in France who said how much they would have enjoyed such a tour had it been possible.

As a sniper and observer, however, one got a considerable insight into the daily routine of the Huns, and saw much that went on in the enemy's front and support lines. Of sniping and observing, the latter was the most interesting as well as the most trying.

Front line observation was usually done from a carefully concealed post in the trench itself, or in a sap running off it. Prior to building such a post it was necessary to make a tour of the trenches in your particular sector, and examine the ground for a position that would give you a good view of the enemy line. At some point or points in the latter you usually had no great difficulty in picking up with the telescope certain gaps where enemy movement in the way of working parties, etc., was visible. A gap made an ideal spot to watch when sniping, for you could concentrate as it were on that small area and be pretty sure of picking up targets.

Having decided on a site for your post, work on it was always done at night, and it was absolutely essential that on completion it should merge perfectly into its surroundings. It was wise to remember that enemy observers were constantly alert and on the watch for signs of new work in our lines, and once they spotted it they kept it under observation until they thought the time had come to " bump " it.

Roughly speaking, an observation and sniping post could be built in about four hours, and measured some 7 ft. by 7 ft.,

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with a height of about 6 ft. This applied to a post in a trench, but open country posts were more subject to circumstances. As well as having the post itself completely camouflaged, the route by which it was approached had to be hidden from view. Unless the post could be so approached, it meant that the observer would have to visit it before daybreak and remain in it till after dusk. While this was no great hardship during the short winter days, it became very trying during the summer months. In a trench there was generally no difficulty in relieving posts every few hours, as there was good cover, but in the open it often became a more difficult matter.

When a sniper and observer occupied a post one did the shooting while the other used the telescope. Spying with the glass was trying to the eyes, so the men changed places about every twenty minutes. The object of front line observation was to keep a good and systematic watch on the enemy from close at hand to as far as you could see.

Identification of the enemy was one of the most important points, plus movement or work that was going on. Certain posts were so useful for observation work that no shot was ever fired from them for fear of giving them away. Three very remarkable posts of this kind were in the French lines. At a point where the German and French trenches cut across the Paris road there was rising ground between them, and on the top of this rise stood a milestone. The latter was photographed by the French, and the photograph was sent to their camouflage works, where an exact copy of the milestone was made in steel, and marked with the number of kilometres to Paris. It differed from the original in one respect, however, because in it was an eye-slit covered with gauze. One night the French went out and removed the real milestone, then put the camouflaged one in its place. Next they dug a tunnel from their trench, and for some months a French observer used the inside of the innocent-looking milestone as an observation post from which he viewed many interesting things that went on in the Bosch line.

At another point lay a dead German. He—like the milestone —was also photographed and copied and from the hollow model

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clothed in his uniform French eyes looked out upon the enemy line. Elsewhere a dead horse was used in a similar manner.

Even when a post was used for sniping purposes, we didn't shoot from it unless we were pretty sure of a kill. If you wanted to entice a Bosche to give his position away, you left the post and shot from some other point. A steel plate was built into the front of the post in which were loopholes. These could be covered, and when the sniper and observer entered the post they dropped a curtain behind them which effectually shut off all light from the interior of the post. If the curtain was not dropped, and the loopholes were opened, the light shone through them, a fact which a vigilant enemy observer was almost sure to spot. After opening a loophole—taking care to do so from the side—it was wise to expose a cap badge for a matter of seventy-five seconds, or so, and if this did not draw German fire you could conclude that it was fairly safe to carry on. Nobody but the sniper and observer were allowed to visit a post. The latter was always made as waterproof as possible, so that it kept the observer's map, etc., dry.

Observers in the British lines invariably used telescopes, whereas the Germans carried field glasses. All the time we were in France we never saw a Hun telescope, but we handled plenty of their binoculars. There is no comparison between a telescope and field glasses. The latter are useful enough for a general look at the country, whereas the telescope picks up detail. For example: If you were under 150 yards from the enemy trench, and one of their men showed himself, you could—using a first-class Ross telescope—distinguish the colours of the state cockade which he wore in his cap. With binoculars you could not do this, for such a badge measures exactly one inch in diameter. The colours were in concentric rings, such as black and white for the Prussian badge, and blue and white for the Bavarian. At almost any time of day you were liable to see something interesting from a front line observation post, but the best times were at dawn and dusk, for then enemy working parties, ration parties, and reliefs, etc., were all either moving forward or returning. If your post was in telephonic communication with the artillery, you could report any such mass movements and the guns would do the rest.

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Clear weather was, of course, the best for observation, more particularly when the sun was behind our lines and in the faces of the enemy. Misty days had their value, however, despite the fact that you got loss of definition with your telescope, because the Huns—thinking the mist hid them—were apt to become careless and show themselves in concealed posts.

Whether you were shooting or observing, you entered details of what you saw or did, in a log book. The time was put down, and also the place on the squared map. Perhaps your observer pal saw a Hun wearing a Bavarian cockade, or one with a certain number on his helmet cover. This fact was jotted down, and if you as sniper shot the said Hun, the entry would be "Fired one shot—hit." All sorts of happenings were seen by the observer, and when these were entered in the book and added to information gained by other observers, a mass of detail was thus provided that proved most valuable to Intelligence.

Common-sense precautions had to be taken by both sniper and observer when engaged in their duties. The former had always to remember that a bullet fired through an oily barrel results in a puff of smoke, and that in frosty weather a wisp of gas is inclined to hang in the air after a shot. Both gas and smoke at once give a position away. In like manner, when using a telescope, it often had to be camouflaged with a sandbag, and care had to be taken that no glint of light came from the object glass.

One of the greatest mistakes made by those in authority during the last war, was in supplying telescopic sights which fitted on the left-hand side of the rifle instead of on top. This was responsible for all sorts of errors. You had to allow for the set-off as it affected the shooting of the rifle, besides which it caused some men to cant their rifles and use the left eye. The worst trouble, however, was that with a side-fitting sight you couldn't see through a narrow loophole, for when the rifle muzzle was pointing through it all you got was a view of the inside of the steel plate.

No satisfactory explanation as to why the telescopic sights were so fitted seems to have been forthcoming, although we believe the idea was that rapid fire should be possible. Seeing

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that a sniper's rifle fitted with a telescopic sight is a deadly accurate weapon, the life of its barrel for really accurate shooting being about 1,000 rounds if the said barrel is cleaned with a rod, and 500 rounds if cleaned with a pull-through, whoever was responsible for the side-fitting sights certainly knew nothing whatever about a sniper's job.

The advantages of a telescopic sight for snipers are as follows: The object and the sight are in focus, you get better definition, and a certain amount of magnification, say, from 2½ to 3½. Also after it has become too dark to use open sights, a telescopic sight will give clear definition.

A sniper had to be both accurate and quick. In the words of Colonel Langford Lloyd, sniping is "the art of hitting a very small object straight off and without the advantage of a sighting shot." Sniping and observing formed by far the most sporting side of war. In a way it was akin to big game shooting, in which—instead of a charge—your quarry shot back. It gave a man a chance to use his own initiative, pick his own position, and experience a certain amount of freedom from the average routine of a Tommy in the trenches. That it was a close and dangerous game goes without saying. You couldn't afford to give any points away, for certain of the Hun snipers were excellent shots, a fact which you quickly realised as you peered carefully over the parapet to be greeted by a bullet which grazed the top of the sandbags and threw dust in your eyes.

A SNIPER'S DREAM

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GERMAN BATTLEDRESS TO-DAY

By Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.

It is curious to note how slowly that mighty and efficient engine of war, the German army, was moved to adopt a field service uniform. It was long after we had changed into khaki that the "Einheits Uniform" idea began to take shape. Troops went about in the bright uniform of a former age until close upon the outbreak of the last war. Very fine they were too, Cuirassiers in white, Dragoons in cornflower blue, Uhlans with plastrons of divers colours, and Hussars all laced with gold or silver, against a sombre background of dark-blue infantry, gunners and other serious-minded soldiery. And when a more sombre note was introduced into the colour scheme of German uniforms, it was not done primarily with the object of camouflage; the origin of the Jaeger zu Pferde proves this. A squadron of these horsemen was raised in the nineties of last century with the object of acting as despatch riders, indeed they were first described as "Meldereiter." Their purpose was to relieve the harassed cavalry commanders from the constant strain caused by generals, leaders in manœuvres, who never seemed happy until they had dispersed all their cavalry in small packets about the landscape, leaving the squadron commander, his sergeant-major, and his trumpeter, wherewith to pursue the retreating foe or screen a retirement. As this squadron was raised in the XV Corps H.Q. at Strassburg, it was tactfully dressed in the colours of Elsass, white tunics with scarlet lace. There was no camouflage about that colour scheme, you could spot them miles away. After a year or so of this bright existence, the "Meldereiter" was re-christened "Jaeger zu Pferde," and dressed in a greyish green tunic with deep green facings. The "Jaeger" effect was rather discounted by the cuirassier helmet, long boots of brown leather, and white

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breeches. Indeed it is doubtful whether camouflage was intended, seeing that the squadrons of " Jaeger zu Pferde " were drawn together into regiments of cavalry and employed as such. This may have been the original, but secret intention, since the Reichstag had stood out against raising new regiments of cavalry.

Even when the " Einheits Uniform " of field grey was introduced the cut of the coat remained the same, the old " Waffenrock," without pockets except in the coat tails, but with red piping and plenty of buttons. Of these there were three that since earliest times had held the tab over the cuff in place. Popular opinion had it that those buttons served as preventive to unlawful use of the sleeve in the days when pocket handkerchiefs were not in general use among western Europeans. That's as may be. A quaint legend hangs around those buttons and incidentally shows Kaiser Wilhelm II in the light of a reformer. In the days of the Seven Years War the officers' sleeve came down well over the back of his hand, he turned it up and fastened it back by means of a tab and the three buttons when he went fighting. One evening Frederick the Great after some battle or other, came in to where his generals were waiting dinner for him, with his sleeve turned down over the back of his hand but the lower button unfastened. Immediately his generals each undid the lower button on his sleeve ; and so it remained until the last of the German Emperors broke this tradition, much to the grief of all Prussian Infantry officers.

Even in the field grey uniform of 1914-18 the cut of the coat recalled the arm to which the wearer belonged. The writer remembers a young German prisoner-of-war, an officer doing duty with infantry in the front line early in the war. His grey jacket was laced with hussar braid of the same colour and made a pleasing effect which however was marred by an infantry helmet, the well known " pickelhaube," as crown to the confection. The young officer was very sensitive on this point ; after all any cavalry man would have cause to be peevish when obliged to wear the wrong kind of hat. Imagine one of our brightest and best of Hussars submitting to that awful imitation

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of the German article, the British infantry helmet that came in with Cardwell's Army Reform and was frequently referred to, unofficially, as the green gooseberry ! There had been great and insistent demand that the British Army be made efficient, then after long and earnest consideration, the War Office decided to change the soldier's hat. This was no doubt a compliment to a Germany victorious and united after the Blitzkrieg of 1870-71. We had indeed been copyists of uniform ever since Charles II came under French influence in that line, borrowing a fashion from France, a hairy head-dress from Hungary, or a very high and hooked up collar from Prussia. Then came our own contribution to martial millinery, khaki. This began life as a colour and has since become a symbol, thanks to the valour of those who wore it in many wars. Khaki as a colour being good camouflage and also becoming to anyone with the needful training that fits him to wear it, became popular in many countries. So also did the cut of the coat and the Sam Browne belt. Indeed, an Austrian lady confided to the writer that the British uniform was of all others the most "chic". Who will gainsay her ?

In designing our field service uniform and more recent battledress, we have wisely harked back to the original fashion of taking the costume of the period as pattern, the uniformity being that of colour and appointments only. Uncle Toby's old red coat which he wore until the recording angel had no more occasion to enter his swearwords on the debit side of his account, was of the cut worn by all citizens of his time. The khaki jacket of to-day has the same amenities as the mufti coat, plenty of pockets for one thing and ease about neck and shoulders ; the battle dress does its best to adjust itself to the occupations of those born into an age of mechanicians. By the way, the open neck arrangement is claimed as an innovation by the 21st Lancers, who unhooked the double, stand-up collar, turned it down and filled up the void thus created with a hunting stock.

Late in time the Germans adopted a jacket very much on the same lines as that which has now been superseded by battle-dress in the British Army. There is plenty of room about the

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TANK Regiments

Corporal

INFANTRY

Privates

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man's neck, though officers are not trusted with a tie. Those of us who know what a German's choice in ties can be, may appreciate this, bearing in mind, however, that the poor fellow has not been brought up in the "Old School Tie" tradition, which insists that any concatenation of colours is correct provided it means something.

There is little decorative effect about the modern German uniform, a white spread eagle over the right breast-pocket and called the "Hoheitsabzeichen" a term that could only be explained by a serious treatise on Teutonic mysticism, and the plaited cord below it, worn as distinction by first-class shots. The only, mildly, decorative effect has its definite meaning, it tells you the arm to which the man belongs. Therefore when the British soldier is looking over a mixed bag of prisoners-of-war he should look first of all at his captive's turned down, double collar. Here, near the point of it, is a tab which shows in two strips of colour, the arm of the wearer. White for infantry is the prevailing colour, golden yellow denotes a cavalry man, whether horsed or mechanized, red for a gunner, black for pioneer who corresponds to our sapper and miner, light blue for military train (our A.S.C.), dark blue for doctors, lemon yellow for signals, and green for Jaeger who try to rival our Rifles. There are others who are less likely to be among a catch, a mysterious body called smoke troops, whose colour is purple, and then there are generals with scarlet and general staff with crimson as distinctive colour. Colours have for long been used to illustrate numbers. The idea started with a Count of Lippe-Schaumburg when he was reorganising the Portuguese army in the latter half of the 17th century. The plan has long been perfected and systematised in Germany. This is how it works: white, one; red, two; yellow, three; blue, four; and green, five. These colours help you to ascertain the battalion and company of a German soldier who wears the number of his regiment in white, red, yellow, etc., according to his arm, on the shoulder strap. The button that holds the shoulder strap shows the number of the man's company. Another indication is to be found in the sword-knot that is worn about the hilt of the sabre, rather a

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rare apparition these days, or round the frog of a foot-soldier's bayonet. The tassel of the sword-knot consists of two blobs, one small, one larger, connected by a stalk, the fringe being of a pale grey. A tassel with white stalk and blobs tells you that the man belongs to the 1st company of the 1st battalion. The white stalk then, gives you the number of the battalion, the blobs that of the company. Thus, the last company, number 12, of a three battalion regiment of infantry, wears a sword-knot with a yellow stalk to its tassel and blue blobs. Riflemen being something quite special all the world over, whether you call them Jaeger, Caçadores, or what not, wear green wherever convenient on collar and sword-knot. Officers and senior N.C.O's. wear a sword-knot of mixed green and silver.

Among those whom one likes to recognise at sight are the Tank men of the German army. When that army was reuniformed in 1937 the tank folk were dressed in black with pink as distinguishing colour on tabs and as piping to their shoulder straps. They may have taken to grey-green since, but this is doubtful, in any case, whatever colour they started with, they would probably come out of a scrap all black; they do not wear the steel coalscuttle, but a crash helmet over which they pull the black beret worn when going about their ordinary duties.

The badges of rank have undergone some change among "other ranks" of the Germany army. "Gefreiter" who in a way ranks level with our lance corporal, wears up to two chevrons on his left sleeve according to the length of time he has served. N.C.O's. wear a strip of silver braid round the shoulder strap and two sides of the collar tab, they may also be distinguished by the sounds they emit which are said to have gained in raucousness if possible, in imitation of the ex-lance corporal who to-day commands the Germany army.

The distinguishing marks of officers are to be found as before on the shoulder straps of silver cord on a foundation of white, red, etc., according to arm. There is a slight difference from the collar tab as worn by O.R. That of the officer shows the

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colour of the arm on a silver background which makes recognition easier. The surest sign is always the way the officer goes about his business. In this he is as thorough and proficient as of yore. It is thanks to him that the German soldier is a foe as redoubtable as ever.

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DEMOCRACY AND THE NEW DISCIPLINE

By "AIGUILLETTE"

IN a military sense, discipline may be defined as the granite rock upon which the edifice of an efficient army is slowly and painstakingly built up. Without it, valour is no more than a spend-thrift, enterprise a danger to itself, and ill-directed activity the precursor of an aimless fretting to and fro and ultimate confusion.

The aim of discipline has always been the training of the soldier's mind so that, under the strain of battle-action, it is automatically capable of the right response to the military need of the moment; of the instinctively correct execution of an order delivered and received in all the stunning heat and bewilderment of conflict. The trained *sub*conscious mind must emerge and overcome the paralysis and recoil which the conscious mind is so liable to experience in the terrifying circumstances of the moment. That triumph of training over the elementary instinct of self-preservation once achieved, add discipline, has faithfully fulfilled its purpose.

But the means of imposing discipline must be attuned to the quality of the individual in whom its cultivation is required. In days gone by, with the relatively low mental standard of the average man in the ranks, discipline had to be imposed *from without*. The inspiration of a beloved Commander's actual presence on the scene of action, mounted on his familiar charger and clearly visible to all those by whom his orders had to be carried out—as with Wellington on his well-known "Copenhagen" at Waterloo—often served to stiffen into inflexibility a discipline that might otherwise have faltered. Conversely, in the absence of any personal magnetism of command, fear of the punishment which awaited failure to

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do all that was required of him, stiffened the waverer to face the unknown hazards of advance, since the known penalty of retreat was one with which—if, hitherto, only as a spectator—he was only too painfully familiar. Men went forward because, if attack were liable to prove jeopardous, retreat was absolutely certain to be fatal.

The theory of *Fuehrer-prinzip*, or control by the central leader, has been one to which the German military hierarchy have always been obstinately devoted; nor, by all accounts, does their adherence to it to-day show any signs of diminution.* Neither has that other element—fear of the drastic punishment which awaited failure—played anything but a characteristically leading part in the training for battle conditions to which the modern German soldier has been subjected.

With the British Army, however, the theory and methods of *Fuehrer-prinzip* have long since undergone a cumulative, profound and far-reaching modification. Nothing, for example, could exhibit a greater difference than the disciplinary system upon which it is founded to-day, and that which pertained even so recently as the war in South Africa. It is true that by the time of the 1900 struggle the old, barbarous punishments of the ganteloupe, the wooden horse, the picket and even the lash which had persisted into Wellingtonian days, had been abandoned. But Field Punishment, by tying the delinquent up to a wagon wheel and there leaving him in complete exposure, was still resorted to,† and the story of the recruit who protested: "But, Serjeant, I thought . . ." only to be met by the prompt retort, "You ain't here to think; you're here to do as you're told!" was one which faithfully reflected the spirit which animated those responsible for discipline's imposition.

But the years of the 1914–18 world crisis already foreshadowed the end of the last lingering vestiges of the old, outmoded "discipline at the end of the whip." To begin with, the erstwhile days of the personal control of a battle by the Commander in the flesh were over. The vast increase in the

* That is, if we accept the *blitzkrieg* manœuvre as no more than the opening gambit in which will develop into general combat.

† It was abandoned in the early days of the 1914-18 struggle.

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machinery of killing, and its range; the purely "factory" aspect of the conduct of the fighting, necessitated such extensive devolution of control that the actual leaders perforce became no more than legendary figures, whose names might be familiar at the foot of an Order of the Day, but with whose physical presence, in the natural order of things, not one in ten of the front-line fighters was acquainted.

With the far greater amplification of the sheer machinery of war which the present conflict will witness, devolution of command will be even more inevitable. Having planned their battle to the best of their ability, and made such provision against contingencies as their experience and imagination recommend, the Higher Command will have no course but to leave its prosecution to the actual fighting men on the spot. It will be upon the subordinate commanders, the Company and Section Officers and N.C.O.'s, more, even, than the battalion C.O., that the fortunes of the day will primarily depend. And —lonely, cut off by the difficulty of communication from reference back to higher control—their responsibility will demand the very highest degree of unilateral co-operation. The need will arise for a wide flexibility in the interpretation of orders by the junior leaders in the fighting line; and orders will have so to be framed as to allow of their adaptation to the swiftly-arising exigencies begotten of the battle-action's ebb and flow. This may very well end in that situation wherein the command the soldier springs instinctively to obey will be one that he has been under the obligation to issue to himself!

Hence the need for a new discipline, founded upon the realization that success can only be achieved if every subordinate Officer and man, down to the very humblest Private, thoroughly understands and appreciates the purpose and intention of the operation in whose prosecution he has been entrusted with a share.

It is to achieve this supple co-operation between all ranks in the fighting line that in recent years the whole theory of discipline has undergone reorientation. In place of the old "discipline from without"—the discipline of uncomprehending,

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blind, brute obedience, under threat of the lash and worse—has come into being that more subtle but infinitely stronger self-discipline, that "discipline from within" which has its source in the spirit of team work and the intelligent, flexible co-operation of the individual in the concerted effort; each man doing what he does because he knows, not only how it should be done, but, even more, why it is necessary for him to do it. A new technique, unquestionably, but one the need for which arises out of the altered conditions under which war will nowadays be waged. The factor which permitted of its successful introduction was the far greater level of individual intelligence possessed by the modern soldier; its inspiration will be provided by that self-same soldier's clear and untarnished knowledge of the right and justice of the cause in which it will be employed.

Above all else, this new "discipline from within" is surely the very type of discipline in which the fighting man of a free, democratic people should excel. It is a discipline, on the other hand, of which a people long held in subjection and oppression can have neither practice nor conception.

"Self-discipline," wrote Addison, "is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another." And this is the discipline in which the British Army of to-day—those cheerful, unromantic-looking Bayards in boiler suits, on whom our faith and hopes are so confidently pinned—has been most sedulously trained.

Gone is the old-time roaring, ranting Serjeant-Major, with his empurpled face, his fiercely waxed moustache and his windy, bullying ways. Gone are the choleric Colonels and the peppery Majors, beloved of the caricaturist and the writer of musical comedy *libretti*. And in their place stand men of quick understanding and ready sympathy; men who exact discipline and obedience, as they render it, because of their realization of its necessity to ensure the smooth prosecution of the job in hand.

It is with such Officers and Non-Commissioned leaders, imbued with that same new spirit of "discipline from within" which only this peculiarly poised democracy of ours makes

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possible, that the waging of the struggle against the armed forces of Totalitarianism has been entrusted.

It might almost have been in prophetic anticipation of this very moment that Wordsworth penned the lines,

> "*The discipline of slavery is unknown*
> *Amongst us.*"

Can it be doubted, then, that the advantage already lies with these free-minded, free-spirited exponents of the voluntary discipline of democracy? For true discipline is not the cowed obedience of a soul in bondage, but the voluntary submission of the will in the service of an ideal. And in their belief in service for an ideal, the soldier and democrat form common cause upon a common plane.

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A MASTER OF HIS CRAFT

By Colonel F. A. Hamilton, Late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

"Down by the crystal waters then will the wise men go." "Freeman," Prince of Fly Fishermen, artist, nay more, wizard, in this gentle art, and best of companions at the river side, has been with me on most of my fishing expeditions in Monmouthshire, to the Usk, the Wye, the Monnow and the Trothy. From him I have learnt almost all that I know of fishing for salmon and trout. He stands out as the best all-round fisherman in the Monmouth district, and very probably in South Wales.

To see him fishing for trout either dry or wet fly, is as great a pleasure as it is an education. For in fishing as in many other sports of the field, much can be learnt from demonstration; nor does he hesitate to pass on as much of his knowledge as can be absorbed, and takes much genuine pleasure in doing so. His control of his rod and line, cast and fly, is a triumph of efficiency. He is as skilful at casting into a strong wind as he is in more favourable circumstances. He can kill fish when no one else can; for instance, on sunny days when the water is shallow and "gin" clear. By observing the hatches of fly on the water it is not long before he has, to use his own words, "found the right medicine for them!" At gaffing a salmon he has few equals, and when all else fails can "tail" a fish with great skill.

Driving down to the riverside with him, or at lunch time on the bank, eating cold sausages or trout fresh from the water, at the cooking of which he is a past master, his main conversation is fishing and anecdotes connected with it. So many valuable hints has he given me, and so much information concerning the habits of trout and salmon that I have asked him to put some of it on paper, so that the younger generations may profit by the knowledge of this "master of his craft."

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Freeman served during the late war in the Royal Engineers with distinction, and was invalided out towards the end, and took up the profession of distributing His Majesty's mail. He has since retired and lives for fishing, salmon, trout, sea-trout, and pike, in the winter. He is always willing to accompany a novice to the waterside when he has the time to do so, for where fishing is concerned he is a busy man and in much request. He has written some notes on fishing, dealing with the various times of the season, commencing with the Spring trout-fishing.

As far as possible he has repeated in writing some of the information that he has given verbally to me.

When Freeman, with some of us lesser anglers, in, I trust, many years to come goes to where we all must go, I hope that he will find himself in a fisherman's paradise where there will be a swiftly running stream with glides and pools and gurgling eddies just broad enough for him to reach a big trout under the bank on the far side where there will be daffodils and grassy sloping banks " made green with the running of waters and gracious with temperate air " ! I hope I shall meet him there.

SPRING TROUT FISHING WITH DRY AND WET FLY

Have you ever noticed when fishing in the early Spring, that there is probably not a single " Dun " to be seen ? When one is dry fly fishing, it is a wise move on the angler's part to fish all likely-looking water ; with a " Dun " one often raises a fish in this way, and adds to the bag before the real rise takes place.

Take the Usk, for example ; I have been down there many times, not a fish moving, started to fish the water up very thoroughly, have raised a fish here and there on a Rough Olive, or if they would not look at that, an Olive Dun, which, although similar in appearance the trout would take the one and absolutely ignore the other fly. Perhaps when the rise proper takes place the fish are taking Iron Blues, and to see a rise of trout on the Usk is something to believe with one's own eyes. At first one sees just a few flies floating down, they get thicker and more plentiful every moment, and it's very much the same with the trout. One sees an occasional fish rising, another and another,

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and when the rise is at its height, the fish simply boil up all over the river. It's a grand sight to the fisherman. Then is the time to take toll of the trout.

Wading is an important part of fishing, if one wants to catch trout; one must treat them as if they were big game. Wade warily and make as little commotion as possible in the water. Often I have waded up to within a few yards of a fish rising at nearly every fly that came within its reach. I try to get within five or ten yards of the fish: you can be so much more sure of hooking your quarry.

Cast your fly six inches to a foot in front of the fish. Provided your line is well greased before starting to fish, it is possible to successfully hook fish at twenty yards or more. A good floating line makes all the difference between hooking your fish firmly and pricking and losing it. Besides a well greased line is much better for fishing the wet fly, it acts as an indicator; the least sign of the line moving away is a sure sign that a fish has the fly in its mouth.

The strike is made by a slight upward turn of the wrist, keep the rod front well up and keep as much strain on the fish as the 4x or 3 gut allows. It is really surprising what good gut will hold in the way of a madly fighting trout of, let us say, two pounds. Don't be in too much of a hurry to see it in your basket, let it have a line if you think the strain on the gut is getting more than it will bear, otherwise the line will come back minus the fly! Whatever you do when playing a fish, do not let it have a slack line, ten to one you will lose your trout, they are most clever at shedding the hook.

Another very important point to remember is that wherever one catches a really good trout, another good fish takes its place in the course of a day or two, it is all a question of the food supply. Large trout always take up positions so that they can be as near to the thousands of flies, nymphs, etc., that certain eddies of the stream bring to them. All they have to do is rise to the surface, take the fly, sink back to the bed of the river, move slightly right or left. They simply gulp them in at times,

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and it is surprising what difference to the condition of trout fly-food makes.

At this time of year most trout are in poor condition compared with what they are in May and June; they are at their best then. There is a gradual falling off of condition again from June onwards, they begin to get more fastidious about their food too. There is then a very short rise in the evening. The important point for the angler is to copy the natural movements of the insect as near as possible; successful fishing will be sure to follow.

I remember one day last Spring failing to find the right fly; the fly on the water looked like a Blue Dun, but this was not what they wanted. After trying Blue and Iron Blue to no purpose, and Olives light and dark, I tied on a dry "Hare's Ear"; evidently this was as near as possible to the fly they were feeding on. I was immediately successful in raising and hooking one trout after another. The bag was nine brace of good fish, and I must have returned an almost equal number of undersized fish to the water. Those are the days we look back on and remember with gladness, the memory of such days are ever green to us old fishermen.

On another occasion I was wet fly fishing on the same old river with Colonel H., date: Easter Monday, time: midday, we did not get down to the river before this time, weather dull, wind squally, and difficult casting. I was fishing two or three fly on the cast, Dropper Rough Olive, March Brown tail fly, Green Body March Brown flies, made by H. Powell of Usk, who knows the trout taste as regards colour, etc., as well as, or perhaps better than, any fly maker in this part of the country. The wind beat whatever fly took the air back on to the water again. I was lucky in hooking and landing good fish almost from the time of commencing to cast, the fish taking both flies well. At one time I had two good fish on the cast at the same time; one managed to disengage the hook, and I netted the other, a good ¾ lb. fish. The fun was fast and furious, as at

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BROWN TROUT INSPECTING THE FLY.

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*almost each cast I either had salmon smolts take the flies—which had to be returned to the water, or trout. I kept slogging away enjoying every moment of it when I hooked something better than what had gone before, this fish wanted more line, and still kept going off down the stream. I began following slowly so as not to have too much line out, and kept as much strain on as I dared; this made Mr. Trout turn, and after an exciting five or seven minutes' play, netted a grand trout of 2¼ lbs. My host, Colonel H., thought at first that I was into a salmon. That trout gave me quite a tussle, especially as it was hooked in fast water.

Sometime after I had the satisfaction of hooking and landing two good fish on the dropper and tail fly; the problem was which fish to net first, this was solved in my mind when playing the fish. The fish on end or tail fly had to be coaxed into the net first, then work the net up to the fish on the dropper; this was carried out successfully, and I had two fish of about ¾ lb. each to my credit. This day will always stand out in my memory as one of the best fishing days it has ever been my lot to be out in. We, Colonel H. and I, were on the Llangibby Castle water of the Usk, my bag was eleven brace, and I don't know how many fish I returned to the river, the Colonel killed five brace.

I find that casting the wet fly at an angle of 45 degrees is the best. Some anglers follow round with the point of their rod; there is one great drawback to this method, quite a lot of trout are just pricked and a lot take and eject the fly, and are not even felt at all, they are so quick about it all. The most successful method is to cast to an angle of 45 degrees, keep the rod in that position, the stream will take the flies round in the most attractive way to the fish. Wait until the fly are directly below you before recasting.

Another good way is, cast as before, pull line in slowly with the left hand about ½ in. at a time. If the stream is a fast one this is needless. Most trout are hooked well casting and holding the rod in this position. Should the fly be required to sink

* When at first one hooks a fish, just for a fraction of a second we are not sure if it is a tiddler or a nice, sizeable fish one has connected with, nevertheless we are not left in doubt for long, as he is either out of the water, or taking out line to be lured to the net, or lost to fight another day.

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deeper cast squarely across the stream, this will answer the case best, it gives the flies much more chance to sink. This is a case when the taking in of line, be it ever so slowly, keeps one in touch with the flies, one feels the slightest touch this way: then strike at once as it is almost certain to be a fish.

Water fished in this way should be from 18 ins. upwards, otherwise the flies would get caught up in the bed of the stream and perhaps this would lose one's cast. In casting the wet fly it is advisable to move down stream a yard or so between each cast. Should you feel a slight pluck and not hook the fish, cast exactly as before, when perhaps you will be rewarded by connecting properly the next time. The fish see the flies pass by, many a good fish has come to the net this way.

In conclusion, don't try to cast too long a line, get as near your fish as possible, you are much surer of hooking it than with a long cast. The short line pays best. This advice applies to all our rivers, and everywhere. Long casting is good for tournaments, or when one is salmon fishing, and one has to make a long cast to cover a fish the far side of the river.

A few good flies for Spring fishing would be worth mentioning perhaps: Pheasant Tail, Olive Dun, Dark Olive, Light ditto, Greenwell, March Brown, Green Body, Yellow Body ditto, Hare's Ear, March Brown, Spider, Blue Upright, Purple Blue.

FLYFISHING FOR TROUT IN SUMMER

When the warm weather is here, trout get much more finicky about their diet and we are therefore more put to it to find the right fly on which to take them. Let us tie on a Pheasant Tail dry fly and try our luck with that. Begin to fish up a nice glide, the water not running too fast, where there are a few fish rising, but no hatch of fly visible. First one fish is covered with the Pheasant Tail, he will have none of it, but before changing the fly I try it on a few more; one often catches the next fish on the rejected article, perhaps because the fly is presented to the fish in a more business-like manner. To my way of thinking, presentation is a most important task of a good fisherman, and it is only possible by real hard work in mastering the art of casting properly.

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To go back to our fish: this one came to the Pheasant Tail, was hooked, and played well for a few moments, the net sunk well into the river, the fish worked over the net and safely landed.

Never reel in too much line, if you have a 3 yd. cast attached to the line, the cast should be free of the top ring on your rod, with a 9 ft. rod this will not quite be possible, but reel up as near to the knot or loop at the end of your line as possible when landing your fish, then, should this trout want to take out more line there is less chance of the knot jamming in the end ring on the rod top. If a 2½ yd. cast is used there is less likelihood of this happening and it is quite long enough for dry fly fishing in general. Of course if you prefer the 3 yd. cast, go for it, it perhaps helps in low water. Having safely landed No. 2, off we go for the next, slowly working one's way up river a couple of yards at a time, casting to any rising trout visible. It often pays to cast directly up river and the next two casts should be made a few yards to the right and left of the first one. A lot of water is searched in this way, and the less splashing and fuss one makes in moving each time to a new stance, the more likely one is to catch fish. I have often been close enough to a feeding trout to watch practically every movement it makes. Anyone can do the same by quiet wading; don't overdo it by trying to get too close, this is fatal, you will put him down for the next half-hour. It should be possible to get within ten yards without doing this, it's all a matter of practice, but it will repay the angler in the long run to go about it carefully. On this occasion after fishing the water carefully with the Pheasant Tail to no purpose, I put up a Tups Indispensable, and in spite of a blazing sun overhead and water clear as gin, I began to get a few fish. I was not satisfied with the progress made, so changed to an Olive Dun, Light Olive, Dark Olive, Hare's Ear, Black Gnat and Coch-y-Bondhi. The trout would have none of them, so I decided to go back to the Tups, and with this not over-rated fly, I was lucky enough to get six brace of nice trout, all caught on an impossible day as regards fishing: blazing hot sun, not a cloud in the air, and water gin clear. A few trout

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caught under conditions like this are appreciated much more than bags of double or treble the numbers when conditions are right; we all have our red-letter days in turn.

The evening rise is the most important one to look forward to in the Summer, this is the time the Sedge Fly comes into its own, and takes heavy toll of good trout. Sometimes it's the light sedge, if not try the dark sedge; these and a Red Spinner should suffice anywhere during the Summer months. A good-sized Tups is good in the late evening as one can see the fly easily. I find that if the fly is placed near to a fish that has just taken a natural fly, sometimes he will take yours at once; if not, draw the fly a matter of three or four inches, which will be quite enough to draw his attention, then look out for him; he will be almost certain to come and inspect it. The slight drawing of your fly on the surface of the stream makes the trout think the fly is struggling in the water; many a good trout has fallen to my rod in this manner.

If one really wants excitement in the late evening fishing, go to the Usk, where the local fishermen fish two sedges as "wet" flies, the dark variety and the light; it seems to me that all the large trout in the river come on to feed on this insect. The savage way they take is wonderful, most exciting and thrilling.

I would prefer one good evening's fishing to a couple of days' fishing on some waters. This is where one needs good gut casts, otherwise you may lose the fish of a lifetime through having a bad cast. One should use nothing less than 2x, and as the light fails it would be safer to use a cast of good 1x gut; have it made up with flies, and keep well damped in the damper; there isn't the time wasted in playing a good fish as there is on finer gut, and if you get two good trout on at the same time, of a pound or so each, which is not at all impossible on this river, you really need the extra strength in your gut casts. For those who have the time and convenience to get over to try their luck at the evening rise on this splendid river, I will say, "The best of luck," you will never regret it. There are plenty of club waters, besides various hotel water, where this sport

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may be had for a few shillings per day; this includes the evening session. In this kind of fishing take notice of the depth of water, during daylight; do not move about too much; keep perfectly still, and cast around at different angles; be sure to keep a tight line, and you are bound to succeed. I had many splendid evenings with Colonel H. on the Llangibby Castle water.

If the light is too bad to see the rising fish, cast towards the sound; an observant fisherman will also see the rings created by fish in the half light.

Fishing on very hot days in summer seems a real waste of time, but if one really wants to catch a few fish it is not impossible, as I have proved on many occasions. The bag will not be a heavy one, perhaps, but it should be possible to take some good fish on the "dry" fly. Calm water or glides are not the places to expect sport. The best places by far are really fast rough water, where a good Coch-y-bondhi or a Red Palmer or a Black Palmer will often induce a fish to try the tempting lure as it rushes swiftly by. Fish lying in this type of water have to make a quick decision; should they like your fly well enough, they pop up like a flash, and if you are able to follow the floating fly all the time with an ever alert eye and, what is equally important, retrieve the line with the left hand as it comes towards you in the fast water (should this not be done thoroughly one can bungle one rise after another), you should have every hope of success. To accomplish this, for those who are new to this fishing, wade upstream, keep six or ten yards to the side of the fast water, cast right on to the rushing water, and as the fly comes your way, draw in line with the left hand, so that there is no slack line; then if a fish takes the fly you are almost certain to obtain a good hold when you tighten on him. Then look out; the fuss a good-sized trout will make in fast water is remarkable; it requires very careful handling. Whatever happens, hold your fish firmly; a good cast with 3x gut point will bring your trout to the net. For that matter a 4x point will do it nearly as well, but one has to take more time in the landing of a good fish with the finer gut point.

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The cream of all trout fishing is the May Fly carnival, when all the best fish go mad on the fly, although there are quite a few May Fly hatches on the Usk, trout take no interest in them. But on most of the chalk streams and most of our rivers and lakes there are wonderful bags made and heavy fish caught in this season.

Of all the May Fly pattern flies that are on the market, I should be quite content to fish any water on the hackled variety. It matters not which way the fly lands on the water, this particular pattern looks right from the fish's point of view. How well I remember taking out a gentleman friend of mine in his boat to fish some deep quiet water. The said gentleman had lost the use of his legs many years ago. Otherwise there would have been no boat. He would have been able to cover most of this water from the bank. We started off in the early afternoon, myself backing the boat up the quiet water, trying hard not to splash the oars or cause too much wake with the boat. Fish were rising quite steadily; the fisherman by me worked to within easy casting distance, and the connection was made in nearly every instance, and nine good trout were netted by me. My friend was very pleased with himself, as he had practically hooked every fish that he had cast over; so back to tea and a chat about 4.30 p.m.

It was suggested that I should go and fish the water from where we had beached my boat. This water consists of runs, glides and a few deep pools. There was a good steady rise, as it was about 6 p.m. when I got to the higher water to begin my fishing. I was in good form that evening, just right with the strike as regards the timing (and this is really very important with regard to May Fly fishing). If one strikes too quickly we miss fish every time; a slight pause of one to two seconds—he is usually well hooked then. In nearly every spot where it was possible to cast the fly, sometimes under trees, there was a trout busy on the May Fly fare, and in most instances where it was possible to cast a fly at all, I was successful in placing the lure just right. I remember leaving my May Fly in the eleventh fish. Tying on another of the hackled variety, the luck con-

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tinued until I had twenty fish in my creel. I really felt that I had done enough for one evening's fishing. The catching of ten brace was performed in less than three hours' fishing; besides, I had not covered one half of the water available. My old friend was delighted with the evening's catch. He had had a couple of gentlemen fishing the same water a few days previously, with very poor results, and he began to think that the fish had been poached. Of course, the catch had to be weighed; my bag of fish weighed 9½ lb. No Loch Ness monsters in this river, the Monnow, but one gets a fish or two over the pound at times. No doubt there are a few two pound fish, but it has not been my lot to come across one of these fish taking the fly.

We have another smaller stream quite near our small town, the Trothy, which abounds with trout of an average of 6 oz. The stream is overgrown with bushes and trees, which make casting a tricky business, but for those who have mastered the art there is unlimited sport, and talk about fighters—they are little demons. One has to play them very hard, otherwise they would hang one up in some snag or other in the bottom of the brook.

On one trip during the May Fly season last year I had a rather amusing incident. A friend and I had been fishing from about noon in all the get-at-able places, fish taking the fly fairly well, and there were quite a lot of others that could not be got at, some coming up under the branch of an alder or willow. I had managed to catch eight brace. My friend and I decided we had had enough, so we started off back down the little stream to where there was a tree across the stream that we used for crossing to the far side. Just before we reached this tree we met a local angler, who had only recently arrived to fish the evening rise. We asked how he had fared. He told us that he had just arrived, and while we were yarning away, two fish came up between some bushes projecting from either side. It was a tricky cast. One had to be most accurate, or leave it alone. I pointed out the two lots of rings made by the fish, and suggested to the new arrival that he should try his luck

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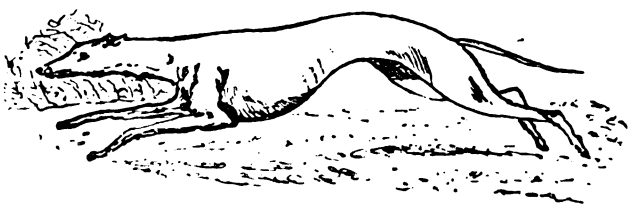
with them. His reply was to the effect that he was going to wait until sunset before commencing to fish. I said that if that was so I would endeavour to persuade one or two of those trout to take my May Fly. Making a careful cast, the fly dropped just right. No. 1 was hooked and landed safely. Anointing the fly before casting for No. 2 only took a few moments. A few false casts to get the range right, the cast made to where the second fish had been appearing at intervals, the fly dropped a matter of inches away, and he came to it, was hooked and landed O.K. My friend remarked that a good many sunsets would come and go before those two trout would be taking May Fly. I did not consider I had done a mean action, as I had asked my worthy friend in all seriousness to try his luck. He, it appears, did not think the chances good enough in the hot sunshine. I hope that he made up for it when the sun set. That is the time to begin in very hot weather. One wonders where the fish come from, as the place is alive with rising fish. At ordinary times one sees very little of them compared to when the May Fly carnival is on ; the fish are also in the height of condition at this time. They get very sluggish after their feast of May Fly, and bags are much lighter in consequence for some time afterwards.

Some of the best flies for fishing in really hot bright weather are: Alder, Coch-y-Bondhi, Red Palmer, Black Palmer, Hardy's Favourite, Wickham Fancy, Black Gnat, Tup's Indispensable, and Pheasant Tail.

The story about the two trout being caught on May Fly is not told in any boastfulness, but to show there is no time like that when fish are taking fly fast and furious ; that is the angler's opportunity.

(To be continued.)



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THE FIRST AFGHAN WAR, 1839–1840

Taken from the Diary of a 16th (The Queen's) Light Dragoons. (Lancers).

The spelling of the place names in this article is the same as the Diary.

THIS account of the campaign in Afghanistan is taken from an unpublished diary of an N.C.O. of the Regiment, which is now in the officers' mess. From a military point of view the campaign is of no great interest, but as an instance of hardships and endurance it cannot often have been equalled. It is on this latter aspect of the campaign that the diary is especially interesting. The cause of the campaign was rather vague and was certainly not understood by those taking part. Shah Sujah, the Ameer of Afghanistan, had been driven out nearly thirty years before and had taken refuge with Runjeet Singh the Maharajah of Lahore. The Government of India now decided to replace Shah Sujah on the throne, although they were on good terms with Dost Mohamed, the present ruler of the country. However, to soldiers the causes of war are often obscure, and for that matter of small importance.

The anonymous author begins by saying, "I shall have frequent occasion to mention, what to a Dragoon proves his best friend—his horse. I have often experienced towards mine a sort of veneration amounting to absolute friendship, when reflecting on the immense distance he has perseveringly carried me with every disadvantage on his side to contend with. Short of food and water in many instances, totally without either for two or more days at a time, still undergoing the same fatigues of marching as though he were still in the full receipt of his daily corn, grass and water. I have said this much about the soldier's horse, as I consider he is as fully entitled to his share of the honours of the campaign as his rider and master."

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In October, 1838, the 16th Lancers, then stationed at Meerut, received orders to join the Army of the Indus, which was being concentrated at Ferosepore. On the 30th of that month they marched out of Meerut with a strength of 28 officers, 501 N.C.O's and men, and 546 horses. Lieut.-Colonel Arnold, the Colonel of the Regiment, commanded the Brigade, which was made up of the Regiment and the 2nd Native Cavalry, and Lieut.-Colonel Persse commanded the Regiment. The day's march was usually about twelve miles, the Brigade starting about an hour before daylight and reaching their camping ground about 10.0 a.m. Regiments in those days were accompanied by an army of followers and a tremendous amount of baggage, and for the first few days there was considerable trouble with the baggage camels, who were young and difficult to load in the dark. On the third day out from Meerut, Lieut.-Colonel Persse issued the following order: "The Commanding Officer having observed great irregularity on the line of march begs the strictest attention to be paid to the following orders: No man on any pretence is allowed to leave the ranks until the trumpet sounds 'Halt.' An N.C.O. of the troop is to remain with the men and when the column resumes its march they are to re-join the Regiment at a steady pace, which is on no account to exceed a trot. Officers are held responsible that their men do not ride in a slovenly or unsoldierlike manner, any man persisting in such conduct is to be dismounted and made to walk the remainder of the day's march." March discipline orders have not altered much in 100 years.

On 2nd November the Brigade crossed the Jumna by a bridge of boats specially built for them and camped outside the walls of Delhi. Unfortunately there was an outbreak of cholera raging in the city and no man was allowed to enter. The Brigade halted for one day at Delhi, and then continued the march to Shahabad, this route taking them for the next nine days through very thick jungle. In spite of the brief stay at Delhi a large number of syces died of cholera during the next fortnight, and also five men of the Regiment including the R.S.M. When they entered the Sikh country the Governor-

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General issued an order to " the Sportsmen of the Army of the Indus, requiring them to abstain from killing pea-fowl, nilghis and the domestic pigeon for fear of offending Sikh opinion." One day the diarist relates how, while taking a ramble with a friend, he ascended a small eminence and to his surprise found himself overlooking a small bathing pool. In his own words, " I observed several females, some of them extremely pretty, occupied in the delightful occupation of the bath. They were all clothed in loose silken dresses, which, being wet, did not much obstruct the eye of a curious observer, but they could not boast of much coyness, for my appearance did not cause them to cease their frolics. I thought at the time that a far different sensation would have been experienced had I had the same fortune of witnessing as many of my fair countrywomen in the same scene. (A man may sometimes moralise although he wears a red coat)."

Three weeks after leaving Delhi they left the jungle country and on 28th November arrived at Ferosepore. Here they found most of the army already concentrated under The Governor-General Lord Auckland and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Fane. Runjeet Singh with his Sikh army was also there camped on the north side of the Sutlej. The Cavalry Brigade was now made up of the 16th Lancers, 2nd and 3rd Native Cavalry, 1st Troop Bengal Horse Artillery, and Major Pew's Camel Battery. (This was the first time camels were used to draw guns, and the experiment was very successful).

The Army stayed some ten days at Ferosepore after the arrival of the Meerut Brigade, the time being largely occupied with reviews and ceremonial visits between the Governor-General and Runjeet Singh. On the occasion of Lord Auckland's visit to the Sikh camp the 16th were detailed as escort. The diarist writes " to give any adequate description of the scene is impossible, it reminded me of an Eastern tale of fiction more than a reality. The gorgeous housings and trappings of a number of elephants as they moved in a prodigous mass through the avenue of troops with howdahs of gold and silver had a more than splendid effect. The Sikh infantry were a fine body

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of men, but the cavalry were mounted on miserable undersized horses. The army appeared to be well disciplined when at their duty, but the most impudent set of rascals under the sun." Captain Lowe, in his diary, also writes, " I returned very highly gratified with the superb pageant I had witnessed, it would be difficult to imagine a more magnificent spectacle."

Orders were received on the 9th December to march to Bahawalpur, and at the same time Sir Willoughby Cotton superseded Sir Henry Fane in command; the change in command was ill received by the troops in general, and particularly by the Regiment as Sir Henry Fane was much attached to the 16th. When the army marched the cavalry acted as advanced guard, the remainder of the army following at intervals of one day's march. For the first few days they marched through thick jungle and high grass where hares, black partridges and quail abounded, not to mention tigers as well. One day some officers went out to shoot partridges, but beat a hasty retreat when they came within thirty yards of a large male tiger. In this part of the country natives were seldom seen, owing to drought and famine which had continued for three years, no green vegetation was to be seen and water was scarce. The difficulties of the road are frequently mentioned, Christmas Day being a typical entry, " Marched this day to Goth-rain-racis, a distance of eight and half miles through almost impassable jungle and deep sand, which makes the travelling most laborious for our horses. This being Christmas Day we had double batta issued, but we perceived a great lack of turkey and sausages, tender roast beef, etc., which we have been in the habit of seeing the tables of our fathers groan under at this eventful epoch, however with some little trouble on our parts we managed to raise some tough beef and scarcely tolerable plum pudding sauced with arrack in lieu of brandy. We passed a merrier day than we expected. During the night the frost was pretty severe, the water freezing in the chatties inside the tents."

The next day they reached the Ajmere desert, and a " more dreary or famishing looking place cannot be conceived." It took two days to cross and then they found themselves again on the

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banks of the Sutlej. By this time the horses were in a poor state from the short rations which they received, in fact they were so weak that if they stumbled they were sure to come down. Bahawalpur was reached on the 29th, and the Brigade halted for two days. All ranks were delighted to find an abundance of fruit, almonds, plums, oranges and dates. At Ahmadpur they found to their surprise that the local nawab kept a pack of hounds and hunted fox and jackal. On 11th January, on arrival in camp they found that most of the native cooks had run away, so that now most of them had to do their own cooking; at this time also a number of camels were dying every day, and the carriage of baggage became difficult, and there was trouble with the syces when they were made to carry the horse clothing on the line of march. The country, however, improved and on the 15th we find in the diary: "Ouberack 10 miles. A most beautiful road and I scarce ever remember seeing in any part of the world a more picturesque or more fertile country, it reminded all who saw it of some nobleman's domain."

On 25th January they reached Rohri on the Indus, after losing the road and having to march in single file through the most impenetrable jungle. The next morning the force paraded in full marching order for the inspection of the local rajah, the Ameer of Krypoor. At first the Ameer was unwilling to surrender the island of Bukkur, which it was essential to use in the building of the bridge, and the force remained mounted for six hours, until he finally capitulated when Sir Henry Fane threatened to use force. Sir Henry Fane had met the force at Rohri as he was sailing down the Indus on his way to Karachi. The Brigade spent some days at Rohri; one night there was an alarm and in less than ten minutes the Regiment was up and mounted and on troop parade. The diarist writes, "Sir Henry Fane gave us great credit for the alertness in turning out, saying he could scarce give credit unless having witnessed it himself, and the expeditious movement deserved the greatest praise."

The Bombay Army meanwhile, who were marching up the Indus, were held up about forty miles below the city of Hyderabad by the unfriendly Ameers of Scinde. A part of the force

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at Rohri, including the Cavalry Brigade, started out to help them, but after seven days were recalled, the men being very annoyed at missing the chance to sack the rich city of Hyderabad. The diary notes " here the inhabitants are very friendly with our men, as owing to our wearing the moustache they conceive us to be Mussulmen. This invariably produces a good reception, very different to what our infantry and artillery troops received." On their return to Rohri they found that the Sappers and Miners had finished the bridge which was 490 yards long, and the next morning the force crossed the river. The cavalry crossed safely, each man leading his horse, but many of the camels became frightened and lay down, so that they had to be thrown into the river together with their loads. The baggage camels continued to die in large numbers, probably due to some epidemic, and their troubles were further increased when rain began to fall some few days later, and the camels had great difficulty in standing up on the slippery ground.

Two days after crossing the river news was received that Dost Mohamed was moving toward the Bolan Pass, and the Brigade was ordered to proceed thither with all haste. At Shikarpur, on the 21st, they came up with Shah Sujah and his army of 12,000 men. They halted here one day and an order was issued that all horses were to be shod " all fours." The diarist says, " I fear this will be the cause of many broken limbs. I should remark that not one horse out of a thousand in India is shod all fours as the soil is usually sandy, and owing to their propensity to kicking." They were now entering the country of the Baluchis, notorious robbers who subsisted only for plunder, and special measures were taken to protect the column. Supplies in this country were very short, and the second day out from Shikarpur regiments were ordered to march separately. Supplies and water were, however, so scarce that on the 27th the Regiment was divided, the right wing (four troops) marching a day ahead of the left wing, but by two forced marches of thirty and thirty-one miles, done largely by moonlight, they reached the far side of the desert. They could now see indistinctly in the far distance a range of mountains, which looked delightfully

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cool in their present position where the temperature reached 98 degrees in the shade.

The duties were now very severe as constant patrols had to be sent out to protect the main body from bands of Baluchis, who were always on the lookout to steal camels; one day, in fact, they stole ten camels carrying part of the Major-General's baggage, and the right squadron was sent out on a fruitless pursuit. The column was now getting into mountainous country, where the roads were very bad and forage for the horses very scarce. The followers also were deserting in large numbers, being afraid of the mountains. At Dadur they halted for six days to allow the column to close up, and on leaving this camp on the 17th March, they entered the Bolan Pass which luckily was unoccupied. The route was mainly up a river bed and they were grateful for the decision to shoe their horses all round, although lost shoes were for a time one of the main troubles of the march. Although this country was very desolate and the vegetation was non-existent, they had a plentiful water supply from the streams which continually crossed their route; on the 18th, in fact, they crossed and re-crossed the same stream twenty-seven times in ten miles, in some places up to their saddle-flaps. The baggage camels continued to die in large numbers, and the horses were so weak from short rations that all ranks had to abandon a large portion of their kit which was an extra infliction in the cold, wet and windy weather.

A forced march of twenty-nine miles on 22nd March brought the column out of the Pass into the "Unhappy Valley"; they had taken six days to march the seventy-eight miles through the Pass. They did not reach their camp until 10.0 p.m.; the men were in poor spirits and the condition of the horses was deplorable. The despondency of the men cannot be wondered at, as they continued to march day by day through the most desolate country—short of all necessities of life, and their future was also most uncertain. Despite the scarcity of forage the Brigade halted for three days, the horses' rations were cut down to 1 lb. of grain instead of the usual 10 lbs., and there was no bread

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or biscuits for the men, who had to be content with a small quantity of rice. On 26th March, they reached Quetta and the country improved; the diarist writes: "here I was surprised to find many of the fruit trees of Europe growing wild, and among the plants thyme, sage and the little modest friend of my youth—the daisy." The Brigade halted at Quetta waiting for supplies to come up from the rear, for Dost Mohamed had removed all grain from the country; the issue of spirits was now cut by half. At the end of one wet day the writer says, "Here is the climax, no gram or grain for our poor devils of horses. I wish to God I was in England or anywhere else out of this dammed country."

On Easter Sunday, the 31st, the men's ration was 1 lb. of atta in its raw state, and the horses were grazed in the fields of young corn, no grain being available. One day there is the entry, "Sword and lance drill this evening for the regiment. Men starved for the commonest necessities of life to be played with in this way—such is the service." On 27th April, the column left Quetta, but before leaving the Regiment had to shoot forty-nine horses that were unfit to travel, and the next day they lost thirty more when some of the Regiment got involved in some quicksands while crossing a river. When they reached the Pishin Valley there was a better supply of food and forage, but the water there caused a severe attack of diarrhœa amongst the men, which affected them for several months after. On the 13th the head of the column reached the Kujak Pass, which was reputed to be worse than anything they had met so far. The Brigade halted for one day while the Sappers worked to improve the road over the mountain, which rose 1,750 feet above the valley, and the next day leaving at 5.0 a.m. they began the climb. First the men led their horses to the top of the Pass, and then handing them over to the syces, went back to help drag up the guns, a task which took them all day. The first gun they helped up fell over the side of the khud and dropped 250 feet down the hillside, but none of the men or six horses were hurt. They did not reach camp until 5.0 p.m., only to find there was no water beyond a dirty stinking pool.

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The route now led by a river which furnished an excellent supply of water, except on one occasion when it mysteriously dried up; however, it was soon discovered that the enemy had diverted the stream a little higher up, and the trouble was soon put right.

The column now halted nearly every other day, probably owing to the weakness of both men and horses, though supplies were more procurable as they approached Candahar. On the 25th the column reached Dindi Gholam, eleven miles from Candahar, where they halted for one day while Sir J. Keane and his staff rode on ahead, as it was reported that the chiefs were prepared to surrender the city. This proved to be correct, and the next day they marched to Candahar, quite half of the regiment having to lead their horses which were too weak to carry them. It was fortunate, indeed, that they met with no resistance. The weather was very hot, 97 degrees in the shade, and though supplies were now plentiful, they came too late for many of the horses to recover. The Bombay Army arrived on the 3rd May, and on the 8th, in spite of the poor condition of both men and horses, a review was held by Sir J. Keane and Shah Sujah. Several remounts were bought here, which are described as handsome looking horses in fair condition. One day the diarist visited the city, where he found well-stocked bazaars selling a variety of foodstuffs at reasonable rates; the inhabitants were also friendly to the Europeans, but disliked the followers. (It is interesting to note that the writer never refers to white or British troops when comparing them to native troops, but always talks of Europeans.) He also writes: "There are public baths for shampooing and also vapour baths, both hot and cold."

During this halt the chief relaxations were shooting and fishing, and on one of these expeditions Lieutenant Inverarity of the regiment was murdered by the Baluchis; he was unfortunately unarmed, so, although the best swordsman in the regiment, he could do little to protect himself. A pursuit party brought in three suspects, who were handed over to Shah Sujah's tender mercies; they first had their right hand

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cut off to extort a confession, and the next day the left, which had the desired effect, and they were hanged, drawn and quartered near the scene of the murder. Justice was evidently rough and ready, for the next week a native caught stealing a camel was blown from a gun.

After a two months' halt at Candahar, the march to Cabul was begun on the 27th June; the weather was very hot and they marched usually by night, leaving at 2.0 or 3.0 a.m. and doing about twelve or sixteen miles a day. The roads were non-existent and they merely followed the valleys through most desolate country which appeared to be quite uninhabited, though small patches of crops among the rocks and stones showed that there were people living there. Sir John Keane decided to leave the caravan route and march along the banks of the River Turnak, so as to ensure his water supply. The author writes: "Duty is extremely harassing now, having but one night out of eight off duty; the advance picquets are without covering from the night dews or midday sun, but sleeping in the air and rains or winds, as the case may be, with their horses' bridles on their arms and making the best of a large stone for a pillow. I thought last night while on picquet that I should be glad to exchange my night's lodging for a clean pair of sheets and a house in England. In such thoughts and images I passed the comfortless night, for we had repeated showers and no fuel to make fires to dry ourselves, nor had we tasted a morsel of food for twenty-four hours." One day he records having received two letters, one from his aunt and one from his sister, Mary Jane; one wonders how long they had taken to reach Afghanistan from England.

On 20th July the army closed up and marched the next day to Ghuznee. It was uncertain whether the town was held, but when the advanced guard was heavily fired on from a village about a mile from the town, it was evident that the enemy meant to defend the city. One day was spent in a reconnaissance of the fort by Captain Thompson of the Sappers and Miners, who reported that the city was surrounded by a high wall in good repair built on a scarped mound about 35ft. high, and

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surrounded by a *fausse-braye* and a wet ditch which was unfordable. At the north end was the citadel built on a high rock. The garrison was reported to be 3,000 to 4,000 strong. As the heavy guns of the siege train had been left at Candahar, and the parapet rising 60 ft. above the ditch made an escalade impossible, the only course was to force one of the gates, and Thompson suggested the Cabul gate, where the bridge was still intact and there was a good artillery position within four hundred yards. A second day was spent in preparing for the assault, during which the cavalry brigade had to drive off two efforts at relief by a mounted force of 1,700 under Dost Mohamed's younger son. At 12.30 a.m. that night the Sappers blew in the Cabul gate and the storming party consisting of the Light Companies of the 2nd, 13th and 17th Foot rushed the gate; a sharp struggle followed and the Afghan proved himself a good fighter. A brigade of sepoys followed the storming party and cleared the walls, while the British regiments pushed on to the citadel, which they found deserted. The cavalry had been stationed round the walls to cut off fugitives and keep off the cavalry force already encountered; a party of the 16th captured Dost Mohamed's son, Wolli Khan Mohamed, and another son, Hyder Khan, who escaped in disguise, was also recaptured.

By 8 o'clock all was over, the cavalry parties returned to the camps, and, after putting up their horses, went to the fort to see what was to be made. The infantry, of course, had got a good start, but had not touched one valuable prize, namely, the horses, of which there were about 500 galloping madly about the town. The streets were a shambles, the horses, mules and camels galloping about had trampled the bodies of the dead to mere masses of mangled flesh, and the shells which had struck the houses had scattered grain, flour, ghee, and every variety of article into the streets, in addition to which the soldiers threw everything out of the houses, hoping to find money under the floors or in the walls. The sack of the town continued the next day and the diarist records how he visited the remains of the palace and was surprised by its elegance, the walls and ceilings of some apartments were ornamented with the most

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gorgeous gilding, carved woodwork and various coloured marbles. In one room the furniture was sky blue and the walls covered with plated glass. A large amount of ammunition and treasure was removed from a vault under the palace. When sold the treasure fetched £30,000, which was not distributed among the troops until 1850; the captured horses, numbering 560, were sold before the army left Ghuznee. A good deal of fuss was made over the taking of Ghuznee, largely due to a rather grandiloquent despatch sent home by Sir John Keane, and it was certainly an easily won battle honour.

On the 30th the advance to Cabul was resumed. The 16th Native infantry and some guns being left behind to garrison Ghuznee, while the sick were withdrawn from regimental hospitals and were also left with the garrison. On the first day out the route led over a narrow pass, 9,000 ft. high, which was the greatest height crossed during the march. Supplies were now plentiful, the country through which they passed was very fertile, and the mountain streams supplied fish in great variety, and of exquisite quality, as the diarist says. The diarist, in fact, grows daily more enthusiastic; "the aspect of the country is still lovely in the extreme," he writes one day; and another day, "such scenes as these refresh the eye and the inspiration also," and nearing Cabul, "it only requires a church steeple to render the appearance truly English."

On 2nd August Major Cureton of the 16th went on with three squadrons, one each from the 16th, 4th Light Dragoons, and 1st Native Cavalry, to push on to Cabul. Meeting with no opposition, for Dost Mohamed had abandoned his position at Argandeh, he did the sixty miles from Shahabad to Cabul in twenty-four hours without a single casualty, and took possession of the Bala Hissar, the fortress palace of the kings of Cabul. The brigade halted for one day at Shahabad, and several parties of Dost Mohamed's army came in and reported that he had fled to Bamian, on the Persian border, leaving his guns in position thirty miles up the road. The second day from Shahabad the army passed the Afghan position at Argandeh, and the

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diarist notes that he saw twenty-four guns of various sizes in position, some of which were bored like a rifle barrel, the diameter of the bore being about three inches. The road to Cabul from Argandeh had been obstructed with many large rocks and stones, so that Major Cureton's march was all the more creditable. The diarist also writes, "the orchards and vineyards are now in full bearing, with the most delicious fruit that can be imagined, particularly the peaches, pears and melons. I never before saw any of so large a size or of such exquisite flavour."

On 7th August the army paraded in review order for the Shah's state entry into the city, a very magnificent affair. A few days later the author visited the city, four men per troop were allowed to go, and he was lucky in being chosen from his troop; the friendly attitude of the Afghans, which has been mentioned several times already, is further emphasized by the fact that when the party arrived in the city they handed over the horses to the syces, and each man went his own way into the crowded bazaars until sunset, when they met again, and rode back to camp. He described Cabul as the finest city he had seen in India after Calcutta, and he notes that the persons who keep the shops have a more business mode than I have before met with, and not like the indolent natives generally, who only show alacrity when the money is at their fingers' ends." When walking near the camp he made friends with a jemadar of a nearby village, who told him that Dost Mohamed had given out that the invading army were cannibals, and that all prisoners were slain and eaten. He also asked what sort of man their King was, and why he did not come to fight.

The regiment and the whole army suffered a great loss by the death of Lieut.-Colonel Arnold on the 20th August. He had been in hospital since Candahar suffering from a liver complaint which was aggravated by an old Waterloo wound, and his death was universally regretted by all ranks of the regiment. He was buried in the Armenian burial place about two miles from the city, attended by his regiment, and nearly all the officers of the brigade and of the staff. Lieut.-Colonel

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Persse was now promoted brigadier, and Major Cureton to command the regiment. The slowness of promotion in these days is shown by the fact that Colonel Persse had joined in 1806, and only got command after thirty-three years' service by the death of the Colonel. Colonel Persse himself did not leave the regiment until 1847. On Colonel Arnold's death his property was sold by auction, a sale remarkable not only for the prices fetched, but also for the articles he still possessed after so much baggage had been lost and abandoned during the ten months of the march. Small bottles of English mustard fetched Rs. 29 to Rs. 33, bottles of sauce Rs. 24, a single pineapple cheese weighing only 3 lb. or 4 lb., Rs. 54, and cheeroots Rs. 50 per hundred.

The Brigade remained in camp near Cabul for two-and-a-half months, the days being occupied by drills and field days, and for amusements there were racing, cricket and fishing. In spite of the friendliness of the natives it was dangerous to leave the camp at night, and several instances are related of both men and followers being assaulted and murdered just outside the lines. These robbers from the hills were in the habit of coming down from the hills in parties of three and four; they were completely naked, and used to cover their bodies with oil. Early in September there was a four-day race meeting; a large level grassy plain was found near the camp, and the going was excellent owing to a heavy thunderstorm the night before the opening day. The ground was kept by Native Horse, and the Shah gave a valuable sword as a prize, which was run for on the third day.

On the 16th September orders were received that the Bombay Army was to return by the route they had come through the Bolan Pass, but the Meerut cavalry brigade were delighted to hear that they had been given a different route, and were to move early in October. Although the general health of the army had considerably improved, the death roll continued high, eighteen men had died at Candahar, nine of the sick left at Ghuznee, and another twelve at Cabul. In October the weather turned cold, and ice an inch thick formed on water

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at night, and at midday the temperature was only 43 degrees. One Sunday he writes: "No church service, the parson ill, which gives general satisfaction!" On 15th October the brigade left Cabul to return by the Khyber Pass and The Punjab, permission having been obtained from Runjeet Singh's successor to return by that route.

The second day of the march the road lay through the Khurd Kabul Pass, where General Elphinstone's troops were butchered in the following year. The road is merely a river bed, and the ravine is only about 40 yards wide, with perpendicular walls rising 300 ft. to 400 ft. on either side; the column had to cross the river at least thirty times during the day's march, the diarist remarking that it was freezing so hard that there were icicles on their horses' tails. This, he remarks, was the worst day they had done; the next day, to Tezin, thirteen miles, was, however, even worse, and they did not get into camp until 11.30, having started at 4 o'clock. The diarist writes: "Besides crossing innumerable streams, some of which were frozen, and others which were running too rapidly to allow of this, but were equally cold to our horses' legs, we had to ascend and descend numberless hills, some of them so steep that the horses went down on their haunches, actually sliding from the top to the bottom." Game of all sorts abounded, and they saw many herds of large deer quite close at hand. The mountain scenery was very grand, the lower slopes being covered with fir trees, and the tops were capped with snow; but beyond the stunted fir trees there was no vegetation, and there was no grass for the horses. The inhabitants are described as mere savages, living in holes in the side of the hills, and making no attempt to cultivate the ground, but living entirely by robbery.

One day when marching along a valley they could see, far above them on a mountain track, a great number of people, camels, horses, sheep and goats. These turned out to be families from Cabul going down to spend the winter at Jellalabad, which is 4,000 ft. lower and proportionately warmer. They also passed large camps of gypsies with their herds of small bullocks and asses (the same powindahs we know at Risalpur

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who migrate every October to the plains of India, returning the following spring). The crossing of the Karkacha Pass, which rises to 8,000 ft., was a terrible two days' march, with a piercing cold wind, and for a long way the only path was the bed of a fast-running stream. After a halt of one day at Gandamak, they came to the Nimla valley, and reached Jellalabad the next day. The difference in temperature was very noticeable, and it was quite hot by day. Jellalabad did not impress the diarist, and is described as mean and dirty. From Jellalabad they followed the Cabul river for forty miles, and on the 2nd November camped at Landi Kana, and the next day entered the Khyber Pass. The attitude of the tribesmen of the Khyber was extremely uncertain, and only three days before the column arrived they had cut to pieces a Sikh regiment near Ali Musjid. However, the column was probably considered too strong for they were not attacked, and arrived at Peshawar on the 7th November.

The column halted at Peshawar for seventeen days. The Governor General Avitabile, an Italian who had entered Runjeet Singh's service, received the column hospitably; the inhabitants, however, were reputed to be great robbers, and any man going into the town was ordered to wear sidearms, and, after a few days, leave into the town was stopped, except for Officers and Troop Serjeant-Majors. Just before leaving Peshawar the writer of the diary, who had recently been promoted full corporal, was detailed as one of the guard over the two state prisoners Hyder Khan and Hadji Khan, which was found by the 16th. He describes Hyder Khan, the younger prisoner, as appearing quite content and talking freely with his European sentry, though he detested the sight of the native guards. He was very childlike in many ways; his favourite amusement was chess; but he was a bad loser, and when he was being beaten he usually swept all the pieces off the board and threw it into the corner of the tent. The other prisoner Hadji Khan was an older man, whom the writer describes as a Baluchi chief. He felt his captivity very keenly and used to stand for half an hour at a time in the door of his tent gazing up at the mountains, as though aware that he would perhaps never see them again.

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They left Peshawar on the 24th November, and took four days to reach Attock, camping at Pabbi, Nowshera and Akora. The writer has little to say about this part of the march except " For the last three days we camped on the banks of a fine river, of which I cannot discover the name (Kabul). The country abounds in good looking villages." (Many present members of the regiment may not agree with this last description.) At Attock they again met the Indus, which they had crossed some 700 miles lower down at Rohri, on their way up. Here they found a bridge of boats already built, by which they crossed. The weather by now was cold, but the brigade still continued to march at 5.30 a.m., which seems an unnecessarily early hour when the daily march was only fourteen or fifteen miles. Rawalpindi was reached on the 3rd December, and the diary finishes on the 10th December, the day before the column reached Jhelum. The last bit has been lost, as at the beginning there is an itinerary giving the name of the camp and the distance marched each day, and this continues the whole way back to Meerut.

At Jhelum they had to cross the river of that name, and in doing so lost several lives. Thirty boats had been collected to transport the baggage and the men if necessary, but the river was reported as fordable a mile and a half upstream. The river here is about 400 yards wide and the ford ran across in the shape of a half moon ; Captain Hilton of the Regiment reconnoitred the ford and reported that he had ridden across and back again without difficulty. The Brigadier then ordered the Regiment to cross and they entered the ford in column of threes; the advance guard crossed safely, but the head of the main body, when about 100 yards from the far bank, began to lose direction and edge downstream. In a moment more than fifty men and horses were swept downstream in the strong current, the confusion was made worse by a number of baggage camels which had also been swept away a little further upstream. Captain Hilton, ten men and twelve horses were drowned. By a strange coincidence the regiment crossed by train in almost exactly the same place on the centenary of the disaster, 12th December, 1939.

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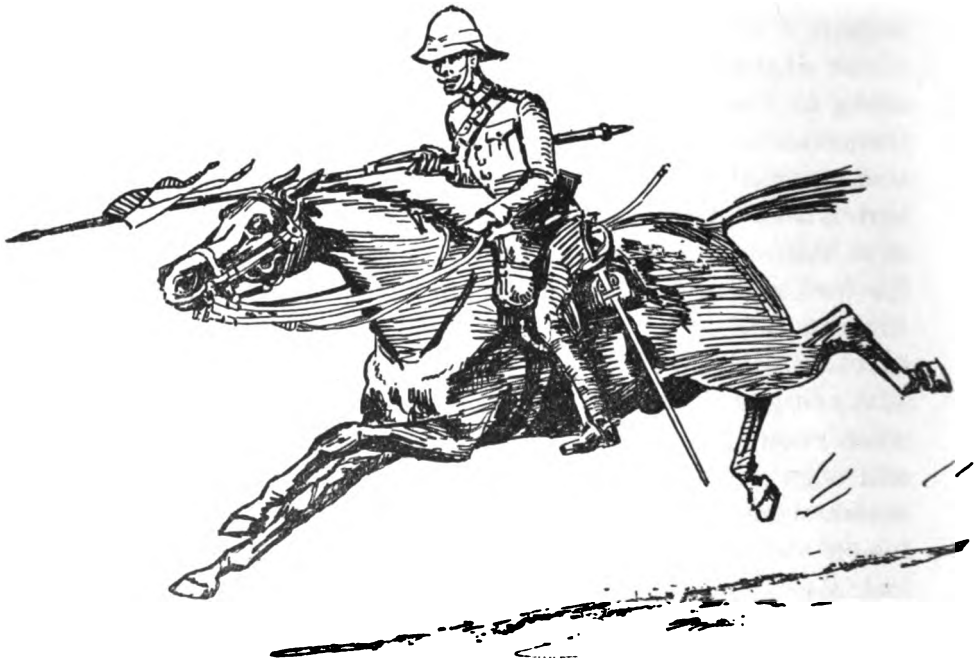
When the column crossed the Chenab five days later the men and baggage were ferried across and the syces rode the horses bareback across the ford. A week later the regiment left the line of march to escort Sir John Keane on a visit to the Maharajah of Lahore. They left Lahore on the 28th December and marched back by Ferosepore, Karnal, Panipat, Delhi to Meerut, where they arrived on 18th February, 1840, having completed one of the most remarkable marches in the history of the British Army. The total distance was estimated as 2,483 miles in 461 days, of which 212 days were marching days. During the campaign the regiment lost 3 officers, 83 men and 233 horses; of these last 190 died or were shot owing to the starvation endured during the march through the Bolan Pass and on to Candahar.

R. V. T.



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TUT-ANKH-AMEN'S TRUMPETS

An epoc-making Broadcast by a British Cavalryman

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

(Member of the Society for Army Historical Research)

When our "rude forefathers" were very rude, over three thousand years ago, Egypt had reached a high state of civilization. One of their kings at this time was the youthful Tut-ankh-Amen, whose tomb was discovered only a few years ago. It will probably be remembered that in April, 1939, a broadcast was made from the museum at Cairo of the blowing of two trumpets found in the tomb. That trumpets over three thousand years old could be made to produce sounds was remarkable enough in itself, but that this colossal span of silence fell to be broken by a British Cavalry bandsman was still more remarkable. In view of this I considered such an epoch-making event should be chronicled in the appropriate Service Journal, and accordingly wrote to the Egyptian State Broadcasting authorities and the Officer Commanding the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), the regiment to which Bandsman Tappern, the instrumentalist concerned, belonged, for all available details connected with the broadcast. From these I received every assistance which I gratefully acknowledge with a special word of thanks to Mr. Rex Keating, the English Announcer, who very kindly collected and forwarded to me much of the material and to Captain Englebach, Keeper of the Museum, for the photographs dealing with the occasion. This article is based on that material, supplemented by information obtained from "The Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen" by Howard Carter, who, with the late Lord Carnarvon, discovered the tomb in 1922, after five years of fruitless excavation.

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It will probably be remembered that when Lord Carnarvon died in April, 1923, much was said about "The Curse of the Tomb" and that he had been afflicted by it. In the course of the broadcast Mr. Lucas, Chemist of the Antiquities Department of Egypt, dealt with this subject. He said that the curse was purely imaginary and that nothing about it was mentioned in the tomb. As for it causing the death of people, Mr. Howard Carter died not long ago at the age of seventy and Mr. Harry Burton, who was responsible for the hundreds of fine photographs of the tomb, and Mr. Lucas himself were still alive. There was, however, an amusing incident in connection with the so-called curse. When Lord Carnarvon was ill a cable was received from a lady suggesting that for the protection of those working in the tomb, oil, wine and milk should be poured over the threshold. The cable was followed by a letter in which she suggested that if no one versed in the ancient mysteries could be found to do this, she herself would, for a consideration, come out to Egypt and do it. The suggestion was not adopted.

In order to appreciate the significance of the trumpets it will be necessary to sketch in outline the history of Tut-ankh-Amen, the military organization of his time and why these instruments were placed in his tomb.

Of Tut's parentage little seems to be known and he may have had some indirect claim to the throne by reason of being of royal blood, but on the other hand he may have been a commoner. What is important is that he married a king's daughter and at once, by Egyptian law of succession which was through the female line, became a potential heir to the throne. When the reigning king died the question of his successor became a vital matter for the whole of the country and it has been assumed that intrigue was rampant. There were no male heirs so the centre of interest became focussed upon a group of little girls, daughters of the late king, Akh-en-Aten. For various reasons the two elder were disqualified and the choice fell upon the third, Ankh-es-en-pa-Aten who had married Tut-ankh-Aten as he then was, but later changed his name to Tut-ankh-Amen.*

* In the broadcast he was referred to as Tut-ankh-Amun but Mr. Howard always calls him Tut-ankh-Amen.

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The marriage must have taken place when the princess was only about ten years of age and the bridegroom little more than a boy. It has not been established whether the marriage took place during the late king's lifetime or whether it was contracted hastily after his death, to legalise Tut's claim to the throne.

The boy king succeeded in 1350 B.C., a time when the country was in a most troubled state within and without. His reign lasted between six and ten years. The military class was particularly annoyed at this time because the national policy gave it little opportunity for showing its prowess. Moreover, in the former wars of conquest the soldiers had married foreign women to such an extent that they had formed a class amongst themselves, which was a hotbed of intrigue. In order to get the correct time-background it should be realised that these events happened 1,300 years before the Roman invasion of Britain.

One of the new king's first acts was to abandon the heretic worship of his late father-in-law, Akh-en-Aten, and revert to the old religion of the country. This change is seen in the change in his name, mentioned above, from Tut-ankh-Aten to Tut-ankh-Amen, the latter meaning:

Tut — Beautiful,
Ankh — Life,
Amen was the Great God of Thebes, thus the Life of Amen the beautiful.

The young king was apparently fond of his army which not only accounts for trumpets being found in his tomb but for other objects found therein upon which are depicted scenes in which he is trampling, with evident delight, upon prisoners of war and shooting them in great numbers from his chariot. This, of course, does not mean that he actually took the field, but is rather symbolic of the treatment meted out to the enemy by his predecessors. His military experience must have been slight but we may picture him surrounded by his generals, State officials and courtiers taking the salute whilst his massed legions pass by in military pageantry with their ensigns held aloft and music playing. When we think of our own regimental mascots

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and pets taking the field it should be remembered that the custom appears to be thousands of years old, for in the battle scenes his sluigi hounds are depicted accompanying the king and tearing the foe to pieces.

The silver trumpets of the period (1350 B.C.) were dedicated to the legions of Re, Amen and Ptah of the Egyptian army.

From the objects found in the tomb we discover that the young king loved sport and in one picture he is depicted shooting duck from his chariot. His wife is with him and it shows her handing him an arrow with one hand and pointing out a particularly plump duck with the other, in case he had overlooked it.

The military organization of the period was of a high order which no doubt accounts for the many successful campaigns in which the Egyptian army had been engaged. There were definite groupings of formations down to units which correspond to our present day companies. Emblems similar in intention to regimental colours were borne by small units. They were usually made of metal which flashed in the sunshine as the units deployed and went into action. They usually took the form of the King's name, a sacred boat, an animal or emblematic device, all of which were regarded with superstitious awe. They were carried by officers who wore a distinguishing badge suspended from their necks.

When the host had concentrated for an expedition a sacrifice to the gods was performed, then the trumpets sounded, which was the signal to march against the foe. On arrival at the battlefield the signal for the attack was also given upon a trumpet. And so it is just possible that the trumpets found in the tomb had sent the ancient Egyptian phalanxes to many a victory.

The broadcast of the trumpets took place on 16th April, 1939, from the Egyptian State Broadcasting Main Stations and was relayed to the B.B.C. Home and Empire Services and also to the National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System in the United States of America; practically a world-wide broadcast. The programme had been arranged by permission of the Egyptian Ministry of Education and through

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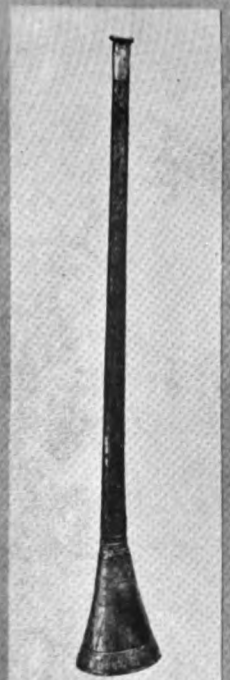

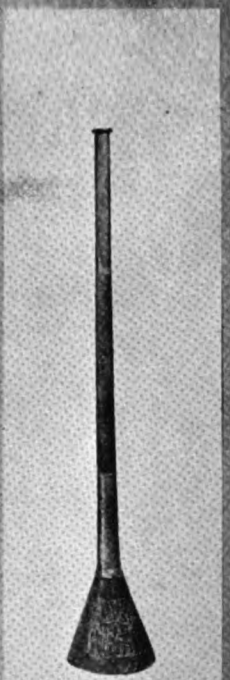

تذكارهدى من موظفى المتحف المصرى ومحطة الاذاعة الى المستر جيمس تيرجا النافخ فى البوق وأحد عضو
فرقة السلاري الحادية عشرة، تخليدا لذكرى اذاعة العالم الخاصة بالنفخ فى بوقى توتعنخ آمون يوم الاحد، ٢٢ ابريل ١٩٣٩

SOUVENIR PRESENTED TO BANDSMAN JAMES TAPPERN, OF THE 11th (PRINCE ALBERT'S OWN) HUSSARS, IN MEMORY OF HIS WORLD BROADCAST OF THE TUTANKHAMUN TRUMPETS ON SUNDAY APRIL 22nd 1939 BY THE STAFF OF THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM AND OF RADIO HOUSE (CAIRO)

ARABIC ANNOUNCER
RADIO HOUSE

ENGLISH ANNOUNCER
RADIO HOUSE

ENGLISH LECTURER
CAIRO MUSEUM

ARABIC LECTURER
CAIRO MUSEUM

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CAIRO MUSEUM

GENERAL MANAGER
EGYPTIAN STATE BROADCASTING

DIRECTOR GENERAL
OF ANTIQUITIES

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the courtesy of Monsieur E. Drioton, Director of the Department of Antiquities and Captain R. Englebach, with whom the idea of making the broadcast originated. It took the form of an interview between Mr. Rex Keating, and Mr. A. Lucas, followed by the actual playing of the trumpets by Bandsman James Tappern of the 11th Hussars, then stationed at Cairo. There were two trumpets, one of silver and one of copper.

Mr. Lucas was not only Chemist to the Antiquities Department but was the representative of the Egyptian Government during the nine years work of excavation on the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen and was responsible for the cleaning and restoration of the objects discovered in it. The tomb is near Luxor, four hundred miles south of Cairo and to the West of the Nile and lies in a desolate valley in which the Kings of Egypt were buried for about five hundred years. Within the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, as it is called, was hewn a little tomb of only four small rooms. It is a tomb of non-royal type. This seems to indicate that Tut-ankh-Amen died suddenly and long before his own tomb was finished. By hastily painting the walls of the burial chamber with the necessary scenes of a nearly complete tomb, possibly that of his Prime Minister and successor, it was made to serve for the King.

Being such a small tomb was in its favour because, although it was robbed about fifteen years after the king's death and some of the objects stolen, it was quickly lost to view after it had been re-sealed. So completely had it been forgotten that when two hundred years later a large tomb was cut immediately above it for Rameses VI, the debris from this so effectively covered it that its existence was never suspected until Mr. Howard Carter made his great discovery. This explains why Tut-ankh-Amen, a comparatively nonentity among the pharaohs, has given us such a wealth of information about ancient Egypt, simply because his long-forgotten tomb escaped the desecrating hands of robbers of later years. This is why it was possible for a British soldier to play trumpets that had given signals to Egyptian legions of three thousand years ago.

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Tut-ankh-Amen's mummy was found quite intact in a solid gold engraved coffin, wrapped in sixteen layers of linen and wearing over its head and shoulders a mask of beaten gold in his likeness. This coffin, if melted down and sold as bullion, would be worth £40,000. When the discovery was made the mummy was unwrapped and the jewellery accompanying it was removed, then it was re-wrapped in fresh linen, and the king still lies in his coffin in his sarcophagus in his tomb in the Valley of Kings.

Among the military objects found in the tomb were chariots, bows and arrows and the two trumpets. The trumpets were the only musical instruments found. They are very similar to those pictured on the walls of the tombs and were particularly, though not exclusively, used for military purposes. Trumpeters are usually depicted single in battle scenes, summoning troops, directing their evolutions or leading them in the charge. At a very late period the blowing of a trumpet was part of the ceremonies of the god Osiris, on which occasion it was held with one hand. In battle scenes, however, the trumpeter grasps his instrument with both hands.

The silver trumpet is 22½ inches long and the copper one 19½ inches. Each consists of a tube about half an inch in diameter at the blowing end, increasing to one inch to about four inches from the other end, when it opens out funnel-wise, being four inches across at the extremity. In each the mouth-piece is strengthened by means of a metal ring—gold for the silver trumpet and silver for the copper one. They both bear incised decorations which include the king's name and also representations of the gods Re, Amen and Ptah, these being emblems of three of the Egyptian Army divisions. To prevent accidental distortion of the very thin metal, each trumpet is provided with a close fitting painted wooden stopper.

Captain Englebach, Keeper of the Egyptian Museum at Cairo, has informed me that it was very difficult to blow the trumpets, which makes Bandsman Tappern's feat all the more noteworthy. The actual blowing came at the end of the broadcast and it was with a sense of awe and reverence for the distant past that we listened while a British Cavalryman sent round the

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By courtesy of Captain R. Englebach, keeper of the Cairo Museum.

IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE BROADCAST

***Left*: Mr. Alfred Lucas.** ***Centre*: Bandsman James Tappern (holding the copper trumpet).** ***Right*: Rex Keating.**

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entire world the notes from trumpets which had not been sounded for over three thousand years, and thus linked the present time with Egypt's glorious past.

Mr. Rex Keating, the British Announcer responsible for the actual broadcast, has very kindly given me some details of Bandsman Tappern's part in the performance. Several days before the performance he went to the museum to rehearse but the trumpets proved very difficult to perform upon. It is thought that they were designed to give out no more than two distinct notes, which were employed as signals in the field. That Tappern coaxed quite a number of different notes from them speaks well for his ability as an instrumentalist. The actual broadcast, says Mr. Keating, was a very impressive event and everyone concerned appears to have been "worked up" a bit—except Tappern. The tension was obvious but when it came to the actual blowing Tappern's "whole expression and attitude implied that the blowing of 3,000 year old trumpets to an audience of some fifty millions of people was a job of everyday routine." Whatever praise Bandsman Tappern received in connection with his performance, tribute must be paid to that system of discipline under which he had been trained as a cavalryman, which enabled him to do this job without turning a hair.

Captain Englebach gave me further details concerning the trumpets. He says that when blown softly the silver one can produce the notes, C, E, G, C, and the other D, F sharp, A, D. By fitting a bugle mouthpiece the volume is enormously increased but other notes creep in, making an impromptu fanfare the only satisfactory production.

The blowing was introduced with the following announcement "The Trumpets of the Pharaoh Tut-ankh-Amen, Lord of the Crowned King of the South and the North, Son of Re."

And so these rather unimportant pieces of metal served to bridge the gulf in the centuries between the splendours of ancient Egypt and the present day, and it fell to the lot of a British Cavalry bandsman to be the one to carry out this epoch-making event.

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GERMAN MECHANIZED FORMATIONS IN POLAND

I.—German Doctrine of Mechanized Warfare

The following is a very full summary of a most interesting article by the French General Boucherie in the April issue of the new "Revue des Questions de Defense Nationale," and is reproduced here by kind permission of the Comité de Direction of the periodical.

It opens with a brief sketch of the development of tank doctrine in Germany up to the outbreak of the present war. At first doubtful of the value of the new weapon, by reason of its failure during the Nivelle offensive in the spring of 1917, and unimpressed by the first tank models constructed that year for the German army—apropos of which Hindenburg is said to have remarked, "They are not likely to be much good, but as we have got them, we may as well use them"—the German High Command had their eyes opened only by the victory of Cambrai and the battles of 1918, when it was too late to repair its error and provide its own troops with the new arm, of which they had only some fifty at the date of the armistice.

Tanks were forbidden to the Reichswehr by the terms of the Versailles Treaty, and all that could be done in the way of mechanization in the immediate post-war period was to equip the light cavalry divisions with one group of armoured motor machine guns per regiment, and allot a few armoured cars to the police. But the impression made by the success of the tank in 1918 had been so great that much thought and study was devoted to mechanized warfare and to anti-tank defence. At first two ·77 field guns per infantry regiment was all that could be provided for the latter purpose, but in the former field the

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ideas put forward by our own General Fuller and the Austrian General Eimannsberger had a great influence on German thought. Both these writers advocated the creation of large armoured formations, the use of which would be based on the former principles of cavalry action in battle. General Guderian became the most ardent apostle of these ideas in Germany, and his eventual promotion to the Inspector Generalship of the armoured formations of the new German Army—a post which he held at the outbreak of the present war—marked their adoption as its official doctrine. His first duty was to raise and train the new armoured formations to enable this doctrine to be put into effect. These formations, together with the Air Force, were to be the spearhead of the new *blitzkrieg* on which Nazi Germany, unable for economic and moral reasons to face a long war, relied to give her first blows the surprise, speed, and force necessary for victory.

Long before the time had come for the mass production of tanks, the German High Command had laid down a number of prototypes with standardized parts to facilitate repairs and renewals. Production on the basis of these prototypes was set on foot simultaneously for all models without order of priority, and in the four years 1935-1938 nine of the new type divisions, five armoured and four light, were raised and armed, three of them in the single year 1938. Both equipment and training were carried out on a pre-arranged methodical plan; as they were intended primarily for use on the eastern frontier of Germany, where it was intended to make full use of their powers of mobility they had to be self-contained and self-supporting as far as possible. Each formation comprised armoured reconnaissance units (motor cyclists and armoured cars), armoured fighting units (tanks), and units of occupation (motorised infantry, artillery, engineers and signal services), but the allotment of all these units varied in accordance with the role of the formation concerned. The armoured division proper had a large number (some 500, organized in battalions) of tanks of all types, and a smaller allotment of units of occupation (one three-battalion brigade, including one motor cycle battalion); the light division

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had only one battalion of 120 tanks, and a four battalion brigade of motorised infantry. Both types were amply provided with wireless for intercommunication in all tanks and armoured cars; their supporting fire power was considerable, each formation being allotted a brigade of motorised artillery equipped in part with medium and heavy howitzers; each had in addition an engineer battalion and a bridging train.

During the Polish campaign the light divisions, reinforced by additional tank units at need, were often given missions similar to those of the armoured divisions. One or two additional armoured divisions were also raised.

The types of armoured fighting vehicles used were characterised by high speed, silence of engines and track, and a low command which greatly decreased their visibility; all were armoured sufficiently to be proof against small arms fire. The armoured cars were of two types—a light four-wheeled car, carrying a crew of two and armed with a machine gun in a turret, and a heavy six or eight wheeler, more heavily armoured, carrying a crew of three or four and armed with a light 20 mm. gun and a machine gun. The tanks were of three types—light, of 6 to 9 tons, with a crew of two and armed with a single machine gun; medium, of 15 to 16 tons, with a crew of three or four and armed with a single 37 mm. gun and three machine guns; and heavy, of 18 to 20 tons, armed with a 75 mm. field gun and one machine gun. The other vehicles comprised artillery tractors of varying types and power, armoured vehicles fitted with wireless, and six-wheeled trucks for the motorised infantry, each capable of carrying four men and pulling an anti-tank gun behind it; some of these were lightly armoured.

These German mechanized formations, lavishly equipped with simple, strongly built, fast-moving vehicles powerfully armed, amply provided with means of intercommunication, manned by young, well-trained, keen personnel, and led by bold chiefs ardently confident in themselves and their new weapons, were the picked troops of the army; and when the hour came in September, 1939, after a whole summer of intensive preparation, they were fully ready to fulfil their allotted mission.

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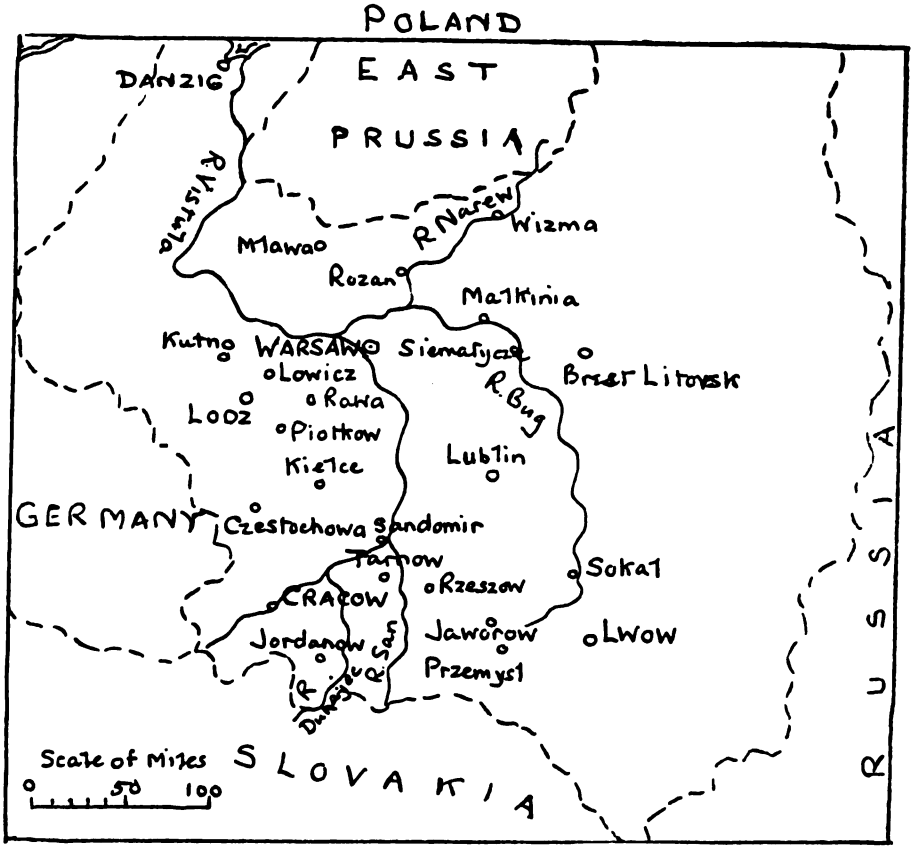
II. Application of the German Doctrine in Poland.

When the German armies deployed for the Polish campaign, those on the wings were strengthened by large mechanized formations, the role of which was, first, to attack and break through the hostile covering forces, in conjunction with the infantry, and then to thrust forward at full speed towards distant objectives, the possession of which would enable the complete envelopment of the Polish armies to be achieved. The mechanized formations were thus to lead the attack so as to ensure its delivery with the necessary violence and surprise. The total German force employed in Poland apparently consisted of between twenty and thirty infantry divisions, ten or eleven armoured divisions, and three or four motorised divisions.



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The offensive opened on September 1st, 1939. To the north the two armoured divisions of the army of General Von Kochler advanced rapidly as far as Mlawa; checked here, it carried out a turning movement to the east with its two armoured divisions, and here an encounter battle took place by night with the 8th Polish division. The German tanks, attacking with the support of artillery which set fire to the neighbouring farms with incendiary shell, and aided by searchlights which further lit up the battlefield, overwhelmed the 8th Polish division, which carried away with it in its retreat the 20th division, which was holding Mlawa. On the evening of September 6th the leading German troops reached the line of the Narew.

On the southern wing the Slovakian group, comprising one mountain and two mechanized divisions, pushed forward in two columns into the Carpathian passes, and collided with a Polish mechanized brigade south-east of Jordanow. One of the mechanized divisions attacked it in front, and the other essayed a flanking movement to the east; at the price of the loss of about forty tanks, the attack was successful, and the Slovakian group, emerging from the mountains, moved rapidly eastward to head off the Polish army of Silesia, already in retreat before the German army of General Von List.

In the centre, the German armies, after "tapping in" all along the enemy front without finding a "soft spot," carried out a frontal attack in the Czestochowa area, led by two armoured divisions, heralded by an intensive preparation by artillery and aircraft. Each armoured division deployed its 500 tanks in five or six echelons over a depth of 8,000 to 10,000 yards each, at intervals of some 1,500 yards; the first echelon of light tanks made contact with the enemy centres of resistance, which were then attacked and overrun by the following echelon of mediums. The Polish front, much disorganised by the previous preparation of the attack, was easily penetrated, and while some echelons of German tanks wheeled out to the flanks to widen the breach, others thrust far ahead into the rear of the enemy, to attack his batteries, headquarters, and communication centres. After this successful attack, the German armoured

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divisions thrust rapidly ahead on divergent lines, north-eastwards in the direction of Warsaw, eastwards towards Kielce, and south-eastwards towards Sandomir, while the motorised divisions, following them rapidly, occupied and cleared up the conquered ground and held it, pending the arrival of the main bodies of the infantry divisions, moving up still further in rear.

By September 5th General Von Rheinhard's mechanized group, making for Warsaw, had forced back units of the 21st Polish division near Piotkow, repulsing a counter-attack delivered at night by dint of setting fire to the village so as to give the armoured troops light to see and fight by. Next day the group pushed on to Rawa, dispersing a newly-formed enemy division en route, and reached the outskirts of Warsaw, 50 miles ahead of any of the troops following it. On the 8th it fought its way into the city, despite fierce resistance, as far as the West Station, but was then recalled to help to deal with a strong Polish counter offensive from the direction of Kutno, which had struck the flank and rear of the German army of Von Blaskowitz on the left wing of the central group. Von Rheinhard sent one of his armoured divisions in the direction of Lowicz to attack the flank and rear of the German army of Von Blaskowitz, on the enemy's left, and the other by a wide circuit round by Lodz to attack his right. By this means the Poles were surprised and checked on the threshold of success, and the situation was restored.

The German mechanized group, moving on Sandomir, encountered at Kielce on 6th September units of three Polish divisions assembling in that area, which were very weak in artillery. Checked in front, the group left its motor-cycle machine gunners and armoured cars to maintain frontal contact and withdrew its main force to the rear, whence, by a 12 mile flank march, it penetrated deeply into the rear of the enemy and compelled him to retreat with heavy loss. The head of the group reached the confluence of the San and the Vistula at Sandomir on 10th September.

By this date, therefore, the whole front of the Polish armies of the centre had been ruptured by this violent enemy mechanized

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attack, their back areas had been thrown into confusion and disorder, their reserves assailed and scattered, while still in the act of assembling, and the action of their command paralysed. The action of the German air force, which had kept close observation throughout for any movements of Polish troops and nipped them in the bud by constant threat of bombing, powerfully aided the operations of the mechanised formations, which, by disrupting the communications of the Poles, and damaging their system of supply and command, rendered it impossible for them to rally and reorganize west of the Vistula. So thoroughly was this task accomplished that the motorised and infantry divisions following in rear met nothing but sporadic and isolated opposition, which they could easily outflank and overcome.

Meanwhile the German mechanized formations on the outer wings were carrying out between 5th and 13th September an ambitious and far reaching manoeuvre of envelopment. To the north, one division of Kochler's group, crossing the Narew at Rozan, and reached the Bug at Malkinia, where it found the bridges solidly held. It succeeded, however, in passing higher up, and the other division, moving across the Narew more to the east at Wizma and across the Bug to the south of Siematycze, marched direct on Brest-Litovsk. The Polish forces in this area, much harassed by the bold operations of enemy mechanized detachments which struck at them repeatedly from front, flank and rear, had to fall back towards Lublin. The pressure of the German mechanized divisions of the western group, which had now got across the Vistula between Sandomir and Warsaw, and the incessant attacks from the air to which they were subjected throughout, added to their difficulties.

It is impossible to follow in detail the confused fighting that ensued in the area between the Bug and the Vistula between 12th and 20th September. It is known that of the eight or nine Polish divisions engaged here, more than one were completely paralysed by the activity of small German mechanized detachments, and that the infantry were compelled to seek shelter in the woods by day, and venture forth only at night, thus under-

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going all the time a physical and moral strain which rapidly culminated in complete and widespread disorganization.

Further to the south, the mechanized group of Slovakia reached the Dunajec on 5th September; the crossings had already been seized by parachute troops, and on the 7th there took place near Tarnow an encounter with the Polish mechanised brigade which ended in the retreat of the latter to the north, while the Germans pushed eastwards to the line of the San. An attempt by the Polish mechanized brigade to head them off at Rzeszow led to a spectacular tank *v.* tank battle; the Germans were checked in front by hostile motorised cavalry, and assailed in flank by enemy tanks, against which they were compelled to throw in their own tank reserve. This counter attack failed, and the Germans were driven from the field with the loss of seven tanks. But this check was only a local and temporary one. By 12th September the Germans, passing to the north of Przemysl, had crossed the San and reached Jaworow, whence one division moved eastwards towards Lwow, and the other north-eastwards towards Rawa and the Bug. The latter, after a successful action at Rawa, reached that river near Sokal on 13th September; the former, though reinforced by a third mechanised division, was checked on the outskirts of Lwow, and passed round the city to the north and south so as to envelop it on either side. But, short of petrol, it had to come to a halt, and violently counter attacked by two Polish divisions under General Sosnkowski from the direction of Przemysl, it lost 20 guns, 80 tanks, and 100 lorries.

However, the issue of the campaign could not now be affected by this or any other local Polish success. The role of the German mechanized formations had been brilliantly accomplished with the investment of the remaining Polish forces in the angle formed by the Vistula and the Bug, from which the German main bodies were shortly able firmly to close up the only possible avenues of escape by way of Lwow, Brest Litovsk, and the confluence of the Bug and Narew, already seized by the mechanized troops. The war was in fact over, for these Polish forces, the bulk of their artillery lost, without lines of

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supply or communications, out of touch with the High Command, and threatened in their rear by the intervention of the Russian army, were incapable not merely of resuming the offensive, but even of re-establishing a solid and connected line of resistance to stop the progress of the invaders. The German High Command, profiting by and putting into effect the theories of Fuller and Eimannsberger, had used its mechanized formations to play the leading part in winning a series of unprecedented victories within three weeks, which had decided the issue of the campaign in Poland.

III. Lessons of the Campaign

The principal causes of this success are to be found first in the soundness of the German doctrine and methods, and second in the inadequacy of the Polish army's equipment in tanks and anti-tank weapons. Secondary causes were the configuration and extent of Poland's frontier, the numerical weakness of her armies, and the favourable conditions of ground and weather for mechanized operations.

The method of operation of these mechanized formations was normally as follows : Armoured cars and motor-cycle machine guns, sometimes supported by guns, gained and kept contact with the enemy, endeavouring first and foremost to locate his anti-tank guns ; aircraft protected them against any air interference while thus engaged, and complemented their discoveries by the results of their own reconnaissance. On these data the main zone and axis of attack were determined, and the command was always ready to change these or try another—as was several times done—if a better alternative should offer itself. The attack was preceded by a short but violent preparation with all available means—automatic weapons, mortars, guns and aircraft—the first three directed mainly against hostile anti-tank defences and centres of resistance, while the air arm dealt normally with targets out of artillery range, though low-flying attacks on the forward defences were not uncommon. After ten to thirty minutes of this, during which time the

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attacking units got into position and formation in covered areas as close to the first objective as possible, the attack was launched. A first echelon of light tanks, followed, at distances of 1,000 to 1,500 yards in rear of each other, by three or four echelons of medium tanks, was the usual formation; the interval between the tanks of each echelon varied with the ground and the strength of the hostile resistance, but that of the light tanks was sometimes as great as 1,000 yards, and that of the medium sometimes as little as 100 yards. On an average an armoured division of 500 tanks would attack on a frontage of 2,500 to 3,000 yards. The different echelons advanced continuously under cover of aircraft and artillery fire, and if they met resolute opposition in prepared positions, might be withdrawn to seek for a new point of attack. If the defence was not holding a continuous front, the echelons broke through the intervals between the centres of resistance and swamped the enemy back areas. These centres were left to the following motorised infantry to subdue, and the mechanized units, still escorted and watched over by aircraft, plunged swiftly forward, sometimes as much as fifty miles ahead of the advance guards of the main body. Thus the Polish infantry were not so much destroyed, as outflanked, submerged, and paralysed by this sudden and violent assault, which, inexperienced in mechanized warfare, and ill-provided with tanks of their own, they were neither materially nor morally prepared to withstand. Neither aircraft nor artillery, both of which were over-matched by those of the enemy, could avail to help them, and their only resource was to seek refuge in woods and villages, where they fell an easy prey to the German infantry and guns in due course.

The Germans, applying a well thought out and soundly based doctrine, with ample adequate means and in a manner as bold as it was skilful, thus secured all possible advantages from their superiority over their adversaries. Yet the wear and tear on their vehicles was great, and had already begun to make itself felt as early as the third week of the campaign, when the advance of the mechanized formations was being slowed up by the length of their lines of communication and the difficulties of petrol

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supply, for lack of which some divisions were at times completely immobilised. By September 11th their losses in vehicles had already amounted to close on four hundred; four days later, one mechanised division had had close on 80 per cent of its machines put out of action, and by the end of the campaign over 1,000 out of the 4,000 to 5,000 tanks with which Germany had opened it, had been put permanently *hors de combat.* The fruits of a victory in mechanized warfare are great, but their costs are so heavy that, unless it can be made quick and complete, they may well prove excessive.

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WASSMUSS AS A PERSIAN NOMAD KHAN, 1918.

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WASSMUSS

By Colonel F. A. Hamilton, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

A.A. and Q.M.G., G.H.Q., S. Persia, 1917–1918

Previous to the arrival of the British Forces in South Persia in 1916, Wassmuss, a man of remarkable character and ability, who hated the British intensely, was German Consul at Shiraz. In pre-war times he started his career as an Attaché to the Embassy at Teheran. Even in those days there was something indefinable and unusual about him. In course of time he became German Political and Commercial Agent in the Persian Gulf, and was afterwards made German Consul at Shiraz in the Province of Fars in South Persia. He spoke English and Persian fluently—in his younger days one of his accomplishments was his power of suppressing his identity by disguising himself as a donkey-man or some other such method and visiting the native city and bazaars. By this means he gained an *entrée* into queer places, often riding upon his donkey, seated astern in the Persian fashion. In this capacity he proved most valuable to his "Minister," for the Bazaar in Eastern cities is the vocal centre of all intrigues and inside knowledge. This great asset stood him in good stead in later years.

He was by far the most successful German Agent in Persia before and during the Great War. He entertained lavishly, and gave presents to the Chieftains of the neighbouring tribes thereby creating a strong pro-German confederacy.

When war was declared Wassmuss was on leave in Germany, but returned at once to Persia, where he used every opportunity to make things as unpleasant as possible for the British, whom he considered had no more right to be in Persia than his own countrymen!

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In January, 1915, he went to the country between Bushire and Shiraz. He was captured by a pro-British khan, but managed to escape. He made his Headquarters Kazerun, and from there he organised anti-British propaganda with no little success, so much so that the Indian Government were obliged to increase the garrison at Bushire, occupying it with a considerable force. Some hard fighting against the tribesmen took place in which the Indian Cavalry, under cover of artillery fire, effected a brilliant charge attended, unfortunately, by the loss of their British and Indian leaders. The tribesmen, with many casualties, were driven into the hills. This had the effect of keeping them quiet for some time.

Wassmuss now turned his attention to the "Turbulent Province of Fars," and there he also was a stormy petrel. In March, 1915, he returned to Shiraz, where the Governor-General was one Mukbar-u-Sultana, who had been educated at Berlin and was strongly pro-German and a great friend of Wassmuss. Here he found several kindred spirits, Germans, Austrians, Turks, and some Afghans, who were afterwards captured by the British and deported. Amongst them were the notorious Zugmeyer, Neider-Meyer and other so-called German professors, men of ability and no little sense of humour. When they were deported their diaries, complete with sketches, fell into our hands. In one sketch a Persian was shown as being descended from a pig, a fox, a hyena, a hare and a vulture, this latter carrion eating "avis" had laid an egg and a Persian was the result! Alas! they loved not their "Iranian" brothers!

Wassmuss was able to do great things with his Persian allies, and was aided considerably by the gullibility for which they are famous. To take an instance: "A wealthy merchant of Shiraz was induced by Wassmuss to become a German agent, and was informed that the Kaiser (Haji Wilhelm) would send him a message by wireless. Entering the room where Wassmuss was tapping a telegraph instrument attached to a pole, he was gravely informed that the Kaiser was present in person at the Berlin office, and was instructed to kiss the ground thrice. After some more tapping, he was further informed that

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the Kaiser graciously inquired after his health, and that it was usual to offer a large sum of money in return for the compliment. This being also the Persian custom, the unsuspecting merchant presented a Persian bill for the equivalent of £10,000. The Kaiser then graciously accepted the money and promised to send his portrait by "wireless." It actually reached the merchant in two days time, Wassmuss having a large supply of them by him, and the merchant was delighted, until the arrival of the British in Shiraz, when he discovered the hoax and confessed that he had "eaten dirt."

In October, 1915, at the instigation of Wassmuss, the anti-British faction in Shiraz organized the attack on the British Consulate, the looting of the Imperial Bank of Persia, and the capture of the entire British Colony, which was sent under escort down the long and difficult road to Bushire, on the Persian Gulf. The ladies, inspired by Mrs. Ferguson, the wife of the Scottish Bank Manager, even when grossly inconvenienced by a raging mob at Kazerun, acted to the everlasting credit of the British race. The party was here divided, the ladies being sent to Bushire, while the men were interned at Ahram, until an exchange of prisoners was eventually arranged. They suffered hardships and privations during their seven months' captivity, but were on the whole not too badly treated.

On the arrival of the British in Shiraz in September, 1916, the German Consulate was raided, its inmates taken prisoner, and in due course, despatched under escort to Banderabbas. The prisoners under the command of a Persian Prince were allowed to escape, doubtless for a suitable *quid pro quo*.

Wassmuss and his servant succeeded in evading capture and lived for some time disguised as Persians. He found himself obliged to appreciate the situation. Germany was thousands of miles away; all roads were blocked by the allied troops. He accordingly decided to remain in Persia and do his best to further the interests of his Fatherland. He again planned to go south towards Bushire, hoping to raise the tribesmen against the British in Bushire and Shiraz. He accordingly fled by night and placed himself and his faithful servant under

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the protection of Solat-ud-Dowla, Ilkhani or Chief of the powerful Kashgai tribe. According to tribal law he was made welcome and treated as an honoured guest, more especially when Solat became aware that Wassmuss was in possession of much money with which to buy rifles, ammunitions and other necessaries. At Kazerun he managed to get possession of a typewriter and set up an office for himself. The Kashgai tribesmen are fine fighters in their own loose guerrilla style of warfare, and are brave and enterprising, well mounted and well armed. Though they had no idea of discipline in our sense of the word, if left to themselves they will fight with an amazing zeal and untiring energy. Of such was the material with which Wassmuss had to work.

With them he lived as a tribesman and in his native costume was almost indistinguishable from a Kashgai Chieftain. He let his hair grow and cut it flush with the nape of the neck in local fashion; his moustaches became long and drooping, his beard short and thick, and he had soon altered so much that none of his old friends would have recognised him. With his wonderful political acumen he managed to bend to his will Solat, who was in every sense of the word, a Nomadic Persian, furtive, scheming and undecided. He was virtually Chief-of-the-Staff, and made the best use of the fighting men, training them into a very useful irregular mounted force. They were well armed with up-to-date small-bore rifles, and German money was available to purchase further supplies, at a price, from the Arab traders, who, in spite of the British blockade on the Persian Gulf, managed to smuggle inland a certain quantity of arms and ammunition. For purposes of instruction Wassmuss took his tribesmen on night expeditions. It is said that amongst other escapades he raided the French Consulate in Bushire, and his own old home, the German Consulate, then unoccupied, to obtain German books, clothes and other necessities. He avoided raiding the native city, which was a harbour of refuge to him and his tribesmen. Nothing escaped his notice, and in every possible way he thwarted the British.

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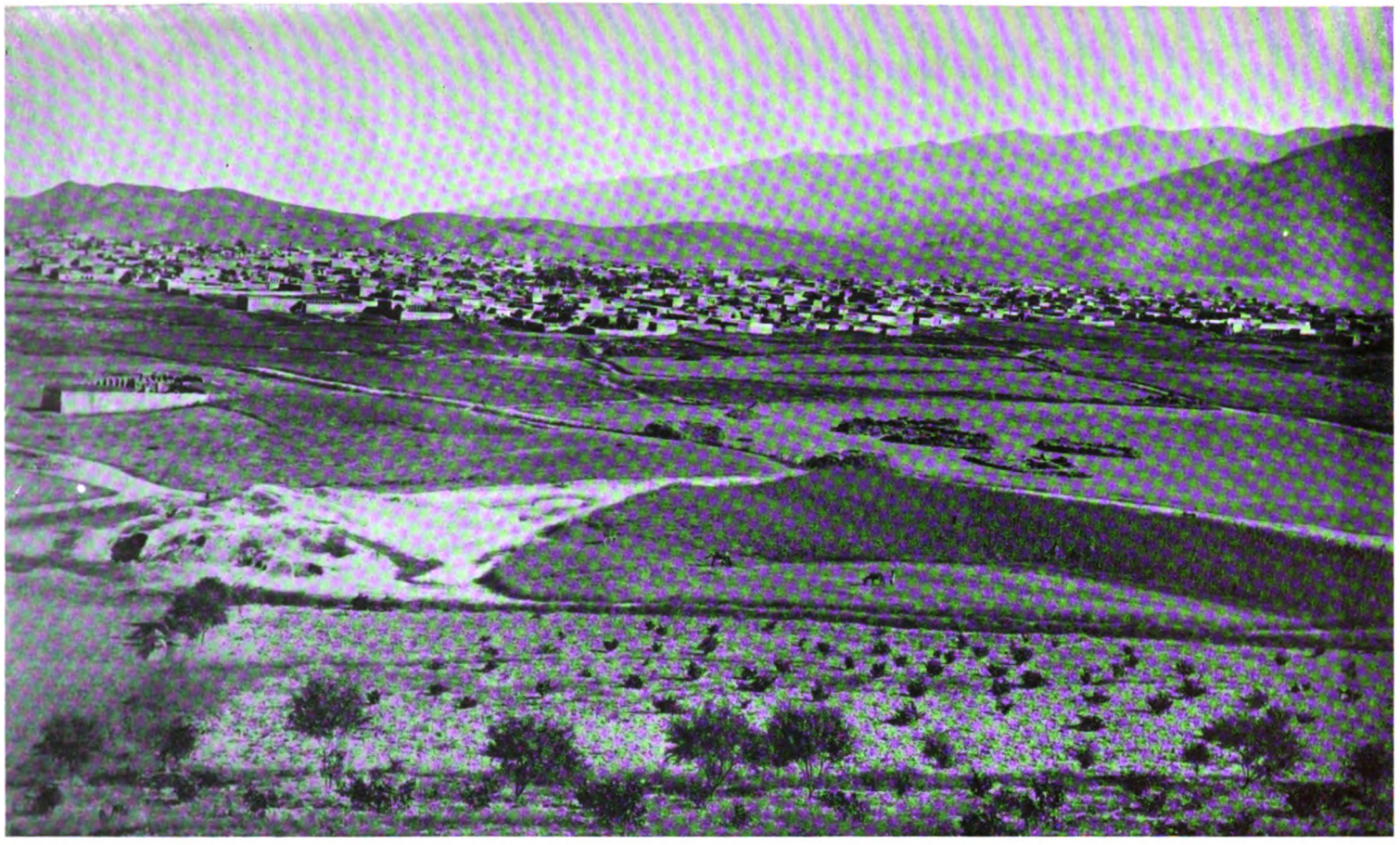

KAZERUN, SHIRAZ—BUSHIRE ROAD.
Headquarters of Wassmuss.

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With the object of capturing Wassmuss and his followers, and occupying Kazerun, a small column of Indian troops and South Persian Rifles attempted to reach Kazerun from Shiraz on 25th December, 1916, but met with a reverse in the mountainous valley of Dasht-i-Arjin, and were compelled to retreat to Shiraz. This was a distinct blow to British prestige, and on receiving Sir Percy Syke's despatch from Shiraz the Indian Government decided to send reinforcements of Indian troops and a competent Staff to Shiraz. Accordingly a whole Divisional Staff and reinforcements were sent in February, 1917, via Banderabbas to Shiraz, which they reached in April, 1917, after a march of 430 miles. Indirectly Wassmuss may be held responsible for thus diverting a very considerable Force with Staff complete, from another theatre of war, where they could have been employed against the troops of his Fatherland.

How we in Shiraz time and again cursed him for holding up our English and Indian mails! The Swedish Quartermaster of the South Persian Rifles, who was an old pre-war pal of Wassmuss and still loved him, was heard to exclaim, "It vas dat ploddy Vasmoos, you know."

During the three strenuous months' investment of Shiraz by the Kashgai, until their final defeat by the British in 1918. he was virtually their Organiser-in-Chief. His bravery was phenomenal. After the defeat of the Solat and his Kashgai, Wassmuss had no further scope for his energies. He eventually managed to get back to Germany by passing through South West Persia disguised as an old Persian woman, heavily veiled and, once more, mounted upon a donkey. His fellow countrymen may know very little of his gallant one-handed exploits on behalf of his Fatherland during those three years from 1915–18, but we in the South Persian Force often had reason to mention him and had undoubted admiration for a brave man who gave us a lot of trouble, and served his country well.

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THE THIRD THREE MONTHS OF THE WAR

By "OBSERVER"

SINCE we last wrote, the war has become intensified with a vengeance, and is now raging in full blast all over Western Europe. The Nazis, faced with the alternative between a stalemate, which would have been a test of endurance under conditions growing less and less favourable to themselves as time went on, and a "putting it to the touch to win or lose it all," have chosen for the latter course, and probably with wisdom, for it offered their only real chance of victory. It is clear by now that nothing less than victory, and quick and decisive victory at that, will avail to save the Hitlerian regime from collapse beneath internal stresses and strains which have already become serious and widespread, and will soon, if no remedy be found for them, begin to hamper and cripple the Germans' war effort. Hitler and his henchmen are therefore staking all on a decisive drive for victory this summer, and they are setting a furious pace in the hope of achieving it at whatever cost, and with a complete disregard of every rule or convention of war or any consideration of humanity and decency. This is total war with a vengeance. The thing that the Allies are out to kill, and to kill outright and for ever, is now plain before all our eyes, and the ugly sight can only spur our effort and confirm our resolve.

That resolve must not, and will not, be affected by the undeniable fact that the third three months of the war have brought the enemy great and undeniable advantages in what he intends to be, and probably will in fact be, the decisive struggle on land. It is possible to-day to gain a clear insight into Germany's skilful far-reaching plans to bring about that struggle with every possible advantage on her side. Those

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plans were of no sudden conception or recent growth, but were the fruits of years of incessant and secret labour in preparation. The attack on Norway, to which the overrunning of Denmark was a necessary prelude, was an introductory sideshow, a diversion, which it was hoped would draw off some of the attention and forces of the Allies to a remote secondary theatre of war just at the moment when the final touches were being given to the preparations for the true blow in the West. To the delivery of this blow, again, the attack on Holland and Belgium was an essential, but cunning diversion; it was not against the Allied left flank but against their centre, that the decision was to be sought, and the spearhead of the German forces was to be massed and used. Victory there, followed by its swift and ruthless exploitation, was to lay France prostrate beneath Hitler's heel, and open the way for the final reckoning with Britain, which could, after the seizure of the western coasts of Norway, the Low Countries and France, be sought under highly promising conditions.

That was the German plan of campaign for the summer of 1940. It certainly does not lack scope and range and ambition, and the execution has been so far worthy of it that though at the time of writing it has not yet achieved the full and decisive success its designers hoped for and expected, it is too early to say definitely that it has failed to do so. It has yielded the Nazis huge material and moral gains; it has laid three more of the free countries of Europe and the greater part of another, beneath their yoke, and placed all the resources of those lands at their disposal for the ends of war; it has heavily damaged the Allied armies, caused alarm and despondency among the friends of freedom the world over, has led Italy, long doubtful as to which was the likely victor in the war, so that she might fly to his succour before her help became superfluous, into the conflict as an ally of Germany, and has powerfully uplifted the waning morale and will to fight of the German people, to whom victory and the full reward of years of endurance and sacrifice are now held out as assured. It would be as foolish for us to shut our eyes to these things as it is for our

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enemy to believe as he would like to, and perhaps does believe —that they are decisive of the issue of the conflict. That can only be so if the hearts and minds of the British people allow it to become so—and of that there is now no sign at all. Rather is there ample evidence of a strengthening and extension of determined resolution, in all classes, to increase and intensify our efforts, to strengthen and consolidate our forces in all spheres, to compensate for what we have lost by drawing more rapidly and more lavishly on our immense untapped reservoir of war resources, and so stem and turn the tide still flowing at full flood against us and in favour of our enemies. That is the British spirit now, in the midst of a crisis as acute, and in face of a peril as fearsome, as any their history has ever known. While it endures they can never be defeated, for in the last resort, only he who admits himself beaten is indeed so; victory and defeat are things primarily of the heart and mind.

The course of recent events in Norway, the Low Countries, and France is too familiar to require narration save in outline. In the early morning hours of April 9th the German forces suddenly threw themselves upon Denmark and Norway. The former put up only a shadow of opposition, and that unauthorised by the Danish Government, which had no choice but to yield to overwhelming might. Norway refused to yield, but her resistance was seriously weakened by the disastrous effects of widespread treason within her own borders. The name of the leader of these traitors, Major Quisling, will probably go down to posterity coupled with those of Judas Iscariot, Ganelon and Marmont, but, whether for pay or in hope of future advancement, he and his like served their new masters well. The defences of Oslo, Bergen, Stavanger, Trondhjem and Narvik, which might well have afforded so stout a resistance as to jeopardise the whole prospect of success of the German campaign, were crippled by sabotage and false orders at the decisive moment and the invaders established on shore at all these points, thus doing much to cut off the whole country from any possibility of rapid Allied help from the West. Then, risking

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the perils of the short sea and air passage of the Skagerrak, the Germans poured troops across into Norway, as fast as they could be sent. The transports and storeships, and the naval forces used to cover and divert attention from them, suffered heavy losses, sufficient in the case of the latter to place the German Navy, as regards surface craft, in a state of definite and hopelessly irremediable inferiority to that of the Allies. But enough troops were set ashore to overrun all south Norway and beat back or scatter the small forces that were collecting under great difficulties to defend it. When, just a week after the German invasion the Allied expeditionary force landed at two points on either side of Trondheim and in the far north at Narvik, the Germans were too well established in south Norway for their grip on it to be shaken off. Their great aerial superiority, moreover, rendered the task even of maintaining the Allied force within radius of action from the Norwegian aerodromes, which they had seized in the first hours of the campaign too costly and precarious to be practicable. The main part of the expedition therefore retired in good order and comparatively little molested to its ships and re-embarked. Only at Narvik were operations pursued steadily, if slowly, with the help of Allied reinforcements and an air contingent able to deal effectively with the hostile thrust which had nullified our efforts in the south.

Towards the end of May, after six weeks of effort they were crowned with success; the long disputed town fell into our hands, and the process of elimination of the small German force in this area was rapidly being pressed on. Before it could be completed, however, the crisis of events in France compelled the Allies to withdraw this force from Norway, which thus passed entirely into the hands of the Germans. With it, of course goes the coveted winter route from the Swedish iron mines, with which however, for the time being Hitler can dispense, now that the Gulf of Bothnia is ice-free.

The failure of the Allied attempt to save Norway from falling into the hands of her invaders was a bitter disappointment —so bitter that in England it brought about the fall of the

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Chamberlain Government, and its replacement by a true all-party administration of all the talents, which at once brought a new spirit and tempo into the conduct of the war, and that none too soon. Yet it is clear in the light of subsequent events that the Allies were right in cutting their losses in Norway when they did, and that it would have suited Hitler's book perfectly to entangle them indefinitely in a perilous large scale commitment, which could only have been maintained at great risk and difficulty. In fact, the Chamberlain Government suffered on this occasion because it took the wise but unpopular course, though the main causes of the loss of confidence in it, increasingly felt by the country, had for a long time been cumulative, and were only brought to a head by the Norwegian failure.

The gains that Hitler hoped for from this enterprise were many, and by no means all of them were achieved. Though considered as a military achievement pure and simple the victory was nothing much to boast about, he managed to restore the German prestige and reputation for invincibility in arms which the inactivity of the winter had inevitably done something to diminish. He secured for his sorely tried and impoverished people the economic and food resources, such as they were, of two prosperous countries, and so eased the strained situation on the home front to some degree. And he secured an additional stretch of coast line on the North Sea shore, admirably suited for submarine and seaplane bases, though less well provided with land airfields, thus broadening his base for the ultimate attack on England, which he is known to have so dearly at heart.

On the other hand, he failed in some at least of the purposes we may reasonably have supposed him to have entertained. One, as we have already suggested, was to entangle the Allies in an eccentric and difficult subsidiary campaign, to which forces would be drawn away from the main theatre in the west and locked up at the very moment when the decisive German blow was to be delivered against us in France. But the Allies refused to be entangled even at the price of the inevitable loss of prestige involved in yet another failure to rescue from Ger-

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many's clutches a small nation that had appealed for their help when suddenly and overwhelmingly attacked. But a far more grievous disappointment to Hitler must have been his failure to lure the bulk of the British fleet into a position exposed to crippling blows from the German air force and the inability of that air force to inflict more than trifling loss upon it, even when ample opportunity offered, as it more than once did. Had our Navy fallen into this trap, the results might have been serious indeed. The British fleet now remains, and must remain the corner stone on which the ultimate Allied victory will be reared. The Norwegian campaign was, in one of its aspects at least, intended as one of Hitler's subtlest and most perilous blows at the former; while it remained in being, any serious attack on Britain, to his mind an indispensable preliminary of a German victory, must be, if possible at all, a desperate gamble from which even he, inveterate gambler as he is, might well shrink. The blow missed its mark. Within a few days—even before the smoke of battle and controversy occasioned by the Norwegian campaign had dispersed—the second great pillar of the Western alliance, the French army, was struck at in its turn and sorely smitten.

Exactly a month from the first day of her attack on Norway, Germany invaded Holland and Belgium in full force, without the slightest reason or pretext given, save her own brutal purpose to achieve swift victory by any and every means. Neither country was caught unprepared, but neither was ready for the immense weight and scope of the Nazi attack. The assault on Holland was prepared and accompanied by a skilfully and long-planned campaign within her borders, in which hordes of parachutists, dropped from the sky behind the Dutch lines, and followed by reinforcements borne in troop carrying aeroplanes as landing facilities became available, received effective aid from numerous and well organised "Fifth Column" elements. So great was the disorder and demoralisation caused by the nefarious work of these traitors and their helpers from without, that a considerable portion of the none too large Dutch army had to be brought back from the frontiers to deal

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with them. The Germans picking the spots in the line thus weakened quickly overran the successive lines of water on which Holland had retired, and penetrated into the heart of the country. At the same time the Dutch air defences were overwhelmed by a succession of furious air assaults in great strength, and the whole of the densely populated western area was laid open to pitiless bombing, to which there could be no resistance and no reply. Twenty-four hours of this terror, which inflicted a total of civilian casualties as yet mercifully uncounted, but certainly running into tens of thousands, was enough to induce the Dutch commander-in-chief, overburdened with a cruel responsiblity, to ask for terms of surrender, which were granted on the sixth day after the beginning of the German invasion. Apart from a handful of troops who for a few days carried on the struggle in the islands at the mouth of the Scheldt, independent Holland and her army and air force had ceased to exist, thus paying the price of an unreal neutrality which prevented her asking or arranging for help against her only possible aggressor until it was too late for that help to be effective.

Belgium, too, had adhered to the same foolish and short-sighted attitude, and she too was surprised and had her foremost line of defence, along the Albert Canal running from Liege to Antwerp, breached long before the arrival of Allied aid, swiftly as that aid was asked for and instantly as it was given. But the support of the B.E.F. and two strong French armies, which were hurried forward to prolong the strong line of the middle Meuse northward from Namur in front of Louvain and Antwerp, enabled the German advance here to be checked, and the break to be stemmed; and all might yet have been retrieved but for the disaster that befell the French army, then moving forward from the north westward extension of the Maginot line beyond Sedan to the strong line of the middle Meuse on the western border of the Forest of the Ardennes. This army was composed of second-class troops, ill trained, ill officered and ill commanded.

The Germans, moving faster and further than had been thought possible in the difficult terrain, and bringing into action in great numbers a large new type of tank, proof against the

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fire of the smaller French anti-tank weapons, reached the Meuse first, crossed it on some of the bridges still left intact, and delivered a massive attack which tore a huge rent in the French front. Through it there poured an avalanche of armoured and motorised troops, preceded by mosquito-like swarms of armoured cars and motor cycle machine-gunners, the onrush of the whole prepared, escorted and exploited by massed flights of bombing aircraft.

This mighty onslaught for some days swept all before it. It flung the southern and main portion of the French army back behind the strong line of the Aisne, the Crozat Canal, and the Somme, and even this strong front seemed for some time anything but secure in face of the vigorous German attempts, made at various points along it, to get a footing on its southern bank. These attempts all failed, but fraught with menace as they seemed at times, they were subsidiary to the main German effort, which was directed towards the Channel coast, with the purpose of widening the great breach in the Allied lines and cutting off and destroying the four Allied armies thus hemmed in against the sea.

How near this grandiose plan came to success, how narrowly it was foiled, is still vivid in the memory of us all. The dark day on which we heard that Boulogne had fallen into German hands, and the yet darker one of the surrender of the hapless young King of the Belgians and his army after a fortnight of furious fighting and heavy sacrifices—these seemed presages of more grievous things yet to come, for which the Prime Ministers both of Great Britain and of France had sadly and solemnly warned us to prepare and steel ourselves. Both countries settled down with grim sternness to remake and replace the armies and arms which it seemed must be lost utterly in the final stages of the tragic battle of Flanders, where they were apparently faced with the choice between surrender or destruction in the field.

That catastrophe, however, was happily and definitely avoided. The reasons why the Germans were unable to push their great and undeniable success to its decisive conclusion

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are many and various, and only future history can fully assess them, but we shall be safe in putting first and foremost the dauntlessness and resolution of the Allied forces apparently inexplicably caught in this steel trap, who, admirably led by coolheaded and capable commanders backed up by highly efficient staffs, had managed to hold open a narrow channel to the coast at Dunkirk, where a great fleet of Allied shipping, naval and mercantile, was made available to bring them away. Here, as so often throughout the whole course of that remarkable retreat, the theoretically impossible was tried and achieved, and the embarkation of large armies from open beaches, under constant gunfire from land and incessant hail of bombs and bullets from the sky, was effected with the minimum of disorder and loss. Grievous as had been the Allied defeat in Flanders, heavy as must have been the casualties in men and the sacrifice of armaments and supplies, the armies as a whole were extricated, intact in organisation, more surprising and more important still, unbroken in spirit and morale. The B.E.F. still lives to fight another day, and that was more than many of us in those unhappy days at the end of May would have dared ever to believe possible, much less to hope for.

Yet the army, magnificently as it fought, could never have saved itself but for the constant and heroic aid it received from the Royal Air Force throughout, and from the Navy and merchant marine at the last. The moral ascendancy gained over the enemy by our pilots and machines is a fact as surprising as it is undeniable, considering the heavy numerical odds against them and the inherent difficulties of their essentially defensive task. It is a fact full of promise for the future, from which we may draw good augury for the time to come when that numerical inferiority will have been wiped out and the R.A.F. will be able to reap full advantage from that moral ascendancy they have already so brilliantly and gallantly established. As for our Navy and merchant marine, they were called upon, as so often before in our history, to do what none but they could have done, and did it. The Army and the country did not appeal to or rely on them in vain ; their courage, resource, and seamanly

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skill proved equal to every demand and overcame every difficulty and peril. Words are insufficient to express our admiration or our debt, and few deeds in all the long history of British sea power have been more workmanlike or more serviceable than this evacuation of the B.E.F. from Flanders. But it is only right to remember the share in it taken by the French navy under Admiral Abrail, in supreme charge of the whole evacuation and of the defence of the port of Dunkirk until that operation had been completed.

The figures of gains and losses, so far as we are concerned, have now been given, and it is possible to form some sort of balanced picture. The total of Allied troops evacuated from the northern area amounted to some 335,000, of whom far the larger proportion were British, and the B.E.F.'s losses in the battles and retreat were stated at over 30,000. These cannot be considered high, all things considered, but it must be remembered that all its guns—over a thousand—all its tanks, many thousands of motor vehicles of all types, and large stocks of petrol, stores, supplies and equipment were left behind in Flanders. It is to be presumed that much of this miscellaneous booty will have been rendered immediately unserviceable to the enemy, but its value to him, if only as scrap-iron, must unhappily be considerable. Whatever may be our pride at the high military qualities shown by our troops and leaders and staffs, and whatever our sense of relief that so much has been saved from the wreckage, the ugly facts remain, and it would be folly to shut our eyes to them—that the Allies have suffered a resounding defeat, and that the enemy has scored a victory of which he may be trusted to make the most from every point of view in the military field, from the political standpoint, and in the sphere of propaganda as well.

He has, of course, paid his price for it, and a high one, though there is as yet no means of estimating that price with any pretence to accuracy. His own official figures give us no help, save as an indication of what he would like to have believed at home and abroad, and we are in fact safe in assuming that they are intended mainly for domestic consumption. His

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"official" military losses are given at some 60,000, and his losses in aeroplanes at 430; these may be multiplied by anything from five to ten, according to fancy, to get an approximation to the true figures. One may safely take seven as a good multiple, which would put the German air force losses at 3,000 machines, and personnel casualties at from 400,000 to 500,000, and these agree with semi-official British estimates. But these totals might well be anything from twenty to thirty per cent out in either direction, perhaps even more than that, and the war will have to be long over before we shall know the truth about them, if we ever do.

With the close of the Flanders epic, this chronicle, written in the first week in June, should have been brought to an end. As it was penned, another great battle was raging; the embattled armies of France, established on a hastily-fortified line along the courses of the Somme, the Crozat Canal, and the Aisne—all ground familiar to them and to us from our memories of twenty-five years ago—were at grips with an enemy flushed with victory and fully realising the urgent necessity of exploiting and completing that victory before the effects of it are lost. Any pause in his course would see the B.E.F. and the French contingent evacuated with it, rearmed, refitted, and hurried back across the Channel to take part once more in the battle line. At that moment it seemed that the German attack methods had lost with their novelty some of their effectiveness, in face of the newly improvised system of defence in great depth, and of concentrating all the stopping power of modern weapons less on the tanks leading the advance than on the more vulnerable infantry, motorised and marching, following up to secure the ground that tanks have overrun, seems to be proving its efficacy. These hopes proved illusory and in less than three weeks the French armies suffered a decisive defeat, and France lay prostrate under the invader's heel. This must fall to be described in our next issue.

Meanwhile, Britain, threatened as she has not been for a century and a half, with seeing the prospect of war on her own

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soil, is at last acutely alive to her peril, and dourly resolved to face and overcome it. The fierce spurt of her energy under new and inspired leadership, the unanimity, and even gladness, with which she has welcomed the drastic necessary measures of organisation and regimentation, the manner in which all ages and all classes have sprung and are standing to arms to repel any invader, whether he come by sea or air—all these may well give pause to even the most cunning and desperate of foes. That heavy and fierce attacks will be made upon us sooner or later is almost a certainty; Hitler will only with difficulty be brought to abandon his cherished dream of invading us, beating us to our knees, and riding through London in triumph. Yet long odds might safely be taken that it will remain a dream only. The great Moltke once said that he knew twenty ways of getting an army into England, but none of getting it out again. In fact, an army, large and well equipped enough to translate Hitler's vision into reality could only be transported in ships, and would have to effect a landing on our shores in face of opposition—one of the hardest tasks in modern war, even under favourable conditions, and a sheer impossibility without naval and aerial command of the stretch of water which it would have to cross and the stretch of coast on which it would have to land. "I don't say the enemy can't come," said St. Vincent, at the height of Napoleon's invasion scare; "I only say they can't come by sea." There is nothing to show that these words are any less true to-day than then.

Meanwhile, whatever the coming anxious and perilous weeks may bring us—may have perhaps already brought us before these words are read—let us always bear in mind the truth attested by all military history, from Marathon down to yesterday, that the loser in war is he who admits to himself and accepts defeat, and that the will to fight on while any means remain is the secret of ultimate victory. The British Empire has that spirit, to-day as so often heretofore, and the sooner it can provide itself with the means of victory in full and overflowing measure, the sooner will that said victory come, and the more decisive and complete will it be when it comes.

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It is for all of us, whether combatants or non-combatants, to keep that will firm and unimpaired, and for the non-combatants, if any of us can be so termed nowadays, to see to it that our fighting men are fully armed and equipped to do their part, as they have already so splendidly shown the world that they can.

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THE ROLE OF CAVALRY

(Translated from a German Article in the Magazine "Sankt Georg, Berlin," by Gustav Rau.)

THE world is filled with astonishment; the friends of Germany with admiration, their enemies with anger, that it was possible for the German armies to shatter the million-strong power of Poland in eighteen days. . . .

All those who have an interest in the horse ask themselves, of course, what rôle the horse played in the German campaign against Poland. The answer one may say, without fear of contradiction, is that the whirlwind advance of the German armies would not have been possible without the horse. Moreover, that the German-bred horse acquitted itself as we would have wished it to.

Beyond discussion, of course, is the value and importance of the motorized and mechanized units of the new German armies. But it must be remembered that they made up only a comparatively small part of the German forces. Yet, what is more interesting, these were hardly faster than the horse.

Every student of military affairs knows that every German infantry regiment possesses practically 500 horses, that the greatest part of our artillery is drawn by teams of horses.

Now, it is known from the various army orders published that five German armies participated in the advance on Poland. Therefore, one may assume that more than 200,000 horses participated on the German side in the campaign, and that this extraordinary number of horses gave the advance units of the German army their pace, or *tempo*.

Exact figures as to the number of horses participating are not yet available, nor do we as yet know the number of horses that fell by the wayside. We have already heard, however,

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that there was, in those exciting first eighteen days, no opportunity to set horses aside. One need hardly wonder, under the circumstances, that the advance was so swift.

The tactical manœuvres of the German armies during those days did not call for great cavalry action. And yet we know that the German Cavalry had, during that time, great accomplishments to its credit. The reports of G.H.Q. did not fail to mention the cavalry in its reports: "In magnificent cooperation did the Panzer and motor divisions, the cavalry and other forward units fulfil our hopes."

Division Commanders did not fail to single out the cavalry for useful operations. Indeed, certain squadrons performed unique heroic services. In the southern German army, over the most difficult terrain (consisting of terraces of vineyards) one cavalry squadron coolly attacked a Polish battery and forced it to surrender. The losses were negligible.

Even though the weather was extraordinarily good, making progress easy for motorized units, cavalry and horse-drawn artillery came strongly to the fore. The future of breeding, development, training, seems assured for German horses; experience gained in the Polish campaign seems to assure that.

It is well known, of course, that the Poles had prepared forty regiments of cavalry for the possibility of war. Furthermore, their cavalry was the apple of Marshal Pilsudski's eye, and he was the sponsor of the supposedly great Polish army. Indeed, the Polish cavalry enjoyed a great tradition; Poland's victories of the past had been fought almost entirely with knights a-horse.

Poland, therefore, in the days before the German conflict, did not speak merely of cavalry regiments, or divisions, but of whole cavalry armies, who would find all outdoors their field of action. The Polish cavalry was pledged to prompt and bloody action.

Actually, when the war broke out, the Polish cavalry was found distributed in a number of divisions and brigades. And it must be admitted that these cavalry units exhibited great bravery. At times, indeed, they attacked not only with the

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gallantry but with the weapons of the past; flung themselves with lances at German motorized units! Disaster was inevitable.

The Polish cavalry lacked suitable weapons and co-operation from neighbouring units. They were met and shattered, for all their bravery, by German aircraft and German armoured units.

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THE VALUE OF HORSE SHOWS IN FOSTERING THE "ESPRIT CAVALIER"

By Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.

It gave much satisfaction to his numerous friends to learn that Captain Xavier Bizard had been made a chevalier of the Legion of Honour just prior to the International Horse Show, Olympia, last year. It was not awarded alone for his yeoman service to his country in show jumping, but for maintaining the traditions of the "esprit cavalier" in the French Army.

Indeed, it might have appeared that the French were determined to flaunt those who had decreed that the horse or horseman could serve no further useful purpose in war in a truly mechanized era.

The French team which competed at the International Horse Show, Olympia, last June consisted of Captain Jeanpierre of Artillery, Captain Chevallier, Captain des Roches de Chassy Cavalry School, Saumur, and the following horses: Fanfan la Tulipe, Francais, d'Huis, Epreuve, Clair de Lune, Houlette, Bagatelle, Dé Bordé, Honduras, Halte Là.

Some of these horses were well-known performers at Olympia, particularly Honduras, which had won Captain Bizard the King George Gold Cup for the second time in 1937, when he arrived with eight horses as the sole representative of France, but the pick had been conspicuous by their absence in 1938. Thereby hangs the following story which reflects the greatest credit on Captain Bizard and entitles this intrepid horseman to a very great debt of gratitude from all British sportsmen, and from the Directors and Managers of the International Horse Show. It may not have been generally known that the French Government had declined the invitation to

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Captain J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, 7th Hussars, with Best Girl.

(Winner outright of King George V Gold Cup with Chelsea in 1930 and 1932 and with Best Girl in 1934, Cup re-presented by winner for competition).

Captain X. Bizard on Honduras.

(Winner of King George V Gold Cup in 1937, and winner of this trophy in 1927 with Quinine. Captain Bizard has competed at Olympia from 1924 to 1939).

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participate in the 1938 session at Olympia, in view of the fact that the Bucarest Horse Show was being held simultaneously, for which the French team had entered. To an S.O.S. cabled by Brigadier-General T. H. Marchant, D.S.O., the Joint Manager* of Olympia, Captain Bizard flew back to Saumur from Bucarest, where he collected a Saumur team consisting of the following officers and horses: Captain G. Jeanpierre, Lieutenant A. Broussaud, Lieutenant A. de la Simone, and Clair de Lune, Jacinthe, Javotte, Virgule, Bagatelle, Dé Bordé, Vindex, and Gobe Mouche, a seventeen-hand chestnut gelding, and despatched them to England. So unexpected was their arrival and so expeditious was the dispatch of team that the horses arrived after midnight at the Olympia entrance, and were admitted by the writer in his night attire. This team did not achieve the success they deserved, but Captain Bizard won the Military High Jump with Gobe Mouche, clearing 7ft. 4ins. It was a tragedy that this fine horse fractured his cannon bone when competing at the Berlin Horse Show later in the year, and had to be put down. This was an outstanding year for the British Army, as Major Friedberger won the King's Cup with his waler Derek, and the Prince of Wales' Cup was won by the team consisting of Derek, Blue Steel, Captain R. B. Sheppard and Big Sweep, Captain J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby.

It might be wondered why the French team had preferred to jump at Bucarest instead of Olympia, and the answer lies in the short-sighted policy of British Government at the time, for our Army jumping teams had ceased since 1927 to compete abroad, with the exception of Dominion Horse Shows, *i.e.*, Canada and Irish Free State.

This fact had an injurious reaction on the International Horse Show as foreign teams were disinclined to visit London, if their visit was not reciprocated, for Continental horse shows,

* No account of Olympia would be complete without referring to Mr. R. G. Heaton, who is the founder of the International Horse Show. It was in 1906 on his return to England, after visiting several of the Continental concours-hippique, that he laid the foundation stone for Olympia by calling a meeting in the now defunct Badminton Club, 127, Piccadilly, of old coaching fame, to discuss the possibilities of holding a horse show in London the following year. What horseman in Great Britain and Ireland owe the instigator of this show is quite inexpressible.

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in order to be successful, are always organised with a view to the interchange of visits by other countries' teams.

As the Roumanian Army team invariably competed at all these Continental horse shows, Bucarest deserved full support —further, there is much diplomatic influence behind such visits. It is an indisputable fact that British ambassadors in foreign countries were ever anxious to obtain a British team to compete at their respective Concours Hippique as, apart from the desire of "showing the Flag," the presence of their country's team assisted them in their diplomatic rôle; whereas its non-appearance left them with the ever-awkward resort to excuses.

For this session the Belgium team which was competing at Bucarest likewise declined, and the situation looked decidedly black for the military jumping events, which are by far the most attractive feature in any horse show—the opportunity to see officers of foreign armies in their various uniforms, to study the various styles of riding, to note the types of horses, all draw the crowds and guarantee the box office and the ultimate success of the show.

Besides, no one can under-estimate the *camaraderie* of the saddle or the good will which can be established between nations through the medium of the horse show.

The Belgian Ambassador, that very delightful personality, Baron Cartier de Marchienne, ever an enthusiastic friend and supporter of the Olympia Horse Show, persuaded his government to send a second Belgian team to London. Accordingly, Commandant Van Derton arrived with his team in the nick of time, with Lieutenant Moudron of the 1st Guides, the Household Cavalry Regiment of Belgium, and Lieutenant Delelienne, bringing the grey Ibrahim (winner of the 1935 and 1936 High Jump and a horse which had once changed hands for a big figure) the black Nuit de Chine, and the cocktail Gulden Vlies, which must be the most difficult horse to mount amongst all horse show entries. Portugal entered this year, and so the jumping competitions were saved from being apparently a competition between Great Britain and the Irish Free State. Indeed, what at first looked like being a disastrous session turned

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out to be most successful, and it was noteworthy for the only occasion on which officers from the Czecho-Slovakian Army competed, and for the largest number of foreign armies being represented at Olympia. It turned out to be a record year—Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland Irish Free State, and Portugal.

The Czecho-Slovakian Team

This fine muster, however, was partially due to the fact that the International Dressage Tests, held under the auspices of the Fédération Equestre International, and which were scheduled to take place at Prague, could not be held in the Bohemian capital owing to an outbreak of foot and mouth disease which prohibited the importation of horses. Through the medium of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club which is affiliated to the F.E.I. it was, therefore, arranged that the Dressage tests should be held in London. Captain Prochazka was the only representative of Czecho-Slovakia in the jumping events as unfortunately one of their jumpers was injured on the journey, whilst another injured his stifle on the opening days' jumping competition.

Led by Lieut.-Colonel Jaroslav Kadainka, the Commandant of the Cavalry School, Pardubice, (who was well known in the British Army, having been attached to the Greys at Aldershot), the four representatives of Czecho-Slovakia in Captain Josef Sin, Captain Frantiark Jandl and Commandant Pitlik rode into the arena at night for those spectacular parades which have always heralded the military jumping competitions. There was already much political tension in Central Europe and the team received an ovation from the spectators, with the typical British sympathy for a small nation. Behind their country's flag in khaki with very conspicuous yellow facings wearing the ubiquitous Sam Browne, this team struck an impressive note for it was felt that the shadow of tragedy was upon their country.

The anschluss was a *fait accompli* that March and included in the German dressage team was a particularly charming officer

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in Major Von Podhayski, who had been in the service of the Emperor of Austria and in the army of that country when it was liquidated. Oblt Sachenbacher of the Cavalry School, Hanover, won the Prix St. Georges Test and Captain Jousseaume, a French gunner officer, riding a chestnut mare of much quality, Favorite, won the Grand Prix de Dressage—for this latter event Colonel Gerhard of Germany rode the black Absinth (whose grand sire was Ard Patrick, sold to Germany as a stallion after winning the 1902 Derby). Competing for this event were Danish and Dutch officers, Captain Jensen struck a picturesque figure in sky blue with a scarlet shabraque on a very elegant thoroughbred horse called His Ex by Viceroy (which had been owned by King George V). The horse had been raced on the flat and across country in Denmark and owing to an injury to his fetlock joint which had caused considerable ossification, but strangely enough no hindrance to the flexion of the joint, he was turned to Haute Ecole.

Thus with eight countries represented, 1939 proved, in spite of the dismal outlook up to the very eve of the show, a unique year for the number of foreign armies competing. The managing directors however, had no wish to take such a risk or to go through a similar anxious period they had experienced prior to the past show. Accordingly action had to be taken which would circumvent any future hiatus and keep the international atmosphere of Olympia alive. It was, therefore, decided that it was essential that England should be represented at Nice and at Rome and they made the entries possible by guaranteeing the expenses of the teams abroad. The War Office, confident of the value of the interchange of such visits granted permission for the use of Government horses and for the training of the team at the Equitation School, Weedon. Italy, it should be stated, had been quite definite on the subject that an Italian team of officers would not visit London until British officers had competed in Rome. Accordingly a British team consisting of Major Sheppard, 7th Hussars, Major Friedberger, R.H.A., Major Ansell, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and Lieutenant Jenkins, 4th-7th Royal Dragoon Guards, set off

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for Nice with some eight horses, which consisted of Maguire, Cheddar, Susan, Blue Steel, Rodeo, Reflection, Shannon Priest and Teddy, and having competed there (Major Ansell having won the prize for the best individual performance at the show, and Lieutenant Jenkins the Swiss Cavalry Cup) the team entrained for Rome. The team was deeply touched with the warmth of welcome which it received and found even the stables of the Genoa Cavalry Regiment decorated with the British and Italian flags. Here they found eight foreign teams including the German team mustering eighteen horses—such was the strength of the Axis.

The British Officers and their horses proved to be invaluable ambassadors and one regrets that so little credit was given to the instigators of this movement. Again, in spite of the inestimable value of this visit it was quite deplorable that such a golden opportunity which was afforded our press to foster good feeling on the Continent in the British team's departure for Rome was almost ignored with the exception of *The Observer*, which gave the visit such striking headlines as " Camaraderie of the Saddle," " Army Team in Rome: a Good-will Visit " and " Fostering Bonds of Friendship." No other paper, however, took the cue for such an admirable cause to exploit for the benefit of international relations.

The Italian Team

True to their word and intentions expressed to our representatives in Rome, the Italians entered a team for Olympia immediately after the arrival of the British team.

After an absence of fifteen years the Italian team arrived under Lieut.-Colonel Count Bettoni, who had been one of the members of the previous team when Captain Count Borsarelli won the King George V Cup.

Few teams competing at Olympia have provided such a contrast in their horses; Adigrat, with which Colonel Bettoni of the Savoy Cavalry won the King's cup was of French Arab stock, the 17-hand black Torno, ridden by Captain Gutierrez, was a German-bred quality horse typical of the type ridden by the German cavalry officer prior to 1914. Major Lombardo

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and Captain Conforti rode horses much of the same type, two of which were Irish, and one German in Valaroso. Major Filipponi, however, provided a greater contrast with the seventeen-year-old grey or turned white Nasello Italico which had a unique history.

Foaled in 1922, of a Lipizzaner stallion Neapolitano Bresica at the Lipizza Stud in the Tyrol (now the property of the Italian Government, but for years the nursery of the Spanish School of Vienna), this horse was, as a four-year-old, drafted to the Piemonte Reale Cavalry Regiment. In view of his conformation recalling the breed which had provided the House of Hapsburg with its decorative carriage horses, and also because he proved difficult to ride, Nasello Italico was relegated to the regimental transport wagon. Captain Filipponi later rescued him from harness and devoted much time in endeavouring to train him and get his neck supple as he proved to be a good jumper. The horse carried his seventeen years lightly and was particularly excitable before entering the jumping arena—a steadying influence was provided in the fire engine drawn up in the collecting ring which belonged to the " Piccadilly display " of Victorian era. Dismounting his rider would lead the horse alongside the pole of this strange vehicle to obtain instant tranquillity.

This horse, which had beaten Maguire in Rome for the King's Cup by one-fifth of a second, after clear rounds came to grief at the " Liverpool " fence in the preliminary qualifying competition for the King's Cup and was lame, unfortunately, throughout the whole show.

The Italian officers were exceedingly smart in horizon blue uniform, their jackets were cut on the British pattern with rolled collar which showed off the scarlet tie worn by the Savoy Cavalry, their headdress was something similar to our army, but with a leather peak and a wide yellow band denoting cavalry. The ribbon of the Allies Victory Medal was conspicuous for its absence with those officers who had served throughout the Great War, no doubt its presence may have been considered prejudicial to the formation of the Axis or

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invoke the wrath of the German Führer! Countries appear to be very touchy on the subject of medals bestowed by foreign powers even in peace times: in war this is particularly the case, and one recalls at the base, Rouen, that an officer of The Royal Dragoons had to reduce his row of ribbons regretfully owing to the fact that two had been awarded by the Kaiser.

This visit to London made a deep impression on the Italian officers, who expressed much pleasure, if not astonishment, at the warmth of the welcome which they received every time they entered the arena.

In spite, however, of the jumping prowess of the Italian team, England won the Prince of Wales's Cup with Big Sweep, Captain Butler, Maguire, Major Kindersley, and Cark Clever Vixen (a dual winner of the Irish Cup) with her owner, Major Brunker. The date of this competition clashed with the semi-finals of the inter-regimental polo tournament, and, having completed his two rounds with only 4 faults, Captain Butler dashed off to Hurlingham to play for his regiment, the 13th/18th Hussars.

Norway actually accepted the invitation to jump at Olympia last year, but, owing to injuries to their horses, had to cancel their departure at the last moment; the Norwegian Cavalry School was situated at Hamar, a town much before the public eye so very recently—the following extract from a letter written by Fenrik (Lieutenant) Ostdahl, 1st Dragoon Regiment, makes tragic reading at this present time—" I am stationed at Hamar, a small town somewhat seventy-five miles from Oslo, where my regiment has its remount establishment. Will you address your next letter to Ridehuset, Hamar, the first word simply means the manège." The Scandinavian countries, owing to the sea journey, have rarely competed at Olympia. Sweden, however, competed in 1934, when their team included H.R.H. Prince Gustaf Adolf.

Turkey competed for the first time in Olympia in 1937, the Coronation year, wearing khaki. The team was difficult to distinguish from the Roumanian team from the spectators' point of view. Like the Roumanians, the officers were of the

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short stocky build. The Turks' horses were not trained to the Olympia standard, but their team, consisting of Captain Djerat Kula, Captain Djerat Gurkan, and Lieutenant Eundju, put up a fine sporting performance.

The German Army Team

Germany last competed in 1937 with a very formidable team in Rittmeister von Momm, Rittmeister Von Wangenheim, Rittmeister Barnekow, Oblt. Kurt Hasse, Oblt. Brinckmann, from the Cavalry School, Hanover.

It was a particularly level team as regards both riders and horses. In contrast to their dressage team, the jumping officers were all light weights, and their horses, true to the Hanoverian type in conformation. Large framed, and apparently too heavy for their rôle, they were nevertheless fine performers, and were trained to the proverbial " T." Alchimist, ridden by Oblt Von Brinkman, was a massive horse, with a colossal jump in him; he must have been one of the largest-framed animals to have ever competed in Olympia.

In spite of their training, horseflesh, and reputation abroad, the Germans found the major prizes at Olympia too elusive.

Germany's Cavalry

At Versailles the German Army was limited to eighteen regiments of cavalry and twenty-one regiments of infantry. In order to carry out disarmament and the reduction of the 113 cavalry regiments which existed under the Imperial Army Germany employed other methods than those adopted by England or France in ruthlessly disbanding regiments and battalions, obliterating their very identity and trampling on noble traditions.

With the eighteen Reiter regiments it was still possible that every individual cavalry regiment of the pre-1914 army could be represented by a squadron or troop which would preserve and embody the traditions, battle honours, and property of that regiment, and at the same time furnish a cadre for expansion. A commendable decision, and further, as their regiments

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consisted of five or six squadrons, expansion in the future for " reiterregimenter " horsed cavalry regiments—was guaranteed to eliminate any problem.

With the German love for tradition and history, particularly where the army was concerned, it was unlikely that regiments of the calibre of the 1st Guards Dragoners would suffer extinction. This was the regiment which the late General " Soarer " Campbell charged successfully with his 9th Lancers at Moncel in September, 1914, an episode which is referred to at length in the History of the German Cavalry in Belgium and France in 1914, written by the German Cavalry General Von Poseck, who incidentally judged the International Dressage Test at Olympia in 1938.

The 113 German cavalry regiments were, therefore, reduced to squadrons or troops embodied together as a separate unit under a regimental number. A perusal of the German Army List for 1932 shows these eighteen cavalry regiments and the identity of the regiments embraced in the composition. It is of interest to note that in contrast to our Army List, precedence amongst the various branches of the service in the German Army is given to the infantry, followed by cavalry and artillery. This fact recalls a story recounted by Lord Baden-Powell on his return from the German Army manœuvres which he had attended as the guest of the Kaiser in 1906.

The German Emperor asked the then Inspector General of Cavalry why England placed the troops which fulfilled the most important rôle in battle last in precedence. An awkward question, but it was aptly parried by Lord Baden Powell with the reply of " merely alphabetical order " !

Thus, in contrast to the British Army, German regiments did not suffer obliteration, nor even amalgamation. Simultaneously in 1922 with the particularly tragic disbandment of those fine fighting Irish regiments in the Royal Irish, the Leinsters, Connaught Rangers, Munster Fusiliers and Dublin Fusiliers, whose services to the Crown are so sorely missed to-day, the following cavalry regiments in the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, 19th Hussars, 20th Hussars, and 21st Lancers, appeared in

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orders for disbandment. The "Dandy Fifth" were no doubt singled out in view of a period of broken service in their history. Lord Haig and Lord Allenby saw the crime of disbandment and were adamant against the obliteration of traditions based, as they were in the case of the 5th Lancers, on Marlborough's victories (the 5th lost their first commanding officer in Colonel Wynne, who fell mortally wounded at Moorsleede, east of Ypres, during the Williamite campaign in Flanders).

Consequently the dissolution of these four cavalry regiments was rescinded, but in their reprieve they were amalgamated or linked with the following four regiments in a further reduction scheme: 13th Hussars, 14th Hussars, 16th Lancers and 17th Lancers, under the nomenclature of 16th/5th Lancers, 13th/18th Hussars, 14th/20th Hussars, and 17th/21st Lancers.

Later other cavalry regiments were picked out for amalgamation and the somewhat hybrid procedure which has, however, proved to be a particularly happy one was in the linking of a regiment of light Dragoons with a regiment of heavy Dragoons under the unsavoury nomenclature of 5th/6th Dragoon Guards, until the regiment wisely decided to seal hermetically the amalgamation in the admirable title of 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and at the time sharing all the battle honours gained by the 5th Dragoon Guards and the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.

The amalgamated 3rd Dragoon Guards and the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers) likewise soldered their title and identification under the nomenclature of 3rd Carabiniers.

One evinces surprise at the proportion of cavalry to infantry which was maintained by Germany. The *raison d'etre* it was considered that a trained cavalryman could be made adaptable more easily for any other branch of the service, and that the cavalry training would guarantee the foundation for utility and foster initiative, morale, and élan.

Actually Germany never lost faith in the value of cavalry or cavalry training, and this faith appears to have been justified in view of their services throughout the Polish campaign. Within recent years if one remarked to German Officers on the number of cavalry regiments in the army compared to other

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armies which had been so exploiting mechanisation, the answer was invariably " East Prussia."

For years prior to the war which is now being waged, Germany made considerable purchases of horses in the British Isles, she had a contract with the Irish Free State to supply 100 horses per month for gun teams, and simultaneously took full advantage of the mechanization of our own cavalry regiments, particularly the Inniskillings, and the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, to purchase trained troop horses (which would have been invaluable some twelve months later when it was decided to horse the Yeomanry division for Palestine) at the various sales or through agents.

In fact, so depleted of horseflesh was the British Army in 1939, that for the first time ever recorded military attachés could not be mounted at the Trooping of the Colour, and had to be accommodated with seats in a stand.

Prior to the outbreak of hostilities our adversary made no efforts to conceal the fact that he was fully occupied in remodelling the *arme blanche* on the most modern basis in order to enable horsemen to co-operate with motorized troops in the field for the purposes of a " blitzkrieg." Further, Germany maintains horse artillery, the writer saw batteries of artillery on the line of march on the outskirts of Munich in July, 1938. The teams were particularly well matched and were all black breedy looking horses, the guns and limbers striking a sinister note in their camouflage.

Horsed transport is still employed to a large extent and the infantry regiments maintain their officers chargers. When witnessing the mounting of the guard in the quadrangle of the Imperial Palace in Vienna in May, 1939, one noted that the officers commanding the old and new guards respectively were both mounted. The band, moreover, could boast the equine element although it was in the shape of a shetland pony harnessed to a miniature wagonette in which the big drum was placed—behind this picturesque " *attelage* " marched the big drummer beating the drum.

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German cavalry officers are particularly smart, invariably clean shaven and much be-monocled. All officers of the regular army wear a pair of silver cords in their forage caps in place of the leather chin straps which the under-officers and N.C.O's. wear. With field grey tunics (and with the white tunics which they wear in summer) very decorative epaulettes are worn bearing the number of the regiment and the rank of the individual. In cavalry black Blücher boots and spurs are worn by all ranks. Yellow piping is worn down the seams of the overalls of slack pattern (with which are worn box spurs) and on the collar and head dress in cavalry.

The Sam Browne belt with cross strap, which the British Army has practically discarded with the exception of the few remaining cavalry regiments and the horsed yeomanry units, is worn on duty. When off duty, at social functions and race meetings officers carried a particularly decorative dirk of bayonet like dimensions, embossed in silver hanging from a pair of silver slings from a belt beneath the tunic. Cavalry and artillery N.C.O's carry a sword.

In spite of its colossal expansion few armies in the world have undergone less change with regard to its uniform and accoutrements than Germany since the Great War. In fact, the uniform and equipment for all branches of the army remains identical with that of 1918.

Over the right pocket the emblem of Nationalist Socialist Germany, i.e. the Eagle surmounting the Swastika is embroidered.

In the Air Arm alone this emblem is not worn and, instead, a bird in flight is depicted.

War medals or decorations are worn for ceremonial parades, but on other occasions the ribbons suffice as in the British Army. One noted the sky blue Olympic Games medal ribbon awarded for success in the Concours-Hippique events amongst the war ribbons.

With the exception of our Indian Army, which has different names for its Indian officers' ranks in Cavalry and Infantry, the German Army is unique in having a different name for a Captain

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of Cavalry and a Captain of Infantry and Artillery. Rittmeister identifies the former and Hauptmann the latter.

The horse transport likewise remains the same, the " G.S." wagons with their swingle trees and low hanging poles.

The saddlery is of very mediocre quality and appeared to be badly tanned. The bits are of the elongated swan cheeked pattern, and nothing to compare with our exceedingly practical and universal reversible bit.

All ranks appear to have been imbued with " The esprit Cavalier," and they concentrated on all equestrian sport. Every race programme included a large percentage of steeplechases " jagdrennen " confined to officers, the conditions stipulating that uniform was to be worn.

It was noticeable that trench jumps were included in the Concour-Hippique. At Munich, in July 1938, this obstacle was of most formidable dimensions, the trench was placed awkwardly at the top of a glacis-like approach at the base of which was a post and rails which had to be negotiated first—this post and rails no doubt represented a *chevaux de frise.* The trench itself was a " yawner " and not of the narrow slit calibre, its sides were revetted with corrugated iron, and it included a fire step.

Horses in the German Army appear to be in fine condition. At Munich stables were of recent vintage, and the numerous riding schools clustered together were also quite modern and contained every type of obstacle even to a water jump. One noted that extracts from Xenophon on horsemastership were painted in large print along the walls.

Cavalry officers appeared to be exceptionally keen and indefatigable. There was no sign of indolence or taking things easy. General Von Poseck's statement " the cavalry commander and cavalry officer's greatest blunder is inactivity " appeared to be the motto of the cavalry corps prior to the war.

There appeared to be a great gulf between the regular army officers and those belonging to the S.S. (Schutz-Staffel). If one inquired as to the name of a regiment and it happened to be that of S.S. calibre, the answer was " political " said with much emphasis and the professional soldier's disdain for politics and all politicians.

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Hungarian Cavalry

Unfortunately, Hungarian Cavalry has never competed at Olympia, which fact has been greatly deplored. Hungarian Cavalry have established a reputation for their horsemanship the world over, and the British public has never had the opportunity of witnessing these very finished horsemen.

Similar to all armies, particularly those belonging to countries which suffered a loss of territory after the 1914–18 clash of arms, the establishment of the Hungarian army was reduced considerably; actually some twenty-seven cavalry regiments were melted down to the following four, which are, appropriately, Hussars:

The Francis Joseph	No. 1
Arpád Hussars	No. 2
Nadasdy Hussars	No. 3
Hadik Hussars	No. 4

Hungary is the traditional home of Hussars, as Poland is the home of Lancers.

The value of light cavalry was so well demonstrated by the Huszárok of Hungary that Germany created regiments of "Husaren" which fought so desperately to guarantee their retention, one regiment receiving the unique nomenclature of the Death's Head Hussars.

France employed "Hussards" throughout the Napoleonic wars, in fact they were the *élite* of the French Cavalry, and in the Franco-Prussian War, at Mars-la-Tour, Hussar regiments covered themselves with glory in that colossal battle known as the "Death Ride," "La Chevanchee de la Mort" or "Der Todtenoritt."

Great Britain converted four of her Light Dragoon regiments in the 7th, 10th, 15th, and 18th, into Hussars in 1806, the 11th Light Dragoons being converted some thirty years later. In the charge at Balaklava, the Light Brigade, composed of the 8th and 11th Hussars, 4th and 13th Light Dragoons, and 17th Lancers guaranteed that the name Hussar would be associated with one of the bravest feats ever undertaken by British Arms.

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Linked with this glorious tragedy is the name of Captain Edward Nolan, the son of a British officer, of Irish stock, who on retirement had accepted a Consular post in Austria and who put his three sons into the Hungarian Cavalry—Hussar Regiments. Edward Nolan later purchased a commission in the 15th Hussars and sailed for the Crimea in the rôle of galloper to General Airey—Lord Raglan's chief of staff.

As the lance cap, or "czapka," and double-breasted tunic, or "ulanka" with its "plastron," has ever been associated with lancer uniform in all European armies, so the Hussars were noted for the figure of eight braiding on their tunics, for the "pelisse" or jacket slung from the left shoulder, and for the astrakhan fur busbies and coloured busby bag which are the decorative features of the Hussar uniform which Meissonier delighted to portray.

To-day the Hungarian Cavalry uniform is most picturesque and well cut, blue in various shades being the predominating colour. The Cavalry being Hussars, wear Hussar jackets heavily braided.

Khaki is the universal colour for service dress with which officers wear a high-crowned kepi in black. Rank is denoted by stars on coloured gorgets on the collar, light blue representing cavalry (in contrast to yellow, the almost universal colour used throughout all armies), artillery red, and infantry green. The device on all the regimental buttons appeared in the Royal Hungarian Crown.

Besides the four regiments of Hussars which Hungary employed in Slovakia in November, 1938, and again in the Carpatho-Ukraine in March, 1939, there are the Royal Hungarian Horse Guards, which furnish the Bodyguard at Budapest for the Regent, Admiral Horthy. The writer was taken over the stables of the Bodyguard by the Commandant, Lieut.-Col. Lázár, who had distinguished himself in the Great War when charging Russian cavalry, and again against the diabolical hordes of Bolshevik Russia which threatened to ravish this delightful and decidedly aristocratic country.

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Here at the Royal Palace a Spanish School of Haute-Ecole has been revived, but the riders, unlike those of the celebrated Viennese establishment, wear Hussar uniform of light blue colour. Riding grey horses, with scarlet shabraques, they provide a superb spectacle in the magnificent riding school of the Royal Palace.

Hungary is like Ireland, the very cradle of the horse, and like Ireland possesses its own standard type. Reared on the "Pusza" of the Hortobágy, they have all the essentials in conformation for the ideal saddle horse, boasting good shoulders, length of rein, clean limbs, and a breedy intelligent head with a bold eye. They possess great stamina, which shows the Arab ancestry which courses through their veins. In the winter of 1938–39 Hungary experienced difficulty in supplying her own army with horses, in view of the large purchases made by both the Polish and German Governments.

The renowned State studs of Babolna and Kisbér are military establishments, commanded by Colonel Petietko-Satner, the personnel being furnished by the army. Bâbolna maintains a mounted boys' band, which must be unique in the whole world. The average age of the members is fourteen; incidentally, it is recruited from the sons of soldiers. They play and ride like seasoned veterans on their Arab mounts. One hopes they will yet be seen performing in the arena of Olympia.

The Cavalry of Switzerland

The Swiss Army team has been conspicuous by its absence from Olympia, although it competes at Dublin annually. This army which employs the same system as that which was in vogue throughout the Indian Cavalry up to the war years, known as the Silladar system, i.e., the horse is, or becomes, the personal property of the trooper. On enlistment, the cavalry recruit when called up for his military service either brings his horse with him, or purchases his horse from the Government. This method undoubtedly tends to make the trooper take better care of his horse and, therefore, guarantees a greater perfection in horsemastership.

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The Remount Depôt, or the Kavallerie Remounten depôt, at Beundenfeld, is situated in the most picturesque surroundings outside Berne. It is a vast and compact establishment in the charge of Colonel E. A. Haccius. Owing to the physical features of his country, the Swiss horseman is decidedly limited; there is no fox or stag hunting, so he confines his activities to the manège, dressage, and jumping competitions. Paper-chasing provides an outlet for his desire to ride across country, but this can only take place in October or in April in the mountains and on the plains for a brief period after the harvest.

Snow conditions form no eliminating feature for the Swiss horseman, and a number of their horse shows are held in the snow. At Gstaad and at Chateau d'oex the jumps consisted of the usual type from oxers to railway crossing gates. The former boasted an Irish bank in snow, the sides having been revetted with wood.

The course, or "la piste," is usually two or three feet deep in snow which is chain harrowed for some days previously in order to make the surface possible for riding. Racing and jumping in the snow demands a particular type of shoe with "crampons" and calkins, and to cater for the surface conditions the Swiss farrier has to be, and is, an expert at his work. These "crampons" are screwed into the toe of each shoe, which are removed with a clamp on the horses' return to stables. Prizes for the winners of these races and jumping competitions which are organized by the Cavalry Societies in the various districts, take the form of saddlery or stable requisites; a saddle, a bridle, or a horse rug may be the reward for the winner of a jumping event, for a hurdle race, or for skijöring.

The Swiss Army has established a formidable reputation for show jumping, and their team won the Aga Khan's Gold Cup at the Dublin Horse Show outright by winning it for the third time in 1930. An interesting feature of the Berne establishment was a replica of the renowned Ball's Bridge arena with Irish double banks and stone walls. The most formidable bank is called "Le grand telus de Dublin."

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Their successes are no doubt due to a large extent to the fact that they are extremely well mounted. The Swiss pay big prices for their horses, and can be said to have concentrated entirely on Irish horseflesh. In 1931 statistics showed that over 88 per cent. were Irish horses bought at Cahirmee, Banagher, the Dublin Show, or indiscriminately by agents throughout Southern Ireland. 800 horses pass through Berne every year; purchased as four-year-olds they are first isolated and subjected to inoculation against strangles, trained, and despatched to the regiments which are called Dragoons. Horses which show a special aptitude for jumping are retained and schooled as show jumpers at this " Weedon " of the Swiss Army.

Berne, it should be stated, supplies instructors to the Cavalry regiments, as the remount depot at Thune, run on the identical, but decidedly miniature lines to those at Berne, supplies instructors and horses to the artillery and transport train.

The colour of the Swiss uniform is field grey and is cut on the lines of our service dress jacket but with stand up collar; rank is denoted by stars on the collar, and the headdress is of the high crowned kepi pattern with a leather peak. Yellow distinguishes cavalry on the collar and facings. The buttons are embossed with the cross of Helvetia which is universal throughout the army. All officers wear the accommodating Sam Browne belt.

Military service is compulsory in Switzerland for all fit men between the ages of 18 and 38. Every village in Switzerland boasts a rifle range and the standard of musketry is particularly high. As it might be expected in a mountainous country where economy of land has to be practised to a nicety, much difficulty is experienced in siteing these ranges. The writer has seen recruits being taught riding in a manège situated in a hollow below a firing point whilst other recruits were endeavouring to classify in musketry. The element of danger had been removed in placing the firing point well behind loopholes. Statistics show that the Swiss standard of musketry was higher than any other army prior to 1914. On the completion of his service

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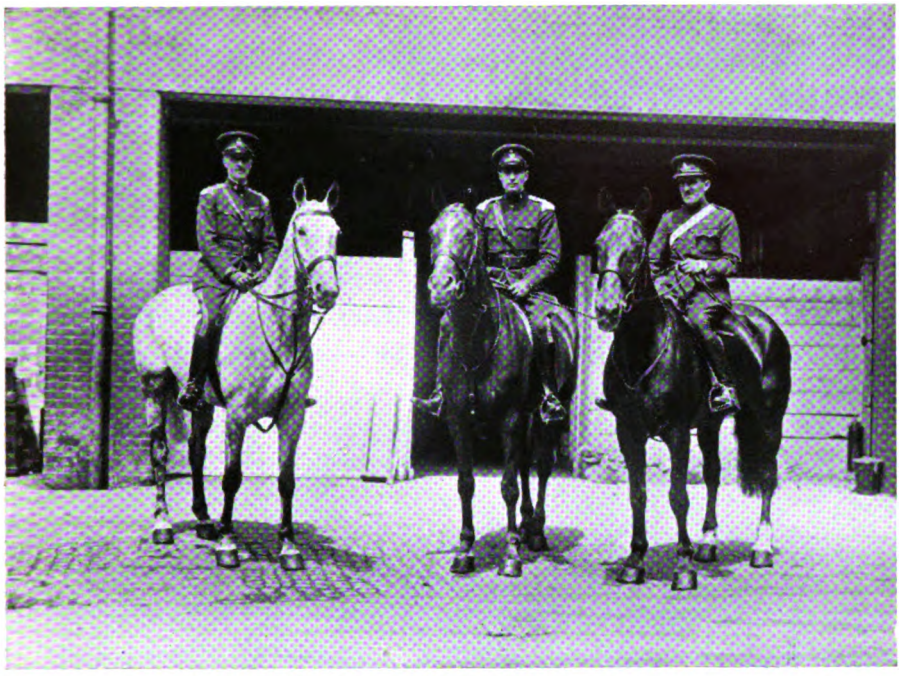

[*Photo Rouel*

Prince of Wales Cup, 1938.

Captain R. B. Sheppard on Blue Steel, Captain J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby on Big Sweep, Major J. C. Friedberger on Derek.

British Team 1939. Winners Edward Prince of Wales Gold Challenge Cup.

Left to right: Major N. H. Kindersley on Maguire, Major C. H. Brunker on Cark Silver Vixen, Captain W. F. Butler on Big Sweep.

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militaire the Swiss soldier's rifle and accoutrements automatically becomes his own property, consequently the Swiss are a heavily armed nation. With some 60 per cent. German speaking inhabitants, they appear to have modelled their army on that of the German school. In a country like Switzerland, where there is no universal language, the army, naturally, suffers from the difficulty of cohesion; 30 per cent. speaking French, and 10 per cent. speaking Italian.

Their army manoeuvres of 1926 were decidedly Germanic in character, intensified by the presence of General Von Kluck, the celebrated opponent of the old "Contemptibles" in August, 1914. During the operations he greeted the British military attaché with the words: "Mons, Le Cateau, and now we are friends."

The British Army Team

Last, but not least, comes the cavalry of Great Britain sadly reduced in establishment. In spite, however, of the Geddes' axe which functioned so ruthlessly in 1922, and the fact of having been transferred from its horses to Armoured Fighting Vehicles, it has nobly maintained its tradition in war and in sport. The *élan* ever associated with the cavalryman has not diminished, and has proved to be an essential factor for fighting as motorised or mechanized troops. In a recent article written by a French Cavalry Commander, on the value and rôle of Saumur,* the necessity of keeping up *l'esprit cavalier* is emphasised as follows: "Officers of the future will be expected to handle cavalry or motor vehicles, and the same spirit is required for handling each."

The value of this spirit and cavalry training has been proved "up to the hilt" in the recent fighting in Belgium, particularly by the 12th Lancers. This regiment is referred to officially as "an example to all of what can be achieved by a highly trained and disciplined unit, fearlessly led." The C.O., Lieut.-Col. H. Lumsden, M.C., is a well-known rider under National Hunt Rules. One deplores the death in action of Lieutenant I. K. Muir, 10th Hussars, who finished ninth on his own horse Away in the Grand National last April.

* As this article goes into print one learns that the famous cavalry School of Saumur and the home of the "Cadre Noir" has been occupied by the German invaders. Those who have had the privilege of witnessing this most elegant "ritual" performed by those superb French cavalrymen at Olympia in 1934 and in 1937 will indeed deplore this fact.

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The spirit of British cavalry has never waned and the record established in the past two years at the International Horse Show, Olympia, testifies to this fact. In spite of mechanization and the accompanying dearth of horseflesh Great Britain won the King George Gold Cup and the Edward Prince of Wales' Gold Challenge Cup in 1938. In 1939 it again achieved the distinction of winning the Prince of Wales' Cup which being a team event reflects greater credit to an army than individual success in the King's Cup. It will cast no reflection on the horses belonging to the team to state that the combined value of the three horses would not have covered the sum paid by the I.F.S. team for any one of their jumpers. The possession of a horse such as Limerick Lace (by Mellery, sire of Mellery's Belle, second in the National of 1930), valued at £2,500, would have been far beyond the dreams of any of our soldiers. But it must be remembered that this team has also been maintained as a medium of propaganda for Eire and for proclaiming the status of Southern Ireland, and as a superb advertisement for her trade in horseflesh.

Such horses of the type and quality of Ireland's Own, valued at £2,000, Red Hugh and Tramore Bay, valued at £500 each are in contrast to the waler Derek who was once in a gun team, the "Hobdayed" Kineton, Big Sweep, or Maguire which gives all the more credit to the rider-trainers.

Further, *Anno Domini* has had to be contended with—Sea Count was competing in 1937, aged 27, with Major J. H. Dudgeon of the Greys.* It was this horse which drew the following comment from Captain Bizard, after he had jumped a clear two feet over the last fence with the late Captain W. H. Muir, King's Dragoon Guards, to win the Prince of Wales' Cup in 1930. "Ce n'est pas un cheval, c'est un ascenseur." One recalls other fine performers at Olympia which were originally all troop

* Served throughout the War in France with the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, and in 1922 was transferred to the 14/20th Hussars. Was present at the battles of the Somme, 1916, 1918, Morval, Cambrai, 1917, 1918, and subsequently in the battles of St. Quentin, Avre, Amiens, Hindenburg Line, St. Quentin Canal, and the pursuit to Mons.

In the year 1921, "Sea Count" won big jumping competitions on the Rhine. He was in the English team at Olympia from 1927 to 1932 inclusive, twice in the English team at the Dublin Horse Show, five consecutive years winner of the Duke of York's Cup at Richmond and twice winner of the Duke of Atholl's Cup at Ranelagh and many other prizes.

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horses—Nancy, ridden by Captain (now Lieut.-Colonel) D. A. Stirling, 13th/18th Hussars, Chelsea and Best Girl, winners of the King's Cup with Captain J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, 7th Hussars.

The record for the number of years in which any individual officer has jumped at Olympia is held by Captain Bizard,* who has competed consistently since 1924. The number of fences which he has jumped at Olympia must run close on 3,000, allowing for the number of competitions, taking an average of three horses to ride, the barrages, or " jumps off."

Captain Talbot-Ponsonby fills second place, and it would appear that he is closely followed by Major Dudgeon and Lieut.-Col. A. L. Cameron, R.H.A.

What Olympia has done for British cavalry, and what the British cavalry have done in Olympia makes it essential that the International Horse Show should be revived after the present turmoil. The quite inestimable value to be derived from competing at International Horse Shows against officers of other nations has never been fully realised. (1) The individual has his mind broadened. (2) He visits foreign capitals and countries. (3) He fraternises with foreign officers and becomes cognisant with the uniforms of other armies. (4) He gets the incentive for learning languages. (5) It will break down the insular outlook, and one will realise that " the furriners " are not such bad fellows really, particularly when one meets them through the medium of horses, for horses have no politics and ignore all boundaries.

Last, but not least, he will show that the British horseman is the harbinger of goodwill and the essence of chivalry.

Floreat Olympia !

* With his country in adversity the following references about Captain Bizard will not be out of place as they show the grand spirit which has ever animated this superb French cavalryman. Returning from his success in the King's Gold Cup he said to the writer's wife, " Madame, it was all due to you for drawing my lucky number ! " No one can ever forget his thrilling victory in the *Daily Mail* Cup in 1938 over Captain Corry of the I.F.S. team. It was well after midnight and each had jumped clear rounds, and there was a " barrage." The first " jump off " registered further clear rounds, the fences being raised accordingly ; the second " jump off " saw no faults and the fences were raised by 4 inches and reduced from nine obstacles to six. Both horsemen now dismounted and entered the arena to " walk the course " amidst a silence,—the spectators thrilled to the very core. Yet again these fine horsemen jumped clear rounds apiece. Back into the collecting ring rode Captain Corry on Red Hugh and called out " Bizard, let's divide it ! " But the Frenchman astride of the raking Gobe Mouche merely dropped his reins on his horse's withers and with a typical Gallic gesture replied, " We jump ! "

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The April *Army Quarterly* is an excellent number, full of good things. Besides the usual chronological features on the events of the war on land, at sea, and in the air (including one on the Finnish campaign), Lieutenant-Colonel de Watteville's article on "Total War and Blitzkrieg," the translation of a German account of the work of a motorised reconnaissance unit in Poland, and an anonymous study of the problem of the neutrals to-day are well worth close study. Colonel de Watteville outlines the evolution of the German theory of the *blitzkrieg* as the necessary corollary of the Nazi doctrine of total war and of Germany's economic unfitness for a prolonged struggle of attrition. But such a theory is obviously not applicable to conditions on the Western front, and hence Hitler, who has his own ideas about waging war, has been trying to wage it against the Allies by a *guerre de course* at sea and in the air, and by intrigue and diplomacy aimed at wrecking their mutual internal unity and disintegrating their war effort and morale. The "Problem of the Neutrals" confines itself to discussing the possibilities of a German offensive through Switzerland, Holland or Belgium, and concludes that if it be her purpose to obtain sea and air bases against Britain, her route would be by the northern Netherlands; if to turn the flank of the Maginot Line, by the "Limburg appendix" of Holland. Neither seems to offer very promising chances of success. Mr. Cowie has an article showing the scope and development of the British Empire's contribution to our war effort—an effort more and more taking an economic and material form rather than one of massed man-power, as in the last war. A series of varied items such as a description of the Bakenlaagte campaign in the Boer War, an account of police work in Palestine, and a history of certain military customs and survivals, affords a welcome change from current topics and troubles.

Fighting Forces for April, too, consists for the most part of chronicle articles. Lieutenant-Colonel MacNamara continues his series on "Parliament and the War," and pleads for better

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political unity and stability, in the long and trying years of struggle that he is sure lies ahead of us; political life, like every other phase of national life, must adjust itself to war-time conditions. Two anonymous articles both, by a curious coincidence, put forward pleas for the addition to unit establishments of full-time senior administrative officers, so as to relieve the commanding officers of much routine work which cannot be left undone, but for which they have neither the time nor, often, the qualifications to cope with adequately. An amusingly written paper advocates the wearing of beards as an aid to camouflage and a safeguard of health on campaign.

The *Royal Artillery Journal* for April has as its leading features an address on the importance of the moral factor in war, given in 1901 by General (now Field-Marshal) Montgomery-Massingberd at the Fourth Army School, and an account by Lieutenant-Colonel de Watteville of the various solutions of the problem of the war on two fronts, which has always confronted Germany and exercised the minds of her General Staff. Two interesting papers in the form of memoirs deal with the early days of anti-aircraft artillery in France in 1914–1918, and with service days in the Royal Artillery between the Boer War and the Great War, as recollected by Brigadier Anstey.

The only non-technical item of the March *Royal Engineers Journal* is a summary by Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds of German doctrine in the duties of engineers in massed tank attacks.

The *Royal Air Force Quarterly* opens with a well-written imaginative article on the rise of air power, in the form of a conversation in the Elysian Fields, in which various soldiers of the past take part. Other items are concerned with the war effort of the Empire, present day aircraft and armament, and the transport of human blood by air. A section entitled "The Lighter Side" includes, among other items, a brief glossary of British and German Air Force slang.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"A History of the Uniforms of the British Army." By Cecil C. P. Lawson. (Peter Davies.) 12s. 6d.

It has by now become a customary but somewhat empty compliment to say of some erudite book on any obscure subject that it fulfils a long-felt want, but in this case the words are literally true. Mr. Lawson, himself a member of what, according to him is now almost an extinct confraternity, the battle-painters, of whom Lady Butler and Mr. Caton Woodville were former past ornaments, has combined with his artistic skill a truly encyclopædic knowledge of old-time British uniforms, and he has, moreover, known just where to turn to fill the few gaps in that knowledge. The result of all this knowledge, work and collaboration, lies now before us in this volume, the first of several more to follow, which traces the development of military dress in the three kingdoms of Britain from its first beginnings down to the end of Marlborough's wars (the sub-heading on the title page, "To 1760," is, in this respect, misleading). All branches of the Army—horse, foot and artillery—are dealt with, for the most part in separate chapters; there are also chapters on the Scottish army, the Marines, the independent Highland companies, the Militia (including the Channel Islands units), and general officers. Yet another chapter deals with colours, and there is a full list of authorities and a bibliography. A most attractive feature of the volume is the set of the hundred odd illustrations, from the author's pencil, which combines, as is so seldom the case, vigour, lifelikeness, and historical accuracy. The courage of author and publisher in bringing out a work of this kind at a time like the present deserves praise and reward, and the full value given for the low price should at least assure the latter. This is, in fact, the standard work on a subject never covered fully before, and in its completed

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form it is never likely to be superseded. We wish it the best of fortune and a wide and appreciative public.

"The Young Horseman." By William Fawcett, author of "Riding and Horsemanship," etc. (A. & C. Black.) 7s. 6d.

A most attractively presented book on horses, riding and horsemanship generally, in which the writer deals with this wide subject in 218 pages, 16 plates and 6 line illustrations. He begins with the novice's difficulties and finishes with instructions in show-jumping, hunting, etc. The opening chapter is headed "First Steps to the Saddle," and very wisely begins with instruction on how to look a horse over and judge its make and shape.

One of the most useful chapters is the one headed "A Day in a Horseman's Life," and the beginner will find much useful instruction. The chapter on side-saddle riding contains many useful hints, and the chapter on riding clothes should be read and the precepts taken to heart by many of the young riders of to-day.

The first qualification, however, of a book for the beginner is that it should be accurate and in this respect I am afraid the author has gone astray. I think also that he has sometimes forgotten that he is writing for the *Young* Horseman and instruction, possibly comprehensible to the initiated, is often too vague, sometimes even definitely incorrect. Let us take as an example page 123, where he writes: "the velvet cap is the badge of the private mounted servant, the groom, the postilion, the jockey, the huntsman and the whipper-in, and no one else." This is a statement which he ought to have verified before being so dogmatic. In three of his assertions he is wrong: the velvet cap is not the badge of the mounted servant unless he reckons the second horseman of certain well turned-out hunts, also it is not worn either by the groom or the jockey. Furthermore, he should have added that it is also worn by masters of hounds, and ex-masters are also entitled to wear it, as well as farmers who hunt.

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Such expressions as "an ounce of blood is worth a pound of bone" require some elucidation for a beginner to understand. Also unless one has seen what are known as "shelly feet," the phrase conveys no meaning. On page 12 we read that "the muscles which fill the angle behind the shoulder joint should be large and pointed." What is the novice, or anyone else for that matter, to gather from this? Turning to page 91 we read that "when the weight of the rider is in the saddle, the girths become slack, so do not pull them up to the last buckle." We must assume that the author means "the last hole," but then that would only increase the slackness when the rider is mounted. On page 107 we read that the spur is used, *inter alia*, to make a young or green horse understand the "influences of the back muscles" and also to punish a horse.

Whilst on the subject of girthing, how can the harm from tight girthing be obviated by the practice (useful enough for its own purpose) of putting on the saddle half an hour before riding (page 17)? On the same page we read that the girth does not "keep the saddle in place" but it only "holds it in the required position." But this may be on the principle that this author never "buys" anything, he "purchases" it, and he would rather "essay" than "try."

The illustrations, beautifully produced, are also models of clearness. The bridles illustrated on pages 20 and 24 are shown with the leather parts buttoned to the bits, an excellent arrangement—then why say on the same page that they should be *sewn* on?

It is, as said before, a pity that a book with such an attractive title and which contains so much that is instructive should bristle with so much vagueness and so many inaccuracies, those mentioned being only a few instances chosen at random.

"If Germany Attacks." By Capt. G. C. Wynne. (Faber & Faber). 12s. 6d.

"Deadlock War." By Tom Wintringham. (Faber & Faber). 8s. 6d.

Both these books can be best reviewed together, though their subject matter actually differs more than might be expected

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from their titles. Captain Wynne's book, an elaboration of the authoritative and well-informed articles contributed by him to the " Army Quarterly " over the last few years, might perhaps better have been entitled, " When Germany Defends," for it is a close and well-documented study of the gradual evolution under the pressure of experience of the system of defence in depth, which took such heavy toll of the Allied offensives on the Western front between 1915 and 1917. It is a vividly told story that Captain Wynne has set himself to tell, with General Von Lossberg, one of the most brilliant of Ludendorff's younger coadjutors, as its hero, and the informed reader will with difficulty be induced to put it down before he has finished it to the end. In a postscript penned after the outbreak of war, the author writes that " a mighty blow by Germany's armed strength next spring " (1940) seems to be as inevitable as it is inconceivable." If the Allies have by then established defence in depth, and have ready in reserve the prime essential of such a defence—trained counter-attack formations, such as they did not possess in the spring battles of 1918,—" it may then be said with confidence that none shall pass." Before these lines appear in print facts will no doubt have given some sort of answer to this crucial question, on which the issue of the war may well turn.

Mr. Wintringham, whose books on the Spanish War and on the British army of to-morrow have already won him a high reputation, has also produced a most readable and thought-provoking work. His political views tend to colour both his history and his tactical doctrines; his thesis that there can be no soundness in the British army unless and until it is democratised from top to bottom at once, reads somewhat oddly in view of the poor showing made in Finland by the Red army, which has been modelled more or less in accordance with his ideas. Yet much of what he has to say is of high interest and value. In his view, strict limitations must be set to the enthusiasts' claims for the paramountcy of aeroplanes and tanks. Success in battle to-day is still, where armaments are not too one sided, a matter of the human element,

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of intelligence, swiftness of mind, and well-knit instinctive co-operation of small units making the best possible use of ground, darkness, and artificial aids such as smoke. In these respects, as he sees it, the armies of free and democratic peoples —always provided they are allowed free play for their innate qualities—will always have an advantage over those of totalitarian states, based on the subordination of the individual to the herd. It is upon the full realisation and exploitation of this advantage that he relies to save the world from " a deadlock of warfare in which a generation will perish."

" Decisive Battles." Vol. II. By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. (Eyre & Spottiswoode). 18s.

In this second volume of his great work, General Fuller begins with the American War of Independence and a battle which he chooses to call that of " Bemis Heights or Still Water," but will be more familiar to most of us as Saratoga, and ends with General Franco's Aragon victory in 1938. Some of his choices look odd, even to a reviewer who has no great taste for the popular method of criticising an author's choice, whether of battles, pictures or poetry, from a necessarily vast field—namely, that he has put in what he should have left out, and omitted what he should have included. Saratoga, Jena, Leipzig, Chattanooga, Sedan, the Marne and Warsaw, will certainly command more general approval than Tannenberg, Suvla Bay, Vittorio, Veneto, Machio (the decisive battle of the Abyssinian war), and Aragon. One may not unfairly feel that the author's pro-Fascist and anti-Red sympathies have weighted some of these choices to a greater extent than purely military considerations. General Fuller himself would perhaps not complain of this criticism, for it is part of his thesis in these two volumes—and a very true and valuable part—that military history and general history cannot and should not be divorced, and that the true measure of the decisiveness of battles is their political effect on the course of world events. Readers who do not share the author's political views—the reviewer had better admit himself straight away to be one such—will yet take much pleasure and reap much profit from the clear and luminous course of the

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narrative as military history, and from the easy and readable manner in which a vast mass of well selected and admirably digested material is presented in these pages. The maps are clear and adequate, but a proof reader with a sterner hand could sensibly have improved the book from the literary point of view. It is indeed a *magnum opus*—not without its faults, of course, but on the whole well planned and carried out in a manner fully worthy of its high theme and purpose.

"A Study in Unit Administration." By Major-General B. C. Freyberg, Commanding N.Z.E.F. (Gale & Polden). 6s. 6d.

This is a second edition of a book originally published in 1933, and is intended in its new form to help the war-time officer to understand the army system of unit administration; to suggest certain improvements in this system; and to show the influence exercised by it in the life of the private soldier. Such topics are discussed as crime; financial control; messing; by-products; fuel; clothing; and relationship with the NAAFI, and a number of useful graphs illustrate the author's contentions. Not only the well-known personality of the writer, who revised the book while on active service in command of the New Zealand contingent in Egypt, but the wisdom and clearness of the views he expresses, should ensure for it a wide field of usefulness.

"Old Times Under Arms." By Colonel Cyril Field, R.M. (Retd.). (William Hodge & Co., Ltd.) 10s.

Colonel Field, well known as a military historian, has collected in many years of research in varied directions, and compiled in book form, valuable information about the British Army in the days when "Pomp and Circumstance" attended the profession of Arms.

The historic traditions of our armies are told in the words of contemporary writers, thus the reader is enabled to contrast those glorious days with the sordid conditions of modern warfare. The book contains almost everything connected with the life and work of soldiers in bygone days, including their raising,

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drill, arms, equipment and uniforms. From a soldier's point of view the chapter on "Crime and Punishments" is of special interest.

The book makes pleasant reading and should be useful to those engaged in the study of military history. S. J. P.

"Verdun." By Jules Romains. (Peter Davies.) 10s. 6d.

M. Romains' vast epic, "Men of Good Will," has already taken eight years to reach its twelfth volume, and for those who already knew it, this last instalment will need no recommendation. But those who did not—the reviewer must shamefacedly admit himself to be among them—need not fear that they will thereby be prevented from getting full enjoyment and profit from a truly marvellous picture of France in mid-throes of a great war. It shows us France disillusioned, weary, ugly in some of her aspects, weakening in some others, but in the main courageous, resolute, reconciled to sacrifice. Dark days lay behind her, darker ones still lay before her; yet the spirit of the soldiery of Verdun, so vividly mirrored here, was to carry her through everything to victory and peace.

M. Romains works on a broad canvas, yet with a detailed brush. Starting with a lofty and acute review of the general course of the war to the autumn of 1915, when his story begins, he then gives us in a series of quick brief etchings such types of France at war as the denizens of a Paris salon, a typical profiteer, members of the French Government, of the Ministry of War, of the Army Parliamentary Commission, and an Army Commander —as a contrast the German Kaiser makes a brief appearance— and finally comes to the fortunes of his real heroes—a little group of regimental officers and men. He describes their fortunes, their emotions, their thoughts, and their dreams, throughout that long weary winter, and, still returning with a periodical flash-back to the higher circles of his earlier pages, brings them through to the opening days of the great German attack on Verdun. The first of this little group falls in the battle of 9th April, when the initial enemy onslaught was stayed, and with which the book closes. It is a great work, which the fateful events in which we are all now immersed makes almost poignantly vivid and topical.

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"Official History of the Great War: France and Belgium, 1917.—I." (Macmillan.) 3 volumes.

This new volume of the Official History of the War of 1914-1918, describes the spring campaign of 1917—the German retirement to the Hindenburg Line, the battle of Arras, and the Nivelle offensive. With the somewhat sordid prelude to the latter, Captain Falls, the talented author of the volume, deals with almost excessive brevity and discretion, on the plea that the story is a political rather than a military one. Perhaps in the lifetime of some of the leading actors we can hardly hope for absolute historical detachment. This throws the main light of interest of the book on to the battle of Arras—that brilliant success which so unhappily died away "in shallows and in miseries." Captain Falls makes it clear how our deceptive early advance was due less to the brilliancy of the battleplan or of its execution than to the errors of our enemy, and that as soon as the latter got his new system of defence in depth satisfactorily established and working, our advances became slower, shorter, and far more costly. But for the strategic necessity of veiling the dire consequences of the Nivelle failure on the morale and power to fight of the French army, it would no doubt have been wise to have broken off our Arras offensive at an earlier stage; but under the circumstances we had no choice but to continue, and that we persisted so stubbornly and undauntedly shows that, whatever the faults of our tactical methods and of our leadership —faults which Captain Falls does not gloss over—our historic national characteristic of "never knowing when we are beaten" was as vigorous as ever. The story of this campaign, though hardly a happy, is none the less a creditable one; and Captain Falls has told it admirably, with the help of all the full equipment of maps, sketches and documents which we have come to expect from our Official History.

"Napoleon and Wellington." By Lieutenant-Colonel C. O. Head. (Robert Hale.) 10s. 6d.

This book is in the form of a joint biography of the two greatest military figures of Europe a century and a quarter ago, with special reference to the great campaign in which, for the first and last time, they were directly opposed. To the

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author Wellington is the hero, and Napoleon the villain of the piece. The latter was a mere egoist, no very great general, given to stereotyped and unimaginative methods, not particularly physically brave, hardly a great man in the true sense of the word, whose secret of success as a soldier lay in his astonishing power of driving men in battle and inspiring their devotion. The former, though, as the author freely admits, any comparison between him and Napoleon must be largely academic, appears as "the commander of an army that must be preserved as a fighting force," was far and away the superior; moreover, as a leader on the battlefield, he was distinguished by thought, patience, foresight, attention to detail, personal bravery and physical endurance; and at the end Lieutenant-Colonel Head does not hesitate to claim him as the greatest figure this country ever produced, whether as man, soldier, or statesman.

It is always difficult for a reviewer to do justice to a book with the whole thesis and much of the contents of which he profoundly disagrees. But no reviewer, not even the most antipathetic, can deny the breadth of Lieutenant-Colonel Head's reading about and knowledge of his subject, or deny the pleasantness of his style and the attractive manner in which he states his case. Anyone who wants to know the worst that can be said of the French Emperor and the best that can be said of his greatest military rival, will find it all here. Yet, perhaps, while he is reading it, it will come to his mind that the days when "debunking" the heroes of all time was the fashion are now long gone, and that great men, though, if like Cromwell, they are really great, will not desire to be painted, warts and all, there are other things about them beside their warts to paint.

E.W.S.

"Stand To." By Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C. (Hurst & Blackett). 7s. 6d.

This personal diary of an officer of the 2nd Leinsters, first issued in 1937, now reaches a third and cheaper edition. Its well-recognised merits should ensure for it a large circle of new readers.

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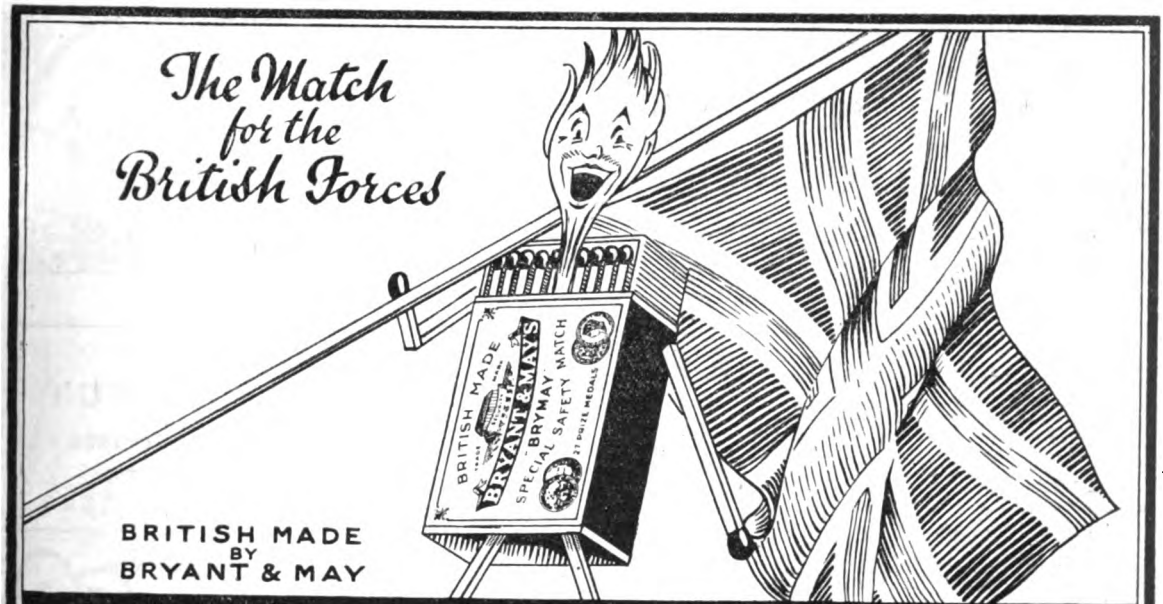

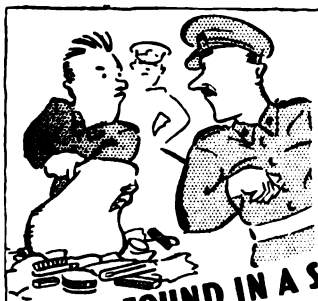

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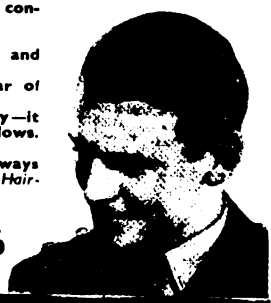

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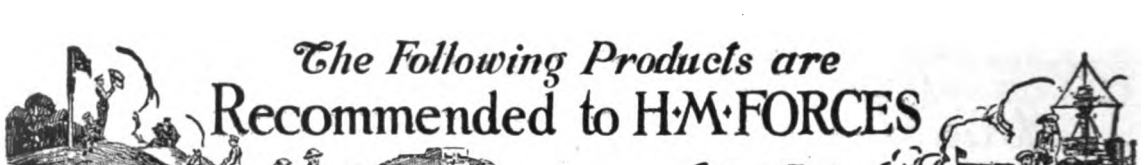

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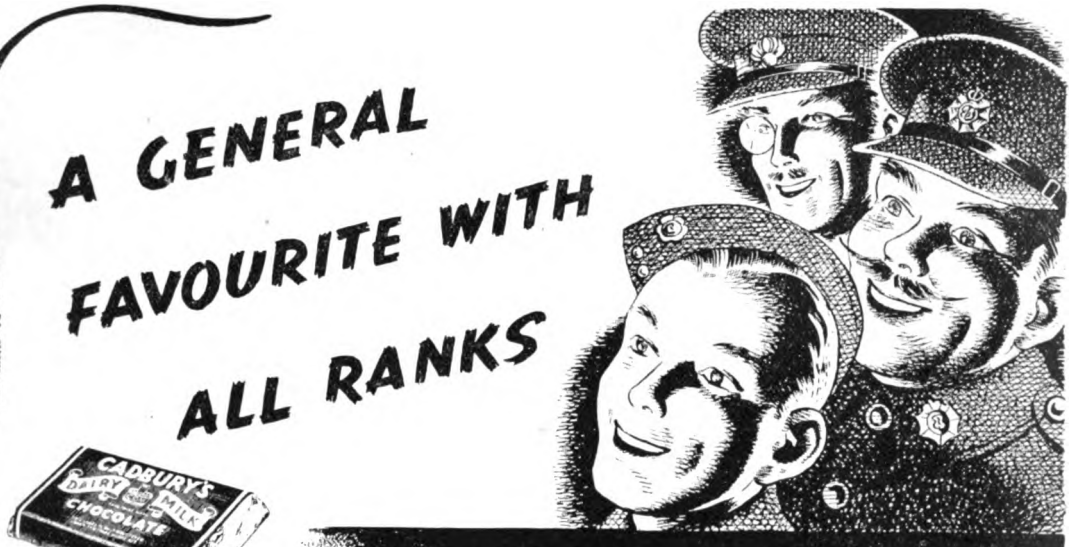

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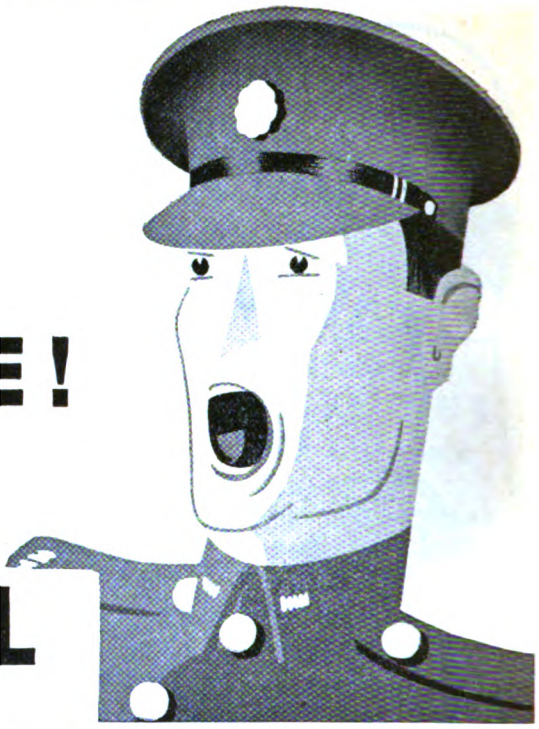

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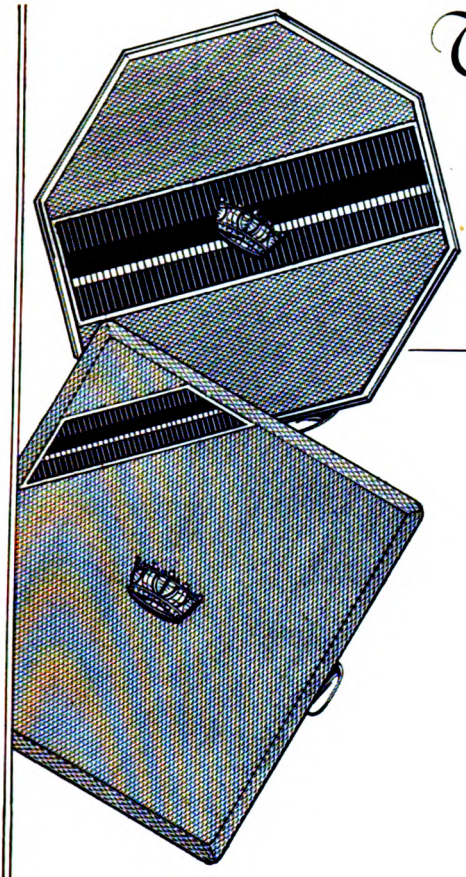

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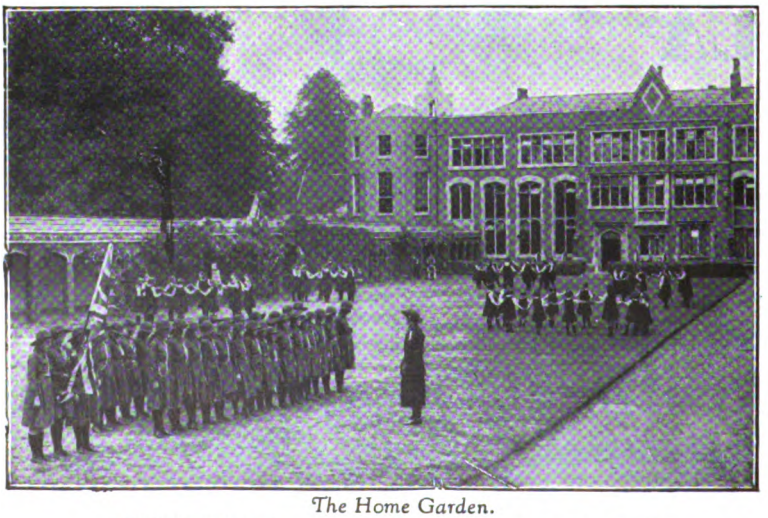

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

OCTOBER, 1940

WITH THE SANCTION OF THE ARMY COUNCIL.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

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THE CAVALRY AT THE CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN

Dragoons, Lancers and Hussars have indeed shown in the last few months, that they can fight with the greatest valour. It is not the uniform that counts, but the stout heart that beats inside it.

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THE

CAVALRY JOU

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OCTOBER.

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S P

BY

MAJOR E. W. SHEPPARD

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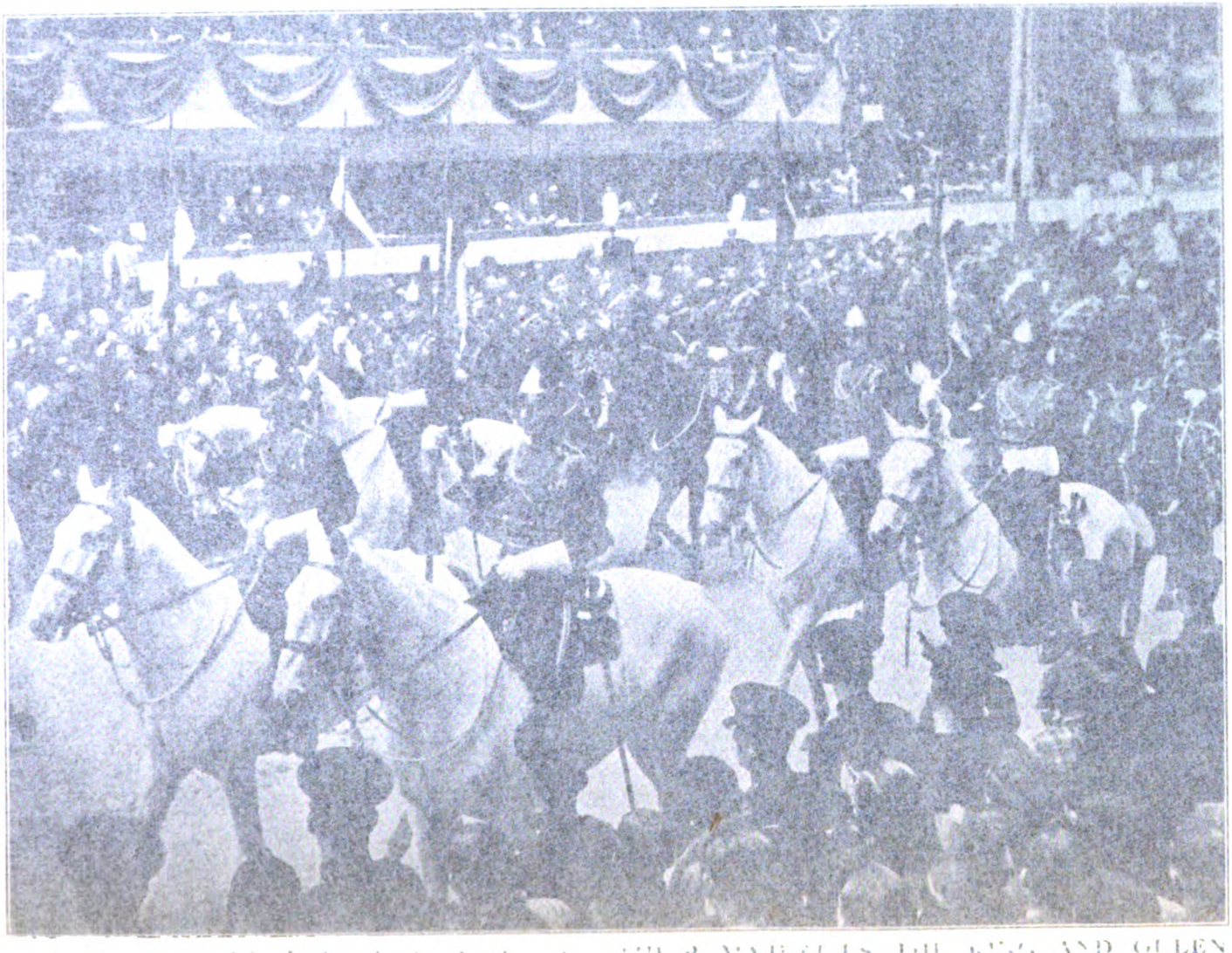

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

OCTOBER, 1940

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S DOCTRINE OF WAR

BY

MAJOR E. W. SHEPPARD, O.B.E., M.C.

IN the last few weeks the name of General Charles de Gaulle has been on everyone's lips. He it was who for many years was the chief advocate in France of the theories of mechanised warfare associated in this country with General Fuller, and in Germany with General Eimannsberger and General Guderian, the one the prophet of the tank, the other the architect of the German Panzer divisions, which formed the spearhead of the Reichswehr in its victorious career in the Polish and French campaigns. He it was, who after winning his laurels as the commander of a French armoured formation, was appointed chief of the military cabinet in the Reynaud Government, where he was able, all too belatedly for the fate of his country, to put into practice some of his ideas on the conduct of modern war. He it was who brought to France in her hour of direst need that far-sighted and generous offer of the British Government for a complete and indissoluble union of the two great nations, which though at the time stillborn, may yet prove to be the foundation stone of the new order of post war Europe. And he it is who, standing forth self-proclaimed and widely supported as the

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leader of all free Frenchmen willing to continue to fight against, and scorning to own the yoke of, the conquering Nazis, may one day be in a position to do more than any other single man to shake off that yoke from the neck of prostrate France and to establish the new order of which he was the first harbinger.

In the 200 odd pages of his little book "Vers l'Armée de Métier," published in Paris in 1934, his doctrine of war is brilliantly and convincingly set out. At the time of its publication his was only a voice crying in the wilderness. Subsequent events have vindicated him to the hilt. As is too often the fate of prophets, he has been proved right at the expense of what was more precious than his own theories—the ruin of all he holds most dear, and strove most fervently to preserve, the glory of French arms, and the safety and well being of his beloved country. A brief analysis of that doctrine cannot fail to be of vivid interest to us to-day.

The book, which is dedicated to the French army, "to serve its faith, its might, and its glory," consists of two parts, respectively entitled 'Why' and 'How'? and the first chapter, 'The Covering Force,' opens with a vivid description of the strategic geography of France. "Strong against attack from South-east, South, and West, it lies open to the North-east, where a broad gap between Vosges and Ardennes affords a broad salient and an open line of advance to Germany, the age long foe, by way of which she can penetrate into the heart of the country and descend by the routes of the Seine, the Aube, the Meuse, the Aisne and the Oise upon Paris, standing at their confluence." Through this gap all France's enemies, from the days of the barbarian foes of Rome to those of the Great War of 1914-1918, whereon this deadly boulevard we buried a third of our youth, have always, and will always, come. Paris, this agglomeration of less than three league's radius, rules all the life of the nation; our national defence is essentially the defence of Paris." These last weeks have all too poignantly proved the truth of these words. Moreover, north-eastern France contains the bulk of her industrial wealth; "there is no bulwark before our treasure house." Compare with the natural strength of the

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defences of Britain, Russia, Italy, Spain, and above all, Germany, this prey so near, so fair, and so easy for a foe to assail!

The defensive strength denied to France by nature has thus always had to be supplemented by diplomacy, by a skilful policy seeking to divide her possible foes. But with the unification of Germany, her most formidable enemy of all began to loom menacing and fearsome over her most exposed border, and her most direct route of invasion, the line through the plains of Belgium. The Great War showed in a clear light the mortal peril in which France stood before any attack by that route. After the war, she was the first to seek in the new international order enshrined in the League of Nations a surer safeguard than the old diplomacy had been able to secure for her. But she was to find, as so often before, that law without force behind it avails nothing.

Moreover, twenty centuries of French history, and a hundred French wars, prove that her immense military efforts have always been ill-organised, disordered, and disproportionate to the results eventually achieved. "Frenchmen have always reacted with extreme vigour to the testing hour, reassemble after being broken to pieces, rise again when held for dead, oppose to the worst misfortunes an incredible resistance and resilience. . . . Yet these resurrections from the grave have barely compensated for the number of initial errors which have made history re-echo with the cries of anguish of France's leaders." And to redeem France's natural weaknesses, her frequent political follies, and her radical defects of character, she has had to rely only on her skill at arms, the self-sacrifice of her soldiery, and her generals' mastery of the art of war. Therefore her guard on her frontiers, so weak, so exposed, so close to her vitals, must be ever strong, and ever ready for instant action. Permanent fortifications, however strong and well designed, can only supplement, not replace the skill and tenacity of a well organised, well trained, ever vigilant covering force. The mass of reserves and recruits to-day, the main element of French resistance, but essentially slow to assemble and heavy to move, must be supplemented by an instrument of manœuvre capable of instant

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action—a trained coherent permanent covering force— a professional army.

The second chapter, "Technique," deals with the place of the machine in war. Machines have vastly increased the power of armies, and also enslaved them. Soldierly valour and virtue are nothing to day without technical and mechanical equipment. Without its machines a modern army is reduced to utter helplessness. But, equally, without technical and mechanical skill, the most powerful mechanical weapons, the most elaborate technical equipment, will lose all their power and value, and will avail their possessors nothing. This is the day of soldiers of elite, of selected military teams. Yet the "rage for numbers," the obsession with quantity as the criterion of an army's value, united with the doctrine of political equality to force on France, as on all Europe before 1914, the system of huge standing armies, and retained their power even after the Great War was over, despite the heavy and unwelcome nature of the burden cast by universal military service on a France weary of conflict and disillusioned with victory. But unhappily the steady reduction of the term of service rendered less and less possible the attainment of even a moderate degree of skill in the management of the multifarious and complicated tools of modern war within the short few weeks that could be devoted to instruction in and practice with them, while the refinements of combined and higher training inevitably went more and more by the board. "Everywhere was to be seen the spectacle of the higher command acting in accordance with tactical conceptions totally unsuited to the instrument which would have to carry them out, while the troops, on their side, strove in vain, for sheer lack of time, to acquire the technical skill and adaptability necessary to carry out the tactical tasks, and the role expected of them."

Right through the French army, from top to bottom, there prevails this lack of proportion of ends to means. Public opinion, too, has become aware of all the weaknesses which it brings in its train, and the prestige of the army inevitably suffers thereby. A different system, based on quality rather than quantity, prevails in the navy, the air force, the Colonial army, even in the

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police and the fire service; and even in the Metropolitan army the proportion of professional soldiers has doubled in the last two decades. Yet a far larger increase in this professional element has now been rendered essential by the appearance of the armoured fighting vehicle. Armour, from the days of its first invention, has always dominated the battlefield, and it has always been the special appendage of troops *d'elite*. The innovation of tanks at once revolutionised warfare. Their crews recovered that mobile protection which had been so long lost; aristocrats of the battlefield, freed from the servitudes which weighed too heavily on their infantry comrades, they escaped, not, of course, all danger, but the generic weaknesses of soldiers exposed in the open to shell and rifle fire. By reason of their comparative security and their great power, tanks became the capital element of manœuvre, and their crew were necessarily picked men, specially recruited and fully trained for common action.

Thus mechanization has restored to quality, as against numbers, the importance which it had so long lost. Henceforward selected personnel, drawing fully on the varied and powerful material placed at its disposal will enjoy a fearful superiority over the confused hosts of the nations in arms. Professionals, whether fighting in ships, aircraft, or tanks, are thus assured pre-eminence on to-morrow's fields of battle.

In the third chapter of this first part of his book, "Policy," the General points out that the national army is only suitable to wars where national existence is at stake. These conflicts are not the only ones to be considered, and he is inclined to think that the era of great wars of conquest is drawing to a close, with the realisation that these profit none, not even the victors, in proportion to the vast efforts and sacrifices they entail. If this is so—recent events, it must be admitted, hardly support all his contentions in this respect—nations at war will tend more and more to confine their purposes to a swift seizure of their coveted prey, so as to place the foe in the dilemma of resigning himself to the *fait accompli* or embarking on the peril and odium of a war of exter-

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mination. Such a conflict, if the first deployment of force on the part of the aggressor be sufficiently formidable and overwhelming, may even end without any fighting at all. Of this phenomenon of conquest without war recent history has given us more than one example; the cases of Austria, Czechoslovakia, the Baltic States, Denmark and Bessarabia will at once come to mind. For such a war the well-trained, powerfully armed, swift moving professional army is pre-eminently suited, for it places the state which possesses it in a position to achieve its military object at maximum speed and at minimum cost. Admittedly, France has no desire for such a policy of aggrandisement, but she may be called on at any time to meet such a threat on the part of others, either to herself or to one of her weak neighbours whose fate may be too closely bound up with hers to allow her to look on unconcerned at their destruction. To prevent such destruction or ward off such an attack, the professional army is far the most appropriate means. Even if the future should see the creation of some international system for the establishment of collective security, in which France will necessarily be called to play a prominent part, forces will be required to maintain it, and these can only be composed of professional troops, ready to go anywhere at short notice, and capable of undertaking vigorous and decisive operations without waiting for the slow mobilisation and ponderous utilisation of the national army. France also, it must be remembered, has a great and far-flung Empire, and for the manifold and diverse colonial campaigns upon which she may therefore at any time and anywhere be called upon to embark, only the professional army is at all suited.

Moreover, now that ideas of general disarmament and the organisation of peace are in the air—the book appeared, it must be remembered, in 1934—it is noteworthy that no war is more bloody than that waged between nations in arms. The interest that France, when she was the most populous and the wealthiest nation in Europe, had in augmenting and universalising, such a species of warfare, passed away with the unification of Germany and Italy; now her hopes of victory must lie in quality rather

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than in quantity, in *corps d'elite* rather than in armed masses. Her future glory will not be won, as heretofore, by big battalions, for her inferiority in numbers and material of war in relation to her most formidable foe, Germany, is too great. Moreover, she must inevitably suffer in war as in peace from the defects of her democratic qualities; the spirit of discipline, the obedience to one leader's will, the habit of living, thinking and moving in united compact bodies, is as foreign to her genius as it is in tune with that of her probable enemies. No doubt, in the hour of peril, hereafter as before, there will always be a national rally in the face of imminent danger; but this may come too late to avert the fearful surprises of the first shocks of war, and the seeds of disunion, ill-repressed, may come to fatal flower under the impulse of defeat and discouragement. This part of the book reads with a poignant and prophetic pathos, in view of the recent tragic events in France.

France must have another string to her bow, apart from the nation in arms upon which she will always have to call when her national existence is at stake. Everything combines to make her a race suited to brilliant feats of arms performed by selected groups, and her talents lie in the domain of quality. The war of professional armies suits her national and racial characteristics to perfection, for in such a war victory will fall to the superior in technical skill and specialisation. "Destiny," writes General de Gaulle at the end of this first part of his book, "has, by opening before her this new road, striven to serve yet once more the future of France."

The second part of the book, "How?" begins with a chapter entitled "Composition." An instrument of manœuvre capable of repressing and preventing peril is what the country needs—an army that can deploy from the first moment of war an extreme power and keep the enemy in a chronic state of surprise. The armoured fighting vehicle, able, if well maintained, to go where its driver wills, and where it is wanted, at full speed, can satisfy these demands for suddenness and suitability of action, and must form the basis of the new model army of France.

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Such an army, moving entirely on tracks, will be able to cover ten miles in an hour and 150 miles in a day; it can traverse any terrain, deploy in face of the enemy, or disappear at need out of his range and sight, breaking off the combat without difficulty or risk. But speed without fire and shock power will avail little, and armour is required to enable both to be fully utilised. Here will be found the answer to the problem of stabilised warfare, with its nullification of the art of war, its immense casualty lists, and its meagre results.

Six divisions, completely motorised and tracked, and partly armoured, should constitute the future professional army of France. It must be able to fight on a broad front or in great depth, and possess its own means of covering and feeding itself, so that not only the army, as a whole, but each of its divisions in isolation if need be, can carry through a battle to the finish.

The suggested composition of the new type division would be as follows: One armoured brigade with the cross-country speed and capacity of a horse at full gallop, with a total armament of 150 medium artillery guns, 400 field guns, and 600 machine guns, its vehicles capable of crossing a 9-foot ditch or a 30-foot bank, of overturning a tree of 40 years' growth, or a wall twelve bricks thick, and of crushing down any sort of obstacle, entanglement or palisade likely to be encountered. This armoured brigade would comprise two regiments, one of heavy and one of medium tanks with a divisional battalion of fast light tanks, suitable for reconnaissance and inter-communication work, and would form the spearhead of the armoured division. Behind it would come a brigade of motorised infantry, comprising one chasseur and two infantry battalions, armed with 50 mortars, 50 anti-tank guns, 600 heavy and light machine guns, special mechanical equipment for trench shelter digging, and a special camouflage equipment, the task of which would be to occupy, mop up and organise the ground overrun by the fearful but transitory passage of the armoured brigade.

All this system of mobile but improvised and short range fire which the tanks and infantry of the armoured division can thus provide for themselves should be supplemented by the more

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GENERAL DE GAULLE LEAVING NO. 10 DOWNING STREET.

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precise and longer range fire of the divisional artillery. Two regiments, one of heavy howitzers, one of lighter flatter trajectory guns, would form a strong brigade, to which would be added an anti-aircraft group, and this divisional artillery must be capable of covering the ground to a depth of 10,000 yards in front of the battle line with a deluge of 10 tons of projectiles every fifteen minutes. Thus organised in three complementary brigades with a battalion of engineers, a signal battalion, and a reconnaissance group, carried in vehicles of smaller fighting capacity, but higher speed, the armoured division would be self-contained and self-supporting, an immensely formidable engine of war. A specially allotted aircraft group would work in close and constant conjunction with it. In order to secure surprise, and to secure the division against detection and surprise, a special and methodical system of camouflage would be provided and operated ; everything would be sought for that may serve to deaden noise, to hide large bodies of troops and vehicles at rest, and to screen movement. But concealment is not enough ; deception of the enemy must be secured by means of simulated movements and dummy field works, the insidious displays of lights, artificial noises, and false reports transmitted by wireless. All this would be the duty of the special camouflage unit above referred to, which would form as a component a vital part of each armoured division.

In addition to these six armoured divisions, there would be a light division of the same general type as these, but equipped with faster moving vehicles, less heavily armoured, with lighter artillery, and with more mobile infantry, less burdened with accompanying weapons. As general reserves there would be available a brigade of super-heavy tanks, capable of dealing with permanent fortifications, a brigade of super-heavy artillery, and units of engineers, signals, camouflage, reconnaissance aircraft, fighter aircraft, and the usual services. These would complete the composition of the shock army, which would have a fire power three fold superior to that of the French army of 1914, and a tenfold greater speed of movement, and be far better protected. It would normally operate on a front only a tenth as

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broad as in 1914, and its professional soldiery, would be far superior in technical skill and mastery of their weapons. It would number barely 100,000 men, young, physically trained to the pink of perfection, instinct with the spirit of enterprise and independence. Their period of training must be neither too short to allow them to become masters of their trade, not so long as to allow skill to degenerate into routine; enlistment at 20, and service for six years before transfer to an active cadre for instruction of the recruits and reservists, would be the general rule, and recruitment would have to be at the rate of 151,000 per year. Given the mechanical tastes of the youth of to-day; the certainty that these will have full scope in a new model army always equipped with the most up-to-date and efficient vehicles and weapons; the variety and interest of the instruction, and of the specialised roles which the new model soldier will be called on to fulfil; the team spirit and rivalry which it will be the task of the leaders to inspire and foster by all means possible, even so high a rate of recruitment should be easily attainable. Certainly many cherished training ideas and methods will have to go by the board; constant changes of quarters, training areas and manœuvre ground will be the rule; conditions of quartering and maintenance, dress and food, will compare favourably with those of civil life; and a high standard of selection, of technical skill and achievement, will of itself foster *esprit de corps* and pride in arms. To be sure, the life of these new model soldiers will not be one of cushioned ease by any means, nor should it be, for hardship makes the warrior; but professional pride, the spirit of *camaraderie* and high tradition, will more than compensate for it all, and only in a professional army can these qualities, the essence of the military spirit, be born and fully matured. Moreover, true *esprit de corps* and regimental tradition, swamped and overlain in the huge, amorphous national army, will be revived in these new model units and will furnish them with a powerful element of moral strength. The new army must be made up of self-contained, self-supporting units, each in itself a military family as permanent as it is independent, with a mind as well as a body of its own. Such

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units, "constant in their composition, rites and symbols, renewed only insensibly by the arrival and departure of small parties of new recruits or time-expired trained soldiers, always together in quarters and the field, will lead the intense life and develop the marked characteristics whence alone collective existence and mutual sympathy can be born."

This regimental spirit will be fostered by emulation and rivalry on the field of sport, the rifle range, the training ground, and the motor track, by inter-unit contests, prizes open to competition in which all regiments will take part, by places of honour at reviews and displays, and by rates of pay scheduled in accordance with merit and degrees of skill. This regimental spirit must in time be widened to form a divisional spirit, for the division, too, is an organised unity dependent for its smooth-working and its success in the field on the close and constant mutual co-operation of all the regiments composing it. "Thus we shall see how far must the arts and virtues which form the honour of arms, and are framed in a system founded on the basis of quality, can carry us towards the perfection of technical skill."

The chapter entitled "Employment" is perhaps the most interesting in the book. Though history and the lessons of the past can teach us much, our dependence on these as guides for the course and conduct of future war must not be servile. The true examples form the study and initiation of the new model army are not to be found in the slow attrition effected in the stationary battles of 1914-1918, but in the operations of the great cavalry masses of earlier wars. The manœuvre armies of the future will escape the servitude of the long continuous densely manned battle front without flanks, with masses unable to manœuvre, to force a gap or to allow one to exist, and to their only hope and resource, drive a dent in the enemy line at terrific cost. Covered by powerful screens of reconnaissance, supple in manœuvre, capable of rapid appearance and concealment, and of modifying in a moment their disposition, position and line of advance, these new model troops can carry out independent operations, particularly in the initial phase of the war during mobilisation and concentration, when by gaining the initiative

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they will be able to secure important advantages. Nowadays gain of ground has resumed the importance it formerly had but has recently lost; the abandonment of a vital or industrial area, a fertile source of raw material, a knot of important communications, or a large harbour, may powerfully affect the course and result of a campaign. Moreover, the complication and delicacy of the modern system of mobilisation and concentration of national armies offers to an ever ready foe unrivalled opportunities for swift and deadly interference. The morale of these newly formed armies, unaccustomed to war and to new conditions of life and surroundings, also requires time to adjust and acclimatise itself, and is intensely susceptible to first impressions when it is at its weakest and most vulnerable. In such conditions a rapid and violent offensive by our new model shock troops may bring success of the utmost value, by springing at one bound from peace into war, seizing useful gages, and throwing into disorder the slowly forming masses of the enemy. Its blows will be as sudden as they will be violent; under favourable conditions, they may even suffice to bring about that "event" as Napoleon called it—that decision which for so long eluded us in the Great War, because of the enormous task of preparing and achieving it proved too great even for our vast resources.

To-morrow motorisation will shorten and facilitate this task of preparation so as to make it a matter of hours only instead of days. The armoured forces held back under cover, out of reach of hostile view and fire, will come forward at the last moment under shelter of darkness or artificial fog or smoke, and will be able to dispense with the preliminary work of destruction which always involves the sacrifice of secrecy; the power of surprise has been regained now that speed is once more allied with power. But surprise must be organised and secured not only by means of secrecy but by means of deception; it is almost impossible to prevent intelligence reaching an enemy, but it is perfectly possible to feed him with news that is false, tendentious and confusing, even if this may sometimes involve deceiving one's own side—a deception hardly possible save in the small, well-disciplined intelligent *milieu* of a professional army.

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In any case, certain preparations are necessary before any offensive, and to try to conceal these entirely from a watchful foe will be too difficult to risk. The duty of the camouflage unit will be to mislead him by deceptions of all kinds. Visible things, such as bridges, tracks, railways, entrenchments, batteries, observation posts, columns, convoys, concentrations, can all be skilfully simulated where they do not exist. Deceptive noises of vehicles, detonations, motor engines, can be produced at will, when and where required. False wireless signals and conversations may be brought to hostile attention. Smoke clouds may, but also may not, preclude an attack in force. All these means, and others, of mystifying and misleading the enemy may be called into use.

The shock force, held back to the last moment, distributed in scattered areas, will be moved up to its scene of action in a single night, so as to be ready to attack at dawn. In front, the divisional infantry forms a base with its guns and machine guns, supported by the divisional artillery, whose task it will be to " box in " the attacking tanks in a moving girdle of fire as mobile as it is deep ; for tanks move fast, and their foes, the hostile anti-tank guns, are disposed in great depth too. Suppleness must be the keynote of this artillery, which must be able to switch its fire swiftly and powerfully as, when, and where called for.

Well in rear, the tanks meantime form for battle in three echelons—light tanks in the van, followed by main body and reserve of medium and heavies. These echelons will each comprise some five or six waves, and the whole division will cover some 3,000 yards of front, including intervals, disposed in depth according to the purpose of the manœuvre. Thus the enemy may be assailed by some four divisions, in all 2,000 tanks, on a front of seven miles.

As soon as the signal to advance is given, the light tanks go forward at full speed to ascertain the position and nature of the hostile first line of defence, to find suitable approach routes, and to put out smoke screens to cover difficult areas of advance for the heavier vehicles following. As soon as these latter enter

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the fight, the light tanks disengage and draw off to watch the flanks or to the rear to form a chain of liaison. At each halt they once more assume their duty of observation.

The heavy and medium tanks grouped in accordance with ground and tasks, move in small independent groups, each advancing obliquely to the hostile front so as outflank and turn any resistance met with. Rapidly they quarter the ground, reserving their fire for definite targets which they try to demolish by taking them from the rear. The supporting artillery covers them by fire distributed over all the zone of attack and by smoke clouds put out to conceal halted bodies of tanks. The slow process of mopping up, however, must not be allowed to retard the advance; it is the task of the leading echelon to drive vigorously forward to the final objective, leaving it to those in support to finish the task it has begun; if these do not suffice for it the reserves must be employed; and these in the last resort can call upon the motorised infantry to complete it.

This infantry will follow up, either in the vehicles or on foot, occupying and fortifying the successive areas conquered and using its own resources to deal with any still surviving hostile resistance centres. Should the enemy bring up armoured fighting vehicles to the counter attack the infantry may have to serve as rallying point and support for its own tanks. All work of consolidation will be carried out under cover of smoke. With the infantry the artillery also advances, covering each bound in a few minutes, and always alert to follow closely the course of the fight, and apply its fire quickly as required or requested. Its own anti-tank guns and machine guns make it self protecting. The air arm, too, will have to act with the utmost speed and skill if it is to serve as eyes to the swiftly moving armoured forces; it will have to guide as well as aid them, and only by its use will the commanders of these forces often be able to keep control of the fight or of their own troops. In the work of camouflage, too, the air arm will be of great assistance. Air co-operation with the artillery will be a briefer and more concentrated task than heretofore, for it will no

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longer be necessary to secure control of the air and maintain it for long periods together to allow of prolonged and thorough artillery preparation.

Rapid, extensive and reliable methods of intercommunication are also essential if this fast moving, ever-changing battle is to be controlled and carried through to victory. Radio telephony to-day can, when fully developed, assure complete and effective exercise of command down to the smallest unit, and endows armoured forces with great powers of manœuvre and organised controlled effort. Disorder must nevertheless be expected and provided against by a suitable selection of the final objective, at a distance of some thirty-five miles perhaps from the line of departure, at which distance the victorious forces will be well placed to operate against the flanks of the adjoining zone of hostile defence, and up to which the air arm can suitably and effectively work. Once this is reached, the armoured forces will halt and reconnoitre, under cover of smoke clouds, with light elements, while in rear the infantry, and guns complete the occupation of the conquered ground. Then the tanks will fall back to positions of assembly in rear and repair and refit there for new efforts; this rallying may be carried out under cover of darkness, if circumstances do not necessitate greater haste. More usually, however, it will be necessary to garner the fruits of victory quickly so as to exploit to the full the devastating effects of a sudden eruption into the complicated and sensitive machinery of an army's back areas of an armoured mass, spitting fire from a thousand weapons. The hostile lines of communication will be the first target of attack and then we shall see revived once more that true economy of force when tactical success bears fruit in the strategic field and the greatest victories are purchased at the minimum price. Here again the air arm will be a powerful and constant auxiliary to the ground forces, for in the task of achieving strategic victory the one and the other are in fact complementary. The destructive work of the air arm far behind the hostile lines can be quickly followed up and exploited by mobile armoured forces on the ground, while its action in the immediate vicinity of the battlefield prolongs

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and completes the ravages wrought in the hostile ranks by the tank divisions. As the last war beheld power raised to an unheard of degree, but a power brutal and without finesse, the next war will ally it to speed and the service of an *elite* and so restore the possibility of combination and of art.

In the last chapter, "Command" the author outlines the modifications of the art of command called for by these new conditions. The leader of to-morrow must be an expert technician, because otherwise he will demand of his powerful but delicate engines more than they can give, and engines, unlike men, cannot be influenced to extraordinary effort in times of need by exhortation or moral suasion. He must, in a word, possess the feeling of mechanised combinations. And yet, curiously enough, in these very days of mechanisation *à outrance*, the art of command will once more call for a return to the qualities of quick thinking and audacity which only personality and character can furnish. "Personal, instantaneous action must be the principle in all echelons of the command." This calls not only for intellectual, but also for moral strength, exercised on a greater and more frequent scale; "character will return glorious as before to the forefront of the battlefield's stage." Leaders and led will have to know each other as never before; this close contact and mutual influence will restore to the general that power and opportunity of personal command, and to the men that influence of a beloved and trusted chief, with which the history of past war teems, but which the advent of massed armies has recently thrown so sadly into the background.

These changes in the methods of command will necessitate a change in the method of selecting and training commanders. The qualities to be sought for and instilled will be those of imagination, judgment and decision, and these are to be acquired less by purely military study and instruction than by general culture and a wide knowledge of things material and human. Decentralisation must be an invariable and inviolable rule of command and administration, for only by its means can the precious military qualities of strength and freedom be

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fostered in practice. Every effort must be made, too, to find and promote to high place those strong, free personalities who are so often the bane of comrades and superiors in peace time, but whom war brings to powerful fruition, and whom history so often shows to be the born architects *par excellence* of victory. Ambition and self-consciousness of superior merit are no qualities for reproach in a soldier ; glory smiles only on those to whom she has ever been a vision and an ideal.

The military revolution involved in endowing France with this new model army will be painful to many French soldiers, " like all of their trade, conservative by temperament and ill-attuned to radical changes in time of peace. It may well be that it can only be brought about by a master mind, independent, irrefutable and acclaimed, strong enough to impose his will, skilful enough to baffle or cajole every resistance, great enough for a great task. Yet the extremity of need may perhaps bring forth such an one ; even France's present political weakness and paralysis tends of itself to a yearning for a cure and for a leader. Before long the more play of her institutions, following the moment of her needs, may open the field of action to the bold."

Such a brief analysis as this cannot, of course, hope to do justice to the vibrant force and exuberant patriotism that breathes through every page of General de Gaulle's book, to its skilfully compressed learning, or to its fine swinging style. It is the work of a man who believes fervently in his country, in his doctrine, and in himself. It has been bitterly to France's ill-fortune that she has not hearkened to it or paid heed. Yet it may well be that the author will be called on in the near future to play a more difficult but more heroic part in his beloved country's destinies than that of an unheard prophet prophesying evil. It may yet fall to him to play a leading role in retrieving the " fortune of France," so often jeopardised, yet never utterly lost, which has survived so many and apparently irrecoverably shattering defeats and will in due course arise once more from that of yesterday.

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EVACUATION

By Charles Vane Yarrow

In old age there is ever something fascinating when one indulges in retrospection. My association with an English Cavalry regiment dates back to the year 1865 when, as a little chap, I was taken by my governess to see the flowers in Hampton Court Gardens.

In those days a squadron of any Cavalry regiment at Hounslow provided the guard at Hampton Court Palace and was located in those queer little barracks still in existence.

At the main gate stood a Lancer arrayed in habiliments which, to my childish imagination, Solomon in all his glory could not have excelled—to me no flower could have rivalled the beauty of that soldier's uniform and accessories. Years later I stood at the corner of Putney Bridge to watch a squadron from Hampton Court file by in the early dawn, *en route* for South Africa and the Zulu War.

In the year 1881, having reached man's estate, I enlisted as a trooper in the XVIIth Lancers quartered at Mhow, where my childhood's dream became a reality and where I spent some of the happiest years of my life serving Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria in a humble capacity.

Ever since then I have kept in close association with my old comrades through our Old Comrades Committee and by various contributions to our magazine until this day, when my profound admiration for the Service burns as brightly as ever. so I venture to submit the following account of my experiences in this war.

"Lord! Lord! We know what we are, but know not what we may be!"

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Perhaps it may be as well to make a few notes concerning this unusual experience before impressions now so unpleasantly vivid fade from one's memory and vanish, so far as detail goes, leaving but a blurred vision. A succession of events comprising both elements of tragedy and comedy in almost hourly conjunction. Events, trivial in themselves, take on a quite serious complexion under exceptional conditions. For instance, "a voyage in a collier" does not suggest other than a combination of grime and monotony, but when the cargo of that coal ship becomes the temporary home of gentle-people of whom the greater portion were recent residents on the Riviera—either guests of the world-famous palatial hotels, or owners of picturesque and luxurious villas on the most fashionable and popular coast of France—people accustomed to all the delightful and refined surroundings which render life an extremely pleasant thing—where clean linen, the daily bath, exquisite furniture, tempting food served by well-trained servants have become "a property of easiness" and are regarded as common necessities.

When at a few hours' notice these kindly folk suddenly become Refugees, and are herded into a grimy collier—a ship which had only a few hours before discharged a cargo of coal at an adjacent port, it calls for no particular stretch of imagination to realise that a startling change must inevitably occur, physically and mentally, in all concerned, and that no stronger test of character upon such a mixed community could be conceived. Poverty, the poet has written, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. Evacuation supplies us with even a wider field of experience in this regard.

We had, one and all, clung to the belief that Italy was indulging in her customary burst of bounce and bluster—that in her own interest she would remain a noncombatant. Their ruler's unexpected decision caught most of us napping, and it was to that gentleman we were indebted for the substitution of a cargo of residents from Cannes, Monaco, Nice, Juan-les-Pins, Mentone, etc., in place of several hundred tons of coal. This engendered an extremely black outlook, in its literal sense, to all concerned. For instance, in a few days, in fact a few

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hours, any person possessing clean hands or fingernails was an anomaly. The time allowed for this transfer and the necessary preparation was so brief, and our knowledge of our destination so vague, that although we were warned that only hand luggage and two blankets were permitted to each person, we omitted to furnish ourselves with a tin mug—a most vital addition to our outfit, as it proved. However, we substituted small corned beef tins as drinking cups, which were used for tea, soup or even water as occasion served. For a coal ship to be suddenly called upon to find adequate provision for about seven hundred and fifty people of the type described as First Class Passengers, was asking for an impossibility—it just couldn't possibly be done!

Bathrooms, or any kind of cabin, simply didn't exist, save the so-called saloon in which our most serious cases of disability were housed. The spacious hold was absolutely the only place where we could be stowed away. Save for the ever-present environment of coal dust and oil which crept into our very pores we had little to complain of. There were, of course, no stewards or waiters—only a big-hearted and most kindly crew of sailors bearing the outward resemblance to natives of darkest Africa, but who did their utmost to lighten our tribulation, and were most cheery and helpful.

It would need the literary genius of a Charles Dickens to describe the scene of our departure and embarkation from Cannes under unparalleled conditions—where there was nobody in authority, no discipline, just a mob of distracted human beings as sheep without a shepherd. We had already been in the queue at the Consulate to get our passports stamped, where a gentleman, in reply to any question regarding our procedure, destination or disposal merely wagged his head, and with a helpless gesture replied he "didn't know," or "had no official information." All we could gather was that it behove us to "get out" as best we could.

On the quay, passengers, luggage, baskets of food, rolls of blankets, pet animals, a parrot and a monkey were all mixed up in a seething mass of distraught people of all conditions—a

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veritable babel of confusion, worse confounded. After waiting in a grilling sunshine from about 9.30 a.m. until 6.30 p.m. at the Customs Shed, handing our various possessions over the heads of those in the front rank, we were actually "through the Customs," where not more than a dozen suitcases were examined out of some seven hundred. The attitude of the officials was most amusing—they were utterly bewildered and did everything save tearing their hair out by the roots. Eventually we were actually on the tender and in due course found ourselves clambering up an endless gangway, heavily encumbered with cloaks, mackintoshes and oddments, assisted by many of the crew, reminiscent of sweeps of the Victorian era, but a very present help in time of trouble. Our precious blankets we clung to like limpets—they constituted our sleeping berths for many nights to come upon a none-too-soft deck. This was where, a little later, we became aware of quite unexpected bones in our anatomy and their exact position—bones that revealed themselves most unpleasantly. When we sought to indulge in balmy sleep—to knit up the ravelled skein of weariness and discomfort we did so upon knobs or the heads of rivets upon a steel deck—but, like everything else, we became used to little things like this, in time!

Our choice lay between three courses—to remain on deck and sleep on the hatches—to go below in the coal bunkers—or to find some nook behind something that offered shelter from the elements should they prove unfriendly. To reach the hold one had to negotiate steep ladders, but once below we found the conditions less unpleasant than we anticipated. Provided you didn't brush against the walls or crawl on your hands and knees one could manage fairly well—considering! At least we had every reason to rejoice in the pleasant type of fellow passengers, victims of a rather grim tragedy yet everyone determined to regard our unenviable situation in the light of a quite interesting adventure—to ignore the perilous conditions and to make the best of an unpleasant reverse—to treat it as an inexplicable insanity, outside the realm of reason. Most of us were of an advanced age, but the children regarded it all as the

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greatest fun and the deck as a specially arranged playground for their entertainment.

Another, and I may truthfully say the chief deprivation at which these good natured folk grumbled a bit, was the utter lack of comfortable washing accommodation. Upon a boat designed for a comparatively small crew it was natural that the sudden invasion of over seven hundred passengers at only a few hours' notice should place an overwhelming strain upon the authorities—yet, from the skipper downward the entire crew did their utmost to minimise our discomfort.

At Marseilles we took on what appeared to be a huge water supply contained in enormous jars encased in wicker covers. To our dismay we were informed that no fresh water would be available except for drinking purposes. One pint per day was our allowance and no more. Even hot water for shaving purposes could not be permitted. Also we were ordered to sleep without removing our clothes. All these restrictions were absolutely necessary and strictly complied with.

These water restrictions naturally resulted in a marked deterioration in our cleanly appearance within a short time of our embarkation, and in due course our hands lost their natural tint. It was soon painfully evident that yellow soap combined with salt water, and the vigorous application of a nailbrush resulted in a very dubious cleanliness—our finger nails decided to remain in deep mourning for the duration! The feeling of shame incumbent upon our disorderly and stained appearance was only allayed by the discovery that everyone else was equally unpresentable, and that we were one and all adopting the new fashion which we termed "A la refugee." The ladies by some mysterious means managed to preserve their charming appearance—but they had an unfair advantage in wearing gloves—a privilege denied to mere man without the suggestion of effeminacy.

One of the most poignant incidents in connection with our voyage was the inclusion of a number of distressing cases of physical and mental disability of a nature to engender both intense sympathy and pity for these sufferers. Some cases were

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of such a nature as to suggest that absolute privacy would, in the ordinary course, be eagerly sought—the bitterness of it lay in the great tragedy of the war and the resultant exposure of their afflictions to public notice which must have been as distressful to others as to themselves.

As one sat on the forecastle, perched above the deck level, one could see a strange congregation of bright, chatty folk such as one would expect to meet on a liner during a pleasure tour. By their demeanour one would conclude they were all free from any anxiety and thoroughly enjoying themselves—oblivious to the fact that a devastating and sudden calamity might at any moment hurl them into eternity. Perhaps no better example of the behaviour of British solidarity under severe strain could have been witnessed at any time. Yet we were in very truth "in peril on the sea." But the real test was to come like a thief in the night and the Dark Angel's wing to hover within a very short distance of every living soul aboard that ship.

On our arrival at Marseilles—nobody, of course, was allowed ashore—we took on still more refugees and weighed anchor at eventide. To our surprise we discovered we were now part of a convoy of many ships of various sizes and types. As we cleared the harbour we became aware that we were under the guardianship of the Royal Navy—the sight of our protectors cheered us beyond expression. We had read so frequently of the succour rendered by the senior service in this connection, but the actual realization of their presence enhanced our gratitude and pride in our navy and all its implications. The absence of all ostentation and the complete orderliness of the arrangement intensified our admiration.

But alas! An unkind fate struck us a cruel blow. Our somewhat unprepossessing "home on the rolling deep" played us a scurvy trick. A defect in the shape of a burst steam pipe reduced our speed to a mere crawl. With saddened hearts we realised we were dropping behind our flotilla! The dreaded order came to all too soon. It was obvious that a whole convoy could not be imperilled for the sake of one vessel, so we "fell

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out" and watched our companions fade away. The most optimistic must have shuddered at that moment. What a target we were for any prowling submarine—creeping along at a snail's pace—absolutely alone, and utterly vulnerable to any enemy. All this was, to put it mildly, disconcerting, but worse was to come. We had wirelessed to the nearest port—Port Vendris—explaining our condition. After some hours we lay off the French port and a speed-boat brought out a skilled engineer to fix things up. After an agonizing delay of seven hours, repairs were accomplished and it was "Up anchor and full speed ahead" in a frantic effort to overtake our companions—which we never did!

The occupants of the hold were as bees in a clover field—everywhere! To get up in the night in inky darkness involved a sort of jigsaw game, the chief object was to avoid treading upon people's faces or stumbling over their legs, or even the possibility of sitting down upon some prostrate sleeper through losing one's way among "the sheeted dead," as someone described our Arab-like sleeping accommodation. It was weird! A narrow gangway was arranged between the mass of sleepers, but not even a torch or lighted match was allowed, making progress difficult. As for sanitary conditions—common decency forbids even a description of them; only innate delicacy served to ameliorate the situation.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, on a bright moonlight night, that some of us were awakened, in the impenetrable gloom of the hold, by a dull thud, but there was no indication that it was due to any sinister cause. After a short interval the sound was repeated, and there was a distinct stir in that half-awakened mass of sleepers, but except for a few intense whispers, barely audible, there was no demonstration of uneasiness, so far! After a few minutes, silence again reigned.

Suddenly came a resounding crash and everyone was wide awake and struggling to their feet. That we were hit, and badly hit, was in the mind of everyone. At the moment the situation was alarmingly tense. It called for some immediate decision—for a leader to take command so as to avoid an impending panic.

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Fortunately, such a man was forthcoming! An increasing murmur started, but before it could swell to a dangerous pitch a commanding voice rang out above the din: "Steady there, all of you! Keep quiet—do you hear! We're all Englishmen, and we're going to behave like English men and women! We're all going on deck, but women and children first! Steady, now! No rushing, but move quickly as possible!"

The crowd responded immediately, and with little talking the women and childen groped their way to the foot of the ladders and climbed to the brilliantly lighted deck in the moonlight. Not a woman even whimpered, though suppressed sobs could be heard here and there. One brute, of foreign extraction, tried to slip in between two women during the exodus, but was speedily detected by our leader, who dealt with him promptly and effectively. Like the Heathen Chinee in Bret Hart's poem: "The subsequent proceedings interested him no more"; he was down and out.

The ladies behaved with amazing courage. Elderly women, unused to such drastic situations—delicate and feeble—behaved like heroines and no word of complaint was heard. They were all naturally suffering under a terrible strain, and fear must have been in the hearts of many, but no sign of weakness was observable. By the time the last man had reached the deck, most of the very small section of women and children were seated in the two utterly inadequate lifeboats.

To fully realise our plight it is necessary to understand that there were only two lifeboats of ancient origin, with a seating capacity of about fifty souls in all. We numbered, including the crew, close upon eight hundred lives. Yet all stood silently by, resigned to play the game to the end. It certainly called for some courage, as everyone was fully convinced that an extremely unpleasant death was within close proximity.

After what seemed an interminable time the order came to unload the boats. Then came the Captain's voice from the bridge: "Will you please all remain where you are until dawn? There is no immediate danger. I wish to express my admiration to the ladies for their splendid behaviour—it was fine!"

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The actual facts of the attack by the submarine we did not learn until some time later. The probability is that our aggressor was from the Italian base, at no great distance. His first torpedo passed at some distance behind us, and the second beneath our keel, and, as we were riding light, failed to hit us. With the intention of shelling us, he came to the surface, but overlooked the fact that the "Ashcrest" had a gun mounted at her bow, in charge of two naval ratings, for our protection. They had spotted our attacker from the first and anticipated his intention. Immediately he "surfaced" our gunners fired, and by good luck landed a shell directly upon his conning-tower, which disabled him from further action. It was the discharge of this shot that created the impression that we were torpedoed—the silence of the night having accentuated the crash of the gun above us. The captain's order for us to remain on deck was doubtless a wise precaution in the event of pursuit, as he had no means of discovering the extent of the damage inflicted by our defenders.

So we all stood until the dawn broke, and then descended to that grim hold again—how we loathed it! It was a night that will live in the memory of all of us—it had been a test of endurance, and of self restraint that left no regret, but rather an admiration for the fortitude displayed under trying circumstances.

The average man, accustomed to regular meals, would have found the fare on the "Ashcrest" rather an unpleasant revelation, compared with his customary diet. An early cup of tea was available, although the cup was of his own manufacture, in short, an improvised sardine or "bully beef" receptacle. These utensils were already usurping the shaving cup and anyone in possession of a jam jar became an object of envy to all his associates. Breakfast consisted of two ordinary biscuits containing a layer of butter or margarine. After a day or so we regarded these meals as a positive panacea—dinner was equally unpalatable. Later, I am inclined to think our tempers became a little less serene and a certain irascibility crept into our conversation, due to the void in our interiors. There was, of

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course, no refreshment of a liquid kind available save our daily pint of water. To elderly men this was a serious deprivation.

Until now the weather had been all one could desire, but on the fifth day of our voyage purple clouds became ominous—tarpaulings were made secure over the hatchways only just in time, as the tropical rain struck us, as described by the younger generation, "in buckets." Blankets were soaked before those on deck could get down to the shelter of the holds, and discomfort reigned among those who, so far, had lived and slept on deck. Wet and thoroughly miserable, these unfortunate people descended to the already overcrowded hold, and thereby most of the narrow gangways around the original sleepers below were blocked and tempers were extremely explosive. However, commonsense prevailed, and by nightfall things somehow arranged themselves, though the atmosphere was most nauseating. These conditions lasted for some thirty-six hours, when the sun returned and the gale blew itself out. Blankets were spread out to dry and life became less of a nightmare for all of us.

At last the Rock hove in sight. How we welcomed it—Gibraltar! A British possession at last! The sight of that massive fortress was an infinite source of joy and relief. We had not the slightest knowledge of what arrangements had been made for our disposal. The usual crop of absurd rumours were rife: we were going to Canada, to Australia, to French Morocco, etc. The chatterers had the time of their lives! Actually, we were simply transferred from the "Ashcrest" to H.M. Troopship "Dunera" by tender, and placed under the immediate jurisdiction of the Royal Navy. What a change—it was as from darkness to light! Certainly we were still Refugees, and all were appointed to quarters usually designed for our troops, and were left to look after ourselves, which we most gratefully did. The situation was so novel and so unique that it afforded the greatest curiosity. A band of us formed ourselves into a Mess! The result was most amusing. In our little band we included elderly gentlemen of various degrees. Retired Admirals, Colonels, Majors, Doctors, several clergymen and two

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judges. We became expert at washing-up, wiping, drying, and in all those details usually undertaken by the domestic staff —but all "lent a hand," and rendered willing service for the general good. It was indeed a case in which "Love (or shall we say good fellowship) levels all ranks and lays the shepherd's crook beside the Sceptre." At last we were in the Mersey and within reach of the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool, where we parted company with cordial liking and an intense respect and admiration for the good fellows who had shared our adventures and had come with gratitude to "a happy issue out of all our afflictions!"

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Preserved in National Museum of Ireland, Dublin

The mitre or grenadier head-dress which was worn by Captain Robert Parker, Royal Irish Regiment of Foot, who fought at the Boyne, Athlone, Limerick, Namur, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet.

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THE 18TH ROYAL IRISH AND THEIR COMPATRIOTS.

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.

THE illustration depicting a *mitre, or Grenadier, head dress has the most interesting historical associations in that it belonged to Captain Robert Parker, of Kilkenny, who fought throughout the Jacobite War in Ireland, and in the Williamite and Marlburian campaigns in Flanders with the Royal Regiment of Ireland.

Captain Parker was a chronicler of all the actions in which his regiment was engaged between the years 1683 to 1718, and his " Memoirs of the most remarkable military Transactions" published by his son in 1747, have provided historians with an invaluable insight into not only Marlborough's personality and ability, but with the military atmosphere of the period, and, last but not least, with the fighting prowess of this famous regiment, then in its infancy.

The head dress further provides an invaluable historical record, as it is the first known instance of a distinctive regimental badge being worn in the British Army.

This badge, consisting of an Irish harp surmounted by a crown formed part of the reward for the regiment's gallantry at Namur in 1695, when storming a breach in this fortress under command of King William III.

* That such a historical article of uniform was in existence was practically unknown until quite recently. When on leave in Ireland within recent years, the writer when visiting the National Museum of Ireland in Dublin happened to notice this quaint headdress preserved amongst other articles of uniform in the military section. So intrigued with this exhibit he proceeded to sketch it, which aroused the interest of the Curator, Mr. Massey-Westropp, late the Royal Irish Rifles, who happened to be passing. The Curator looked up the museum records and found that the headdress was on loan to the Museum authorities and appeared in the will of a family called Phillips of Kilkenny, who were the descendents of Captain Robert Parker, who had worn the cap in Marlborough's campaign in Flanders. The Curator very kindly had the head dress photographed and sent the writer the reproduced picture.

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In addition to the honour of being the first regiment to have ever worn the national emblem as an insignia, this Irish regiment of foot on the British establishment received the Royal prerogative for its distinctive title—Royal Regiment of Foot of Ireland, and further was granted the privilege of bearing the King's escutcheon, "The Lion of Nassau," on their colours, with the motto: "VIRTUTIS NAMURCENSIS PRAMIUM" (the reward for valour at Namur), which according to that celebrated military historian, the late Sir John Fortescue, is the first instance of a "battle honour" inscribed on British Colours. The casualties sustained by the Royal Irish furnish further proof, if proof is required, of the major share they took in the assault as reported by this chronicler in his quaint phraseology—"Our Regiment in particular, (which indeed, I believe, was the greatest sufferer of any) had our Lieutenant-Colonel, four Captains and seven Subalterns killed; our Colonel, three Captains and ten Subalterns wounded, and 271 private men killed and wounded. At this attack I received a shot in my right shoulder; the bullet was cut in two by the bone, (or perhaps there was a brace of balls) for one part went quite through, and the other was taken out ten weeks after. I was thirty weeks under cure.

The King saw this action from a rising ground at the back of Salsine Abbey, and took particular notice of the behaviour of our Regiment."

Down to the last days of its existence, in July, 1922, the officers of the 18th Royal Irish wore the escutcheon of Nassau, and the motto which embodied the first battle honour awarded to a British regiment on their tunic collars to commemorate the regiment's first gallantry in the "cockpit of Europe."

The Royal Irish was one of those regiments which was raised in Ireland by King Charles II out of independent companies of pikemen and musketeers, command being invested in Arthur Forbes, Earl of Granard, who led it through the Jacobite War. It was then transferred to the English establishment, receiving the identification number 18, not, however, without considerable disgruntlement as it was fully entitled to fourth or fifth place in the line, according to the date of embodiment.

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This fact gave these Irishmen a legitimate grievance for a number of years, as Captain Parker relates, but future generations of the 18th Royal Irish, however, were to cherish and proudly boast of the old number.

The 18th took a most conspicuous part in all Marlborough's victories and it was by a quaint irony of circumstances that it should find itself drawn up in "the ring" at Malplaquet opposite their exiled compatriots, the Royal Irish Regiment of Foot Guards in the service of France, a regiment which adhered to the Stuart cause at the Treaty Stone, Limerick, and had followed their gallant leader, General Patrick Sarsfield* to France to form the Irish Brigade in the service of Louis XIV.

The 18th Royal Irish crushed their opponents—the "Wild Geese"†—by sheer superiority of fire, and drove them back in disorder, thus by a strange fate the Royal Regiment of Ireland in the service of France suffered its first and only reverse at the hands of its own countrymen. Captain Parker is a most truthful chronicler and never fails to furnish proof of his facts, even to the manner in which these other Irish troops were identified.

"We advanced cautiously up to the ground which they had quitted, and found several of their killed and wounded; amongst the later was one Lieutenant O'Sullivan, who told us the battalion we had engaged was the Royal Regiment of Ireland. Here, therefore, there was a fair trial of skill between the two Royal Regiments of Ireland, one in the British, the other in the French service; for we met each other upon equal terms; and there was none else to interpose."

* A descendant, Major Sarsfield, died from wounds received when leading the 2nd Battalion Connaught Rangers on the Aisne in September, 1914.

† "Wild Geese" was the term given to the recruits for the Irish Brigade in the French service during the 18th century, when recruiting for the brigade was a heinous offence under the drastic penal laws. Large batches of hardy Irish lads were smuggled away from the southern coast line of Ireland to fill the depleted ranks of Dillon's and Clare's running the gauntlet of the English men-o'-war. These contraband runners who had arrived with cargoes of brandies, silks and laces, returned to France with wool and recruits for the Irish Brigade, which they entered in their ship's logs as "Wild Geese." The flight of the Wild Geese became as regular as the yearly migration of birds; but these migrants never returned.

"And they, who surviv'd, fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more,
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."—
(THOMAS DAVIS).

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This Royal Irish Regiment of Foot Guards in the service of France was the ancestor of the Irish Guards of to-day. It was a regiment largely recruited in Connaught, and it was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Michael Roth, who like Parker, hailed from Kilkenny. Remaining steadfast to the Stuart cause it was struck off the roll of the British Army in 1690.

Rudyard Kipling alluded to these forebears in his charming poem dedicated to the Irish Guards of 1918:

"We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so young at our trade,
For we had the honour at Fontenoy
Of meeting the Guards' Brigade.
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,
And Lee that led us then,
And after a hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!
Old Days! The wild geese are flighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish, there's bound to be fighting,
And when there's no fighting, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!"

*Captain Parker provided posterity with a great insight into Marlborough's soldierlike qualities. "The Duke of Marlborough (ever watchful, ever right) rode up quite unattended and alone."

At Ramillies he records "The Duke was in all places when his presence was required; and in the hurry of action happened to be unhorsed and in great danger of his life; but was re-

* This chronicler has references to other famous regiments which are of great interest. It is not surprising to learn that in the days of this contemporary writer that the Inniskilling Dragoons was not a regiment to cross sabres with in any light vein. Such was the formidable appearance of this regiment in 1712, that when "Brigadier Sutton arrived from Bruges with the Inniskilling Dragoons, their hearts failed them and they proposed to capitulate."

In dealing with the distinguished regiments raised in the ancient capital of Fermanagh in 1689 — Enniskillen — one notes the contemporary method of spelling the name in accordance with the way in which the regiments spell the name, i.e., Inniskilling; it might be mentioned that in 1919, the citizens of Enniskillen petitioned to have the spelling of the name of the town altered to that of Inniskilling, in honour of the gallantry of the two regiments, the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers in the Great War, which had been embodied within its precincts, but nothing came of the matter.

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mounted by Captain Molesworth, one of his Aide-de-Camps, who, seeing him in manifest danger of falling into the hands of the pursuing enemy, suddenly threw himself from his horse, and helped the Duke to mount him. His Grace, about an hour after, had another escape; when in shifting back from Captain Molesworth's horse to his own, Colonel Bringfield (his first Escuyer) holding the stirrup, was killed by a cannon-shot from Ramillies."

Two hundred years later the Royal Irish were destined to be drawn up in modern battle array—rifle pits—in almost the same identical theatre of war, and to bear the full brunt of Von Kluck's hordes at Mons and to join battle with them as vigorously as their forebears had crossed bayonets with the white clad columns of Monarchical France at Malplaquet.

That they lived up to the fighting traditions established by their ancestors in this identical terrain has been testified to in the history of the Connaught Rangers, another disbanded Irish regiment,—by an officer eye witness.

"Some units were considerably disorganised, but others were in good order. A great contrast was furnished by the retirement of the Royal Irish Regiment and the Middlesex Regiment. These two battalions, which had had heavier casualties than any other, closed up and marched off in fours, as if on parade."

Down through the centuries the 18th played their part, as the numerous battle honours emblazoned on their Colours bear witness. The escutcheon of Namur, the Spinx of Egypt, and the Dragon of China, were not borne on their regimental Colours for any other reason than that of particularly gallant service rendered in these widely-scattered campaigning grounds.

The South African War furnished the regiment with full scope for its fighting qualities. Against overwhelming odds the 1st Battalion fought in the action of Belfast, Transvaal, where its Celtic impetuosity was responsible for turning reverse into victory

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The Royal Irish shared with the other Irish regiments in the responsibility for the order for the formation of the Irish Guards in April, 1900 :—

> " Her Majesty the Queen, having deemed it desirable to commemorate the bravery shown by the Irish regiments during the operations in South Africa in the years 1899-1900 has been graciously pleased that an Irish Regiment of Foot Guards be formed, to be designated the ' Irish Guards.' "

and for the well-known order of the same date :—

> " Her Majesty the Queen is pleased to order that in future upon St. Patrick's Day all ranks in her Irish regiments shall wear, as a distinction, a sprig of shamrock in their head-dress to commemorate the gallantry of her Irish soldiers during the recent battles in South Africa."—WOLSELEY.

Testimony from the enemy is ever sure proof of a regiment's fighting qualities. Such a testimony was made by a German officer regarding the 2nd Battalion, Royal Irish, in the action of Le Pilly, in the battle for Le Basse, October, 1914, which hung on with a rare tenacity to an isolated position at the price of almost complete annihilation. Here the C.O., Major Daniell, D.S.O., fell, with the greater majority of the officers and men around him.

At St. Eloi, in December, 1914, the 1st Battalion, Royal Irish, which had just arrived from India with the 27th Division, had its first experience of trench warfare. In spite of decidedly adverse climatic conditions to which it and the two other Irish regiments—namely, the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers and the 1st Battalion Leinster Regiment, had been accustomed, these three battalions advanced in a driving sleet over a squelching morass and captured a formidable line of entrenchments under the famous Mound of Death, after a fierce hand-to-hand encounter with those tenacious fighters, the Bavarians.

Here the 18th lost their C.O., Lieut.-Colonel G. F. R. Forbes, who fell mortally wounded. It is of interest to note that the

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C.O. was a descendant of the first Colonel of the Regiment—Arthur Forbes, Earl of Granard.

The following list shows the Irish regiments, horse and foot, serving to-day, those which have been disbanded, and those which have been reduced to one battalion since 1922.

4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, amalgamated with the 7th Dragoon Guards, and serves to-day under the nomenclature of the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards. (Mechanized).

5th Royal Irish Lancers, order for disbandment in 1922 cancelled, and the regiment was amalgamated with the 16th Queen's Lancers, and serves to-day under the title of 16th/5th Lancers. Although the 5th Lancers were one of the oldest cavalry regiments having been raised in Enniskillen in 1689, the regiment had broken service. As the 5th Royal Irish Dragoons, it had been disbanded in 1799 to be re-raised in 1858 as the 5th Royal Irish Lancers. Hence precedence was given to the 16th Lancers on amalgamation. (Mechanized).

6th Inniskilling Dragoons. Amalgamated with the 5th Dragoon Guards (a regiment which curiously enough had been called the Green Irish Horse in 1747, and which had been quartered in Ireland for 80 consecutive years). Serves to-day under the combined nomenclature of 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. (Now mechanized).

8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. (Intact but mechanized).*

Irish Guards, 2nd Battalion, which was first formed in July, 1915, was disbanded in 1919 to be again re-raised in 1939.

Royal Irish Regiment (18th Foot). Disbanded 1922.

Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (27th and 108th Foot). 2nd Battalion disbanded in 1922, and the 1st Battalion was linked to form one corps with the Royal Irish Fusiliers, until 1937, when the 2nd Battalion was reformed.

* As it will be seen there is no horsed regiment representing Ireland, which fact is to be deplored, in view of the fact that Ireland is the veritable cradle of the horse.

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Royal Ulster Rifles (83rd and 86th Foot). Both Battalions remained intact, the nomenclature having been changed from that of Royal Irish Rifles in 1921.

Royal Irish Fusiliers (87th and 89th Foot). Orders for disbandment in 1922 cancelled, both line battalions were, however, amalgamated and linked to form one corps (with a common depot) with the 1st Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. 2nd Battalion re-raised in 1937.

Connaught Rangers (88th and 94th Foot). Disbanded in 1922.

The Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians), (100th and 109th Foot). Disbanded in 1922.

Royal Munster Fusiliers (101st and 104th Foot). Disbanded in 1922.

Royal Dublin Fusiliers (102nd and 103rd Foot). Disbanded in 1922.

What fascinating nomenclatures—Connaught Rangers might have been the very name of a patrician people. Raised in Galway in 1793, and officered entirely by the gentry of the West of Ireland, they were named first and numbered afterwards, 88, which was a unique procedure in those days. Picton cursed them and loved them for their reckless gallantry at Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz, and the Iron Duke himself alluded to them as the " Devil's Own " which nickname they cherished to the end.

Royal Munster Fusiliers,* whose 2nd Battalion man-handled teamless guns out of action in the face of a regiment of Uhlans at Etreux in the retreat from Mons not only reaped a complete chapter regarding their heroic feats in the official history of the War, but many pages in the German official History of their Cavalry in Belgium and France in 1914, written by the German Cavalry General Von Poseck.

The names of Robert Clive, Sir Eyre Coote, Hodson, the creator of that celebrated regiment Hodson's Horse, General Roberts, the father of the famous Field-Marshal, all appeared in the muster roll of officers of the " Dirty Shirts."

* Lord French, in his " 1914 " described the battalion as " cut to pieces " at Etreux. August 29th ; 9 officers and 118 other ranks were killed and buried at Etreux, and 6 officers were wounded. After this action the battalion could only muster 5 officers and 196 other ranks.

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It should be recalled that up to 1922 the 1st Battalion, *Royal Dublin Fusiliers could claim an unbroken record of service from 1644 (the year before the formation of the New Model Army to which the Coldstream Guards traces its ancestry) when they were despatched to garrison Fort St. George, Madras.

Clive was their first recorded Colonel, and Plassey their first battle-honour. Their 2nd Battalion claimed direct descent from the original British force despatched to garrison the Island of Bombay—the first of our possessions in India—Catherine of Braganza's dowry.

To have such traditions were sufficient in themselves to ensure perpetual gallant service down through the centuries and truly the Dublin's lived up to them.

With their compatriots the 1st Munsters, they were called upon to undertake one of the severest tests of discipline and self-sacrifice in the annals of warfare—the seemingly impossible task of landing on the heavily wired shores of Gallipoli from exposed rowing boats in the face of a tornado of shell and machine gun fire.

How gallantly they acquitted themselves with the 29th Division " The Incomparables " has been well and deeply carved into the annals of our military history.

All the Irish regiments shared in the crowning victory of Armageddon and crossed the Rhine in December, 1918. But even this final martial scene of the war was not without the element of humour. War correspondents and the German press described in detail how the British troops marched across the Hohenzollern Bridge, recording the strains of famous regimental marches which evoked echoes from among the flying buttresses of Cologne Cathedral and the narrow cobbled streets of this lovely city. But when it came to mentioning the tune to which

* The 1st Dublins in the original landing at V Beach, Cape Helles on April 25th, 1915, and in the subsequent five days fighting sustained 10 officers and 152 N.C.O's. and men killed, and 13 officers and 329 other ranks wounded.

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the *2nd Leinsters set the seal upon the victories won at Ypres, Guillemont and Coutrai, they merely remarked on an Irish pipe band playing a ' tune unknown ' "—the tune was " Paddy McGinty's Goat."

The late Sir John Fortescue, in that sorely missed *Morning Post*, at the time of the dissolution of the Irish regiments, wrote : " The military historian has no concern with politics, and must accept in silence the decree of politicians, but these great regiments should not be allowed to pass away in silence.

" Our foolish forebears after Waterloo disbanded many regiments and were obliged to reform them a few years later at great expense ; but they never did anything quite as wanton as the wholesale destruction of corps, three of which were over two centuries old."

The ruthlessness of the Geddes axe was indeed bleeding the British Army of one of its vital arteries. The loss of these Irish regiments was the Army's loss ; that their influence and fighting qualities were missed in Flanders in 1940, can be realised in the achievements of one of the few remaining Irish battalions left in the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, a regiment likewise condemned to death in Army Order No. 78, published on 11th March, 1922, but reprieved owing to the late King George V personal mediation for the benefit of the British Army eighteen years later, when fighting its rearguard action towards Dunkirk.

In fact, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, together with their compatriots the Irish Guards, completely monopolised the honours list published in *The Times* on 17th June, for their gallantry in action.

One who was privileged to see the last and never-to-be-forgotten scene in the history of the Irish regiments of the Crown recorded :

" The Royal Irish were and are not. Their party formed the right of the little line of broken-hearted men who came to St.

* At Premesques on 18th October, 1914, the 2nd Battalion, Leinster Regt. bore the brunt of the German main attack which was launched from Lille, suffering the following casualties : 11 officers and 423 N.C.O's and men of which number 5 officers and 150 other ranks were killed. Two officers in Captain Whitton (later Colonel F. E. Whitton, the noted military historian) and Captain G. Orpen-Palmer, were both seriously wounded and captured but managed to escape in a subsequent retirement of the enemy.

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George's Hall to deliver up their Colours to the King on the 12th June. No one who witnessed that ceremony will readily forget it—the stately lowering of the twenty flags at the first Royal salute; the mournful procession of ensigns who, pair after pair, kissed their Colours on bended knee handed them to the King; and then the second Royal salute with the Colours gone. Old soldiers, their breasts covered with medals and their cuffs lined with wound-stripes, set their faces hard and tried to look as if their eyes were not full of tears."

Thus the Colours of the line battalions of the disbanded Irish regiments were surrendered to King George V for safe keeping, and they now provide another tone of stately splendour to the glories of St. George's Hall, Windsor.

> "We are here to-day in circumstances which cannot fail to strike a note of sadness in our hearts. No regiment parts with its Colours without feelings of sorrow. A knight in days gone by bore on his shield his coat-of-arms, token of valour and worth; only to death did he surrender them. Your Colours are the record of valorous deeds in war and of the glorious traditions thereby created. You are called upon to part with them to-day for reasons beyond your control and resistance. By you and your predecessors these Colours have been reverenced and guarded as a sacred trust—which trust you now confide in me.
>
> "As your King I am proud to accept this trust, but I fully realise with what grief you relinquish these dearly-prized emblems; and I pledge my word that within these ancient and historic walls your Colours will be treasured, honoured and protected as hallowed memorials of the glorious deeds of brave and loyal regiments."

So spoke His late Majesty deeply moved on this impressive, intimate and final parade in the history of the gallant Irish regiments which had fulfilled such a conspicuous role in the building of the British Empire.

There was no secret about the soldiering qualities displayed by these battalions, they were typical professional soldiers who

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served as one would expect disciplined troops to serve, jealously treasuring their traditions. They took the King's shilling to fight the King's enemies when the word "democracy" was unknown.

Certainly a great camaraderie existed between all ranks, but it was the honour of the regiment which demanded and exacted a martial bearing, but they had their racial characteristics and Celtic temperament to help them in adversity and so they took life with a laugh or a jest, and particularly when the situation was really uncomfortable, or "unhealthy," from either the elements or shell fire. And so the most irksome duties were performed with an unfailing accompaniment of Hibernian badinage, which ever relieved the monotony of trench warfare at times even to an ironical degree. When the black sheep of the battalion was captured in a trench raid he manfully resisted four of his Bavarian captors, who were hauling him across no man's land, and fought his way free with his fists and feet, to return elated to his post only to be greeted by his sergeant with brutal frankness "Sure you were always a dirty sweep, even the Jerries wouldn't keep you!"

"The Leinster's never make heavy weather of anything" said a Divisional Commander after a successful attack had been launched against Hill 63 in September, 1918, which he had described as "insurmountable." A remark which had a touch of inspiration, as it summed up the character of the regiment from its birth, and it was a remark which could have been equally applied to all the regiments of Erin.

Such is the force of tradition and *esprit de corps* amongst fighting men, and as long as members of these Irish regiments breathe, the spirit of the regiments will survive.

Although disbanded the regiments themselves refused to die and keep up their regimental associations, their old comrades reunions, and last but not least, an annual march to the Cenotaph in order to honour the memory of their fallen comrades. June 4th, 1939, witnessed this last ceremony, which in view of the war clouds threatening saw a greater muster of these warriors on Horse Guards Parade than in former years, and the same

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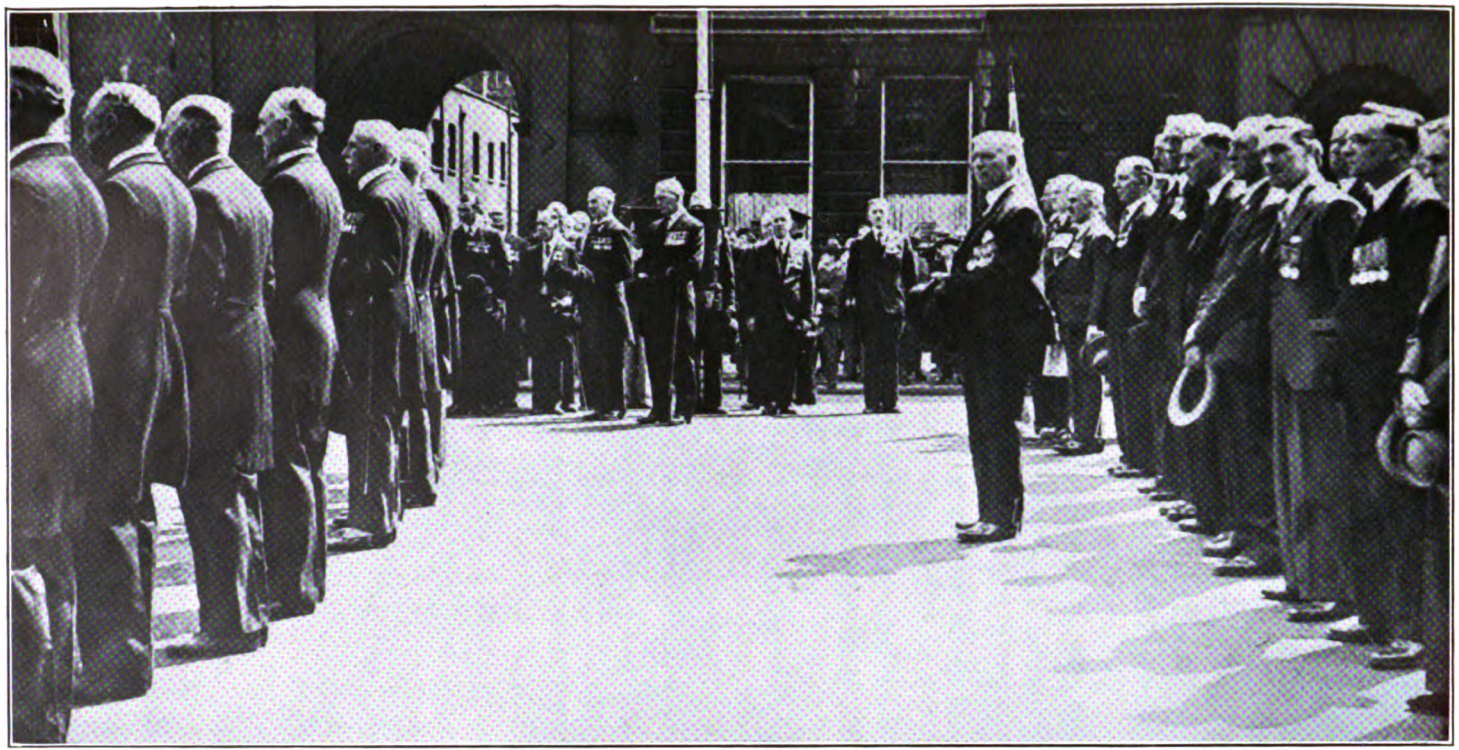

THE DISBANDED IRISH REGIMENTS' ANNUAL PARADE AT THE CENOTAPH, WHITEHALL, 4th JUNE, 1939

The C.I.G.S. General Sir John Dill, K.C.B., D.S.O., late the Leinster Regiment, with Colonel R. Orpen-Palmer, D.S.O., in front of the Leinsters. Royal Irish Regiment on the right.

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fierce *esprit de corps* which had stood these regiments in good stead at Mons and Ypres pervaded the ceremony.

Thus the phantom battalions have strode into history as resolutely as they marched into battle under Marlborough, Clive, Wellington, Roberts, French, and Haig, as courageously as they advanced at Colenso, Gallipoli, and Guillemont or through the low lying mists which enshrouded the shell-churned morasses of sinister Passchendaele, leaving in their wake a record unsurpassable.

There is a very haunting refrain called the Phantom Brigade which, when it is played very softly might indeed be the combined regimental march of these disbanded Irish regiments. When you hear it think of them and what their loss means to Crown and Country.

" They are very valiant and hardy, for the most part great endurers of cold, labour, hunger and all hardness, very active and strong of hand; very swift of foot, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprises; very present in perils; very great scorners of death."

A remarkable tribute to the Irish troops in the Great War was paid by Marshal Foch, in a special message to the *Irish Times* in 1928. After the Armistice, Marshal Foch wrote:

" I asked one of the German High Command, whom I had known in happier days, if he could tell me when he had first noted the declining morale of his own troops. He replied that it was after the picked troops under his command had had repeated experience of meeting the dauntless Irish troops who opposed them in the last great push. ' The Irishmen had endured such constant attacks that in the end the flower of the German army withered and faded away as an effective force.' "

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INCALCULABLE ELEMENT

By Reginald Hargreaves

" Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks !
Rage ! Blow !
You cataracts and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd our cocks ! "
Shakespeare.

" For my part, I will praise the English climate till I die,
—even if I die of the English climate !"
G. K. Chesterton.

Two things which the soldier must learn to stand up to without flinching are,—firstly, the fire of his enemy, and, secondly, the climatic conditions he is called upon to endure throughout his years of service with the Colours.

It is questionable if any soldier in the world has had such liberal experience, in both particulars, as our own long-suffering " Thomas Atkins."

On the other hand, as a Britisher he brings to the dual ordeal he is so frequently called upon to endure certain qualifications which somewhat particularly predispose him to survival. On the first count, members of our hard-bitten stock have invariably proved themselves positive gluttons for " punishment " ; while where the second desideratum is concerned, nothing but truth can be said to characterise the aphorism to the effect that " The man who can stand the English climate can stand anything."

In prehistoric days, the warring Ancient Briton, bent on a little inter-tribal foray, saw to it that not only was his flint-head axe trimmed and sharpened to " active service " requirements, but that his best and thickest set of skins was ready for assump-

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tion and a plentiful supply of woad simmering handily in the pot. For, as scientific experiment has since determined, woad possessed a varnish-like, rain-resisting quality which rendered its wearer practically impervious to damp. Hence, with the malevolence of the elements to contend with in addition to the warlike attentions of his enemy, your marauding Ancient Briton daubed himself from head to foot with a generous patterning of the stuff, in much the same way as a Channel swimmer oils himself all over before committing his shivering body to the vast and chill liquescence of the sea.

Nor was the precaution by any manner of means a fantastic supererogation; for as Tacitus was to record very early in his visit to these humid but algid shores, "It is a vile climate, with constant rain and clouds."

Such, indeed, was the general intractability of meteorological conditions that even the Roman genius for road-building was put to the desperate expedient of utilising horse skulls as the foundation of their highways whenever they passed through a particularly deep and soggy hollow, in an attempt to provide the camber with additional but highly necessary drainage. Conversely, when the sun *did* smile, so bright was its effulgence and so admirably had the military look-out posts been sited, that a signal, transmitted by the code-flash of a burnished shield, took no more than thirty hours, we are assured, to travel from Hadrian's Wall to Rome—including the passage across Channel.

But variability, with a distinct bias towards the inclement, continued to characterise our indigenous climatic conditions; as the early militia-man, called up under Saxon Alfred's universal service system of the *fyrd* had every opportunity of realising. Detailed, for the most part, to patrol duty along the bleak and gusty cliff-line—an early anticipation of our present-day Coastal Command and, like that distinguished body, equally concerned with the possibility of raiders—"heavy, hooded cloaks," so a contemporary chronicler is careful to insist, were considered as much a part of the man's equipment as "the spear, sixteen inch dagger, and shield" with which he was under obligation to come provided.

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The veriest schoolboy is acquainted with the story of the kingly Alfred's regrettable laxity when entrusted with the guardianship of certain cakes in the process of cooking on the open hearth. But few pause to appreciate the temptation to "nod off" experienced by a man suddenly translated from the fury and bluster of a biting winter day to the soporific warmth of a blazing fire. Had the responsibility been entrusted to the peccant monarch at any other time than during a period of peculiarly vile weather, there is no reason to suppose that so conscientious a man would have done other than fulfil it with the utmost care and diligence.

Climatic vindictiveness would not appear to have abated during the period when Harold was waging his losing fight against the Norman invasion headed by Duke William. Harold, owing to a furious storm in the Channel which eventually cast the vessel in which he was cruising on to the French shore, had already sworn, as the price of his own liberty to return to England to support the Duke's claim to the throne. His prompt apostasy upon once more reaching his native heath was followed by an equally punctual descent on Hastings by the Norman host. Landing impetuously at the head of his followers, Duke William immediately slipped and stumbled to his knees—in the slithery mud, we may reasonably presume, the presence of which lubricous element offered a characteristic welcome from the land which the invader had set out to conquer! But the inclement weather proved a stout ally to the Duke when the battle of Hastings brought Norman and Saxon armies in array against each other. For Harold and his adherents fought in the teeth of a strong opposing wind, which added enormously to the length of range and velocity of the invading bowmen's arrow flights, to the Saxon's ultimate undoing.

Space is not here to dwell upon the appalling post-Conquest road conditions—outcome of a persistently malignant climate—which even the new Norman efficiency and "hustle" entirely failed to remedy. It is sufficiently revealing to record that contemporary evening prayers included an especial plea for "those who have been bitten by venemous beasts, and

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travellers" ! Years after Norman efforts at reform should have brought about a general improvement in transport facilities, Henry IV was still constrained to donate an annual contribution of timber from Windsor Forest for the upkeep of Henley Bridge, as an alternative to slipping through that crazy, hopelessly weather-worn structure into the waters beneath, every time he essayed its perilous passage.* Students of Chaucer, moreover, will need no reminder of the caustic views on contemporary climatic conditions expressed by an author otherwise characterised by a temperament almost radiantly genial and sunny. No less significant is the fact that one of the earliest secular dramatic works of which there is record should be *The Play of the Weather*, wherein the truly representative characters give loud and bitter voice to the Englishman's age-old grievance against the prevailing ill-humour of his climate. Another piece of dramaturgy of about the same period, performed by the water-drawers of the Dee, is succinctly entitled *Noye's Fludde.*

Richard the Lion-heart, of course, was furnished, in the Crusades, with an almost perfect excuse for "wintering abroad"; and we may be very sure that the desultory manner in which these sub-tropical campaigns were conducted was less attributable to lack of military zeal for their prosecution than to a perfectly understandable reluctance to exchange the amenities of a reasonable climate for the meteorological hardships awaiting the warrior on his return home.

Of the reign of the first Edward, intelligence of contemporary weather conditions may be obtained in Stow's *Annales.* Therein the fact is recorded that "King Edward kept his feast of Christmas (1281) at Worcester. From this Christmas until the Purification of Our Lady, there was such a frost as no man living could remember the like; where through five arches of London and all Rochester Bridge were borne downe, and carried away with the streame; and the like happened to many bridges in England."

* It must regretfully be added that on one occasion the local notables were found to have sold the donated timber for their own private profit, not an inch of it going to the repair of the bridge, and indulged in a week-long "beano" on the proceeds!

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To be fair, however, it must readily be admitted that all the evidence points to the fact that the reign of Edward IV experienced a succession of perfectly glorious summers, with several indubitable and protracted heat waves. So great and delightful was the change, indeed, that even the design and texture of contemporary garments underwent complete and unexampled metamorphosis. In place of the swathed and muffled figures of the preceding reigns, with their hooded cloaks of heavy fustian and cassock-like surcoats reaching to the ankles, the discovery was made that man had legs—eke that woman was possessed of arms, a neck and shoulders. Short jupons and tunics cut low at the throat; long hose with barely more than a bathing slip in the way of "trunks"; even shoes in place of the erstwhile heavy bootings, all combine to assure us that England's spell of amiable weather was long enough and sufficiently consistent, not only to render necessary so drastic a change of garb, but to establish it in general favour.

But, alas, it was too good to last!

With late Tudor days we are back to heavy frieze cloaks and stout leather thigh boots—with Wolsey hung up for two-and-a-half days on the modest trip from London to Hampton Court Palace, then a-building—while Elizabethan warriors, on sea and land, were openly encouraged to "japan" their steel corselets and morions to prevent their rusting. It was for the Virgin Queen, too, that the chivalrous Raleigh spread his cloak in the mire, to spare his Sovereign the discomfort of sinking up to her ankles in the glutinous porridge under foot. Moreover, Drake's reluctance to leave his game of bowls on Plymouth Ho! may be attributed, less to his inherent obstinacy and casualness, than to the fact that it was probably the only *outdoor* contest in which the weather had permitted him to indulge during the current season!

On the other hand, it is no reflection upon the valour and enterprise of Drake's men-at-arms to insist that adverse meteorological conditions had as much to do with the defeat and dispersal of the Spanish Armada as the daring evolutions of the force which set out from these shores to oppose it. Even

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the cautious Green* pays tribute to the way in which the elements harnessed themselves to the Islanders' defence; while without the strong following wind which propelled and guided them on the right course, the English fire-ships, which actually wrought such wide-spread havoc among the Spanish galleons, might well have proved no more than a boomerang in the hands of those who launched them.

The works of Shakespeare,—that faithful mirror of his own, as of all, time,—are replete with thunder and lightning effects "off stage," by which he sought to heighten the dramatic situations in which his characters worked out their mimic destinies; (the first and second scene of the third act of "King Lear" are a sufficiently typical example), while the prevalence of "weather" similes of the "Now is the *winter* of our discontent made glorious *summer* by the *sun* of York" variety, gives a clear indication of the sensitive poet-dramatist's reactions to the unalieviated meteorological inflictions which marked his sojourn on these lachrymose and windy shores.

II.

Clarendon is our authority for the statement that King Charles Ist, on the eve of that convulsion known as the Civil War, raised his standard at Nottingham in the August of 1642 "on the evening of a very stormy and tempestuous day." On the other hand, at Oxford, in 1644, with the aid of favourable weather, the Royalist forces were given an opportunity to put into practice a little *ruse de guerre* which enabled them to slip clean away from right under the noses of the investing armies of Essex and Waller. Taking advantage of a singularly clear and balmy night, they hung a chain of brightly-burning "slow-matches" on the trees and hedges around the mill and bridge of Islip,—"to cheat the crop-heads we were still there,"—surreptitiously slipping off during the understandable Parliamentary inactivity which this ingenious device imposed. But in the main, inclement weather haunted the whole course of

* Green's "Short History of the English People," Chapter VII, Section VI.

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the protracted and straggling campaign; as, among other things, the single item of the appalling "wastage" of horses,—from other than hostile action and indifferent horsemastership,—goes far to demonstrate.* Ultimately, it was through high-drifted snow, and wearing two shirts under his doublet and cloak, lest the shivering liable to be induced by the freezing cold should be misconstrued as the trembling of a craven spirit, that the Martyr King walked through St. James's Park to the scaffold awaiting him in Whitehall.

The Restoration, however, brought relief, not only from political and spiritual, but from meteorological gloom.

Leaving behind him the "terrible weather" of the Flanders winter of which he had complained so bitterly to Chancellor Hyde, the Merry Monarch rode through the bright sunshine of a glorious English Mayday, to re-enter the home of his ancestors; and Parson Butterfield, of Clayden in Buckinghamshire, noted exultantly in his diary that "Heaven and earth seem to conspire to make a fair and fruitful Spring of plenty and joy to this poor Kingdom, and the fields and pastures begin to put on their best dress as if it were to entertain his Majesty in triumph and make him in love with his native soil."

In all truth, no man ever wavered less in his profound affection for the land of his birth,—and its climate!—than "the Black Boy," whose memory was still marked by the recollection of that dismal, rain-soaked flight through dripping Boscobel Wood and the subsequent years of lean and chilly exile amidst the cold, damp and fog with which Holland accompanied her pinched and grudging hospitality. "In our climate," averred the happily-returned exile, whose abiding prayer was that he might never be sent "on his travels" again, "a man may go out every day in the year." And providing that he possessed a constitution stout enough to match that of "the strolling Prince,"—the most inveterate of pedestrians, come rain, come shine,—so that any man might; although the great Duke of Wellington's comment on King Charles's vaunt was

* Moreover, it is not without significance that Cromwell was constrained to exhort his followers to "Trust God, and keep your powder *dry*"!

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that it could be carried into effect "only if one will consent to be wet through, or blown to pieces, or starved to death!"

For all that, the climatic benignancy which characterised so many of the Restoration years suffered early interruption. For in the December of 1662 we find Mr. Pepys noting in his diary, "To the office with Sir J. Minnes, in his coach; but so great a snow we could scarcely pass the streets. . . . Into the Parke, to see them slide with their scates, which is very pretty"; while the Gentlemen of His Majesty's Life Guard made a first, tentative appearance in boots of stiff "jacked" leather, which they were subsequently to adopt universally in place of the boot of soft, water-letting hide hitherto affected.

Again, with the early December of 1683, "a season of unprecedented cold set in; even the King, whose superb physique gave him joy at all seasons, complained of it and of an aching pain in his side. The New Year dawned on a snow-bound England,—all communications stopped, the sea frozen two miles from the shore, and the Thames a thoroughfare of ice. Here the Londoners built themselves a city of booths, so that, as the pale wintry sun broke through the fog pall, Charles looking down the river at the rising height of St. Paul's, could see his ruddy-faced subjects at their sports on the ice,—bull-baiting and ox-roasting, plays and interludes, and coach races. But behind the gabled, snow-crowned houses that curtained the rough, cheerful scene, the poor, in fireless courts, were fed in that starving time by the generosity of a Sovereign who, whatever his failings, never forgot his people in the day of their need."*

Even the birds of the air were among the victims of this unprecedented climatic vindictiveness. "All of the feathered kind," a sympathetic chronicler has put on record, "have suffered sadly, and most for lack of water. Wild duck, swans, eiders, black-necked grabes, mergansers, dunlins and moorhens have crouded our estuaries seeking to allay their thirst." Round and about Whitehall itself, gulls mewed, braziers were set up at the Palace Gate and at the two gates guarding the main thorough-

* Arthur Bryant's "King Charles II."

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fare through the central block of buildings, while the sentries *en post* were relieved once an hour, and sometimes more frequently. *En passant*, the notes in Evelyn's diary for the same period runs, " I went crosse the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to beare not only streets of boothes, in which they roasted meate, but had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a towne, and coaches, carts and horses passed over."*

Topical comment was supplied by a " broadside," " printed for J. Shad. London, 1684," in which, among other things, the plight of the ferrymen and waterside characters was painted in the lines :

The waterman with folded arms do stand
And grieve to see the water firm as land ;
Their boats hal'd up, their oars laid useless by,
' Nor oars, nor skuller, master,' do they cry."

A bad time for the mariner prowling the Channel in King Charles's ships ; an equally unpleasant time for " the lewd and licentious soldiery " of His Majesty's small but rapidly-expanding Regular Army. For until 1685-9,—probably the experiences of this pestilential winter gave pause for thought,—the general issue of great-coats for the use of the troops was unknown. It is true that a certain number of " centry gowns " were on call with each regiment of Horse or battalion of Foot,—never more than about twenty per unit, so far as can be ascertained,—but these were only for use by the men who actually " kept the watch," i.e. men on sentry. On parade or on the line of march, the rank and file of the Infantry were garbed in precisely the same uniform, winter or summer, and without any sort of protective outer covering, however bitter the cold or relentlessly persistent the fall of rain. Even where the issue of " centry gowns " was concerned, the unhappy plight of the tall man who went to draw one and found that the only specimen left in store had been designed to fit a warrior of something less than medium height, can better be imagined than described !†

* Even so late as May the effect of the hard frost was being felt ; a country correspondent, writing to Evelyn to lament the impossibility of procuring even so much as a single sprig of rosemary for a funeral.

† Subsequent to this date, 1685-9, " cloakes " were issued to all ranks, red in colour for both Cavalry and Infantry, and faced with the regimental colour.

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It is fortunate, therefore, that the earliest "grand parade" ever to be held, which took place at the Camp on Hounslow Heath in 1678,*—and at which diarist Evelyn expressed such astonishment at the appearance of the new-fangled type of soldier "called Grenadiers, who were dexterous in flinging hand-grenadoes, every one having a pouchful," and who were adorned with "furred caps with coped crowns like Janizaries, which made them look very fierce"; a description which included, one hopes, "some who had long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools; their clothing being likewise piebald yellow and red,"—was attended by amiable weather. Less kindly fortune, however, visited another turn-out *en grande tenue*, on Putney Heath in the October of 1684. All started as merrily as a marriage bell, if we are to accept the testimony of a document quoted by that diligent historian, Francis Grose. But after both Horse and Foot had been "successively exercised, by beat of drum, in the military postures of the pike, sword and musket; every man dexterously discharging their duties with an exact and general readiness," it is melancholy to have to record that "the day proved wet and showery, which was a great impediment from proceeding at that time to any other motions, customary upon the like reviews; and all decampt sooner than otherwise they would have done."† Which, bearing in mind what the soldier was normally expected to bear with, argues a pretty useful downpour!

Marlborough's troopers, we have been assured, "swore horribly in Flanders"; and it is more than possible that the cause of their deep-salted objurgations may be found in their profound chagrin at discovering that, in their persistent, unrelenting meteorological beastliness, the Low Countries inflicted climatic atrocities on them even worse than those they had been called upon to endure in garrison at home!

Nor was their passage to and from the scene of action, owing to "the fury winds that 'round Britain blow," attended with

* Hounslow saw another parade, of twenty squadrons and ten battalions, in the August of 1685, an occasion attended by fine weather.

† Francis Grose's "Military Antiquities," Appendix, Vol. II.

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any better fortune. Indeed, such was the wilful contrariness of the prevailing weather conditions off the coast that, from the sailing of the amphibious expeditions to *Isle de Rhé* and *La Rochelle* in the reign of Charles Ist, right through to the departure of the troops demanded by Wellington for his campaign of 1815, the punctual transportation of military bodies suffered set-back after set-back. Delays often ran into months, hampering the conduct of operations so hopelessly as frequently to render their eventual prosecution an enterprise foredoomed to failure.

The detailed record of one such harrowing voyage has been left us from the pen of John Marshall Deane, a " private sentinel" of the 1st Foot Guards. Leaving Ostend on the 17th of March, 1713, five days beating before the wind brought his transport to the mouth of an English harbour. But such a gale and sea were raging that to land the troops was quite out of the question. " Followed then (he writes) much drifting to and fro, to Leith, thence back to Tinmouth, and at ye end returned to Ostend, which the unhappy voyagers reached on April 17th ; and while we lay on board we had continual Destruction in ye Foretop ; ye Pox above board ; ye Plague between decks ; Hell in ye fo'castle, and ye Devil at ye Helm " ; and all thanks to the intransigence of the climatic conditions which enwrapped the home-land in their malevolent embrace !

Road conditions up and down the land, owing to the prevailing inclemency of the weather, were, in Macaulay's sweeping verdict, " appalling." And this despite the strenuous efforts for their reform engendered by the new craze for travelling and the enormous increase in commercial and coaching traffic the highways were called upon to sustain. An indication of the expectation generally entertained of the damage the vehicles themselves might probably be expected to incur may be gleaned from a glance at the prevailing rates for coach hire in operation throughout the mid-years of the eighteenth century. For the use of a post-chaise and pair,—the most lightly built and best-sprung type of conveyance, and the one, therefore, least liable to break-down and damage,—for a journey of from nine to sixteen miles was thirty shillings, plus a Government " duty "

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of six shillings; in the light of the contemporary "spending value" of money, a considerable sum. Even more costly was the hire of a carriage and six horses,—the only combination for a journey of any magnitude,—which, for a "stage" of twenty miles, stood at £2 14s. 0d., plus an additional "duty" charge of nine shillings; with the postillions looking to be fee'd at the rate of a shilling for every "stage" of ten miles or part thereof, "besides some additional consideration in the case of carrying three persons, traveling by night, long waiting, quick driving, and sundry other pretences, which their ingenuity was always ready to suggest," as one contemporary *voyageur* bitterly informs us.

These rates, of course, were only in operation during such times as the highways were free from frost and snow, the arrival of which swept all but private vehicles,—and, later, the coaches carrying His Majesty's mails,—from roads rendered well nigh impassable. And the number of ice-bound winters with which the eighteenth century "obliged" is truly astounding. For the details of one of the earliest of them, we may again turn to diarist Evelyn,—now an octogenarian,—who records in *Sylva*, his monumental work on afforestation, that, during the "Great Storm" of 1703, over a thousand trees were blown down within sight of his residence in Surrey. "The effects," he writes in one of the last entries in his diary, "of the hurricane and tempest of wind, rain and lightning, through all the nation, especially London, were very dismal. Many houses demolished, and people killed. . . . I am not able to describe it, but must submit to the pleasure of Almighty God."

III.

Another outstandingly disastrous winter was that of 1709-10, when a very hard frost set in on Christmas Day and continued, almost unabated, well on towards the end of March. London was in the grip of another icy spell, lasting over seven weeks, at the beginning of 1716, when the Thames was once more solidly frozen over. John Gay commemorated the event in his

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Trivia; in which occurred a verse which rather goes to suggest that the author of *The Beggar's Opera* was not entirely unacquainted with that modest "broadsheet," "printed for J. Shad. London, 1864"! For the fifth and sixth lines undoubtedly bear a suspiciously close resemblance to the lucubration of the earlier poetaster:

"O roving muse! recall that wondrous year,
When winter reigned in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames with frosted osiers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar:
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town
And wander roads unstable not their own:
Wheels o'er the harden'd water smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the ox entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair!"

In effect, the Merry Monarch's "Ice Fair" of 1683 all over again. It is also to be noted of this visitation of 1716 that, although already an old-established favourite, whose origins were even then "wropped in mystery," the following minatory jingle achieved in revival a universality of popularity never previously accorded it:

"Button to the chin
Till May be in;
Ne'er cast a clout
Till May be out;
Change in June,
You change too soon;
Change in July,
You'll catch cold in your eye;
Change in August
If you must;
But always remember,
Change back in September."

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A salutary warning which certain kindly-disposed Quakers doubtless had in mind when, with the alarms and excursions of the '45 serving momentarily to elevate "the poor, profligate wretch" of a soldier into general esteem, they banded together to supply the "winter campaigners" with an extra flannel waistcoat apiece. Not to be outdone by the Society of Friends, the City merchants started a subscription among themselves to provide a "set of blankets and paliasses for each tent, thirty watch coats,"—an echo, this, of the old "centry gowns,"—to each battalion, and a pair of worsted gloves to every man.* Thus was created that precedent of Government leaving the provision of elementary "comforts" for the soldiery to the forethought of private benevolence which ever since has been so faithfully followed,—from the private knitting of the "Cardigans" and "Balaclava helmets" of the Crimea to the fabrication of the woollen scarves, mittens and cap-comforters of to-day!

But if the winter of 1745-6 was severe enough to evoke these manifestations of popular sympathy, it was as nothing compared with that of 1787, when the contemporary *Gentleman's Magazine* contained constant reference to the tenacity of the ill-humoured snow and ice, whose visitation lasted on into the middle of April. Things climatic were bad again in 1795-6, when, as we are informed in Beaton's *Naval History of Great Britain*, the entrance to the Thames and Medway was blocked with ice of such thickness that, by its pressure, vessels were carried clear away from their moorings in Sheerness harbour. Moreover, a young naval officer, writing to his parents on 4th February, 1795, adds a postcript to the effect that, "Owing to the most severe frost, which has frozen over this river, I have been detained on board since the 20th ultimo, and could not send off this letter."

These two periods of extreme cold had certainly been broken by the "Great Drought" of 1788; but that, in its turn, term-

* Although gauntlets were, and had long been, an "issue" to the Cavalry, this is the first record of any form of hand-covering for the Infantry Other Ranks upon which the present writer has been able to light. The Infantry Officer, of course, was from the first furnished with a small gauntlet glove, often elaborately fringed. On the other hand, Infantry serving as Marines would appear to have been issued with gloves.

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inated in a season of howling winds and lashing rain; during which the Queen's Bays, proceeding on station to Ireland, took ten days to complete the voyage from Liverpool, experiencing so rough a crossing that not a single one of their horses survived the journey. The Thames was again frozen solid at Kingston; while East Indiamen were held up in the ice so far down stream as Deptford and Gravesend.

It was not so very long afterwards that even that gentle creature Charles Lamb was constrained to write that "Summer has set in with its usual severity"; while that new-fangled contraption, the umbrella, which had met with such mockery and opposition when first brought to London by Joseph Hanway in 1785, was progressing in popular favour to such an extent that even the soldiery, on occasion, were known to take advantage of the shelter it afforded,—Guards officers in particular, walking down St. James's on the way to parade.*

Special attractions at Vauxhall Gardens, advertised in the *Morning Post* for March, 1788, argue an early, mild and beneficent Spring; but Nature was soon in her tantrums again, for by early April the same journal was reporting that "Much damage was done yesterday to the shipping on the River, below the Bridge, in consequence of the amazing highness of the wind. In St. James's Park many trees were stripped of their branches, but the most remarkable circumstance was, that many *fish* were actually blown upon the land out of the Canal." Fog, no less, was remarkably prevalent throughout the same year, and many serious accidents were attributed to its incidence. For all that, the Summer months produced a long spell of fine weather, so protracted, indeed, that in July a London newspaper solemnly announced that, "During the serious Drought there have been many cases of people being bitten by mad dogs, including a soldier of the Foot Guards."

Within five months, however, a rival journal was recording that "Thursday morning the mail coach was stuck fast between

* The umbrella, of course, had been a familiar object in classic Greece; while so dearly had it been esteemed through the centuries in China, that its issue to the troops was taken as a matter of course. It was, however, dead against Celestial etiquette to indulge in any form of battle-fighting in the rain!

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Macclesfield and Leek. The passengers, who arrived in town about 9 o'clock yesterday morning, gave great commendation to the coachman and guard, and say that had it not been for their exertions and long perseverance, that they must have remained there till daylight. After they were dug out, the coachman, knowing the local situation of the country, conducted them safely across some fields to Leek." A typical mischance, which the records of contemporary travel could duplicate again and again. It was during the same winter, too, that a trooper of the King's Dragoon Guards, riding with a message from Windsor to London, foundered in a snow-drift and was only just rescued in time to save him from death from exposure.

Rain, snow, wind, fog, and again—rain! So it continued through the turn of the century; with Picton, by this time, so inveterate an umbrella addict that the sheltering contraption actually accompanied him on compaign; so that, at Sorauren in 1814, the extraordinary spectacle might have been witnessed of this hard-swearing, tough old veteran, his battered "battle-beaver" pulled down over his eyes, solemnly conducting a battle with one hand, so to speak, while gravely holding his "brolly" over his head with the other!* For that matter, an umbrella formed part of the baggage of the great Iron Duke himself,—the identical article can be seen in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution to this day,—although no evidence exists of its actual appearance on the field of Waterloo: a rain-soaked battle which the British were bound to win, since they had behind them the traditions of those oft-flooded Thames-side playing fields of Eton, and were thus more inured to partial submergence than the sun-accustomed French! Napoleon, it will be recalled, described mud as war's "fourth element."

Not to be outdone by its predecessors, the new century started in fine fettle with the merciless winter of 1814, provocative of another "Frost Fair" on lower Thames. There followed the equally severe infliction of 1820, when a crowd assembled on Westminster Bridge to gape at the spectacle of an unfortunate

* The late Duke of Cambridge went even one better, conducting a review of the troops in full uniform, with an A.D.C. obsequiously holding an umbrella over his venerable head.

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pig, " who had strayed from the shore at Millbank, and having got on a piece of ice, where it sat with great composure, was carried down the River by the current " ; whereupon, the record adds, " several watermen put off and rescued the swinish navigator from his perilous position." The same year is memorable for the disastrous accident wherein thirty-five out of forty-five skaters were drowned at Knottingley in consequence of the ice giving way beneath them. At the same time *The Morning Post* gloomily reported that, " All the peacocks kept at the palace of Carlton House, died during the late intense frost."

The year 1839 witnessed a mixed grill of every kind of climatic horror ; the *Sunday Times* for 3rd February, announcing, for example, that " Owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, the London morning and evening mails have, for the past two or three days, been very much retarded on the railway, The snow in many places has drifted considerably, and the frozen sleet upon the iron rails operates as a powerful check on the progress of the trains." Thus the new Iron Horse suffered only a little less from the impediments which had so often retarded its flesh-and-blood predecessors in the brave, if difficult, days of the mail coach and its straining team. Of the same grim season, so late as 26th May, *The Observer* reported that " We hear from Sussex that in the memory of man such severe frosts have never been experienced. The fine beech woods crowning the hill from Arundel into Hampshire have been so perfectly blasted by the severe frost that although on the previous day they were growing in all the beauty of Spring, on the subsequent day they presented the appearance of trees adjoining a house that had been burned down."

So the troublous tale continues ; with *Hermit's* extraordinary Derby run off in a blinding snow storm in 1867 ; the trials and tribulations of the Great Blizzard of 1881 ; the Tay Bridge disaster in the howling gale of 1887 ; the Great Frosts of 1890-1,—when another Ice Fair was held on the Thames at Hampton,—and of 1895. It was during the last-named that the roast-chestnut vendors set up their braziers on the ice near

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Old Swan Pier, by London Bridge; a man drove a pony and trap across the width of the river at Kingston; and the Arctic relief ship "Discovery" was frozen solidly in her berth in the Royal Victoria Yard, Deptford.

Little wonder, then, that certain officers, "warned" for the Coronation of our present Sovereign, should have manifested their justifiable distrust of what the incalculable elements might elect to turn loose upon them during the course of the great day, by promptly insuring their full-dress uniforms against any meteorological damage they might be called upon to sustain!

* * * * * *

So far, no complete and authoritative history of the British climate exists. For the Meteorological Office was not established until the 'fifties of last century; and prior to its inauguration the preservation of weather records was left to haphazard private enterprise. Of such records as do exist, the Rev. William Denham's "Observations" cover about forty years from 1690; Robert Hart's "Weather Diary" does the same for the early 'eighties of the 17th century,—both documents being now kept with the archives of the Royal Society, together with the "Journal" of Daines Barrington, covering the end of the 18th century. There are also excellent records for the 18th and 19th centuries kept, intermittently, at Syon House, Isleworth, and at the Radcliffe at Oxford.

Study of these records, and of less particularised diaries and memoirs, gives us something of the general story, but at best the tale emerges incomplete. Until it can be read in detail, it is impossible to determine whether the definition of our climate, recent-vouchsafed by a sun-starved Rhodesian, as "four months uncertainty in the middle of eight months plain filth," constitutes a biassed or a reasonable verdict.

Perhaps the fairest summing-up is that of J. M. N. Jeffries, special correspondent and traveller in many climes; the last man, in fact, to whom the old tag "What does he know of England who only England knows?" could be said to apply. In a recent book of Memoirs, he gives it as his considered opinion that, "England, indeed, during the fair seasons, is a lovely and

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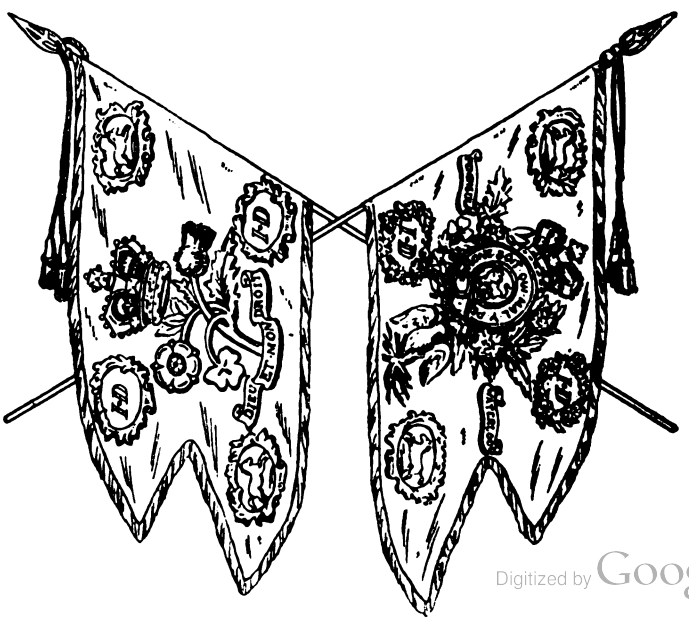
gentle garden. In England you escape airless nights, sweating days, impure food and dangerous water, and the plague of disease-bearing insects. The earth is serene and sedative to the gaze. Yet to own such an earth England loses the heavens. If ever the true sun does show in the open sky, this becomes a matter of comment in the newspapers, such is its rarity. The British Isles are really Nature's parlour,—her indoor out-of-doors; all upholstered in green to protect them from the sun's rays. The light comes as through curtains, and the very air is enclosed, shut off by island vapours and woodland emanations from the bold rays of the universal planet. It is Winter that is Monarch of the air."*

Yet the very meteorological variability to which the Englishman is for ever exposed, has served only the more surely to toughen and harden him,—especially in his military incarnation,—until the climatic mutability to which he has learned to steel himself, or perish in the attempt, renders such excesses as foreign residence may bring in its train a matter for philosophical acceptance, if not of actual indifference. Moreover, it is to the English climate that we owe our possession of that wondrous thing, the British Empire; for it is only the English climate which has driven Britishers to conquer over a quarter of the habitable globe, in a frantic endeavour to find a climate fit to live in!

* Or, as the Empress Eugéne put it, "The grey English sky is like a dish cooked without salt, you must be very hungry indeed to feel any appetite for it."



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THE FOURTH THREE MONTHS OF THE WAR

By "OBSERVER"

THE outstanding event of the period from the end of June to the end of August, with which this article deals, is, of course, the opening of the battle for Britain, which is still in full course as these words are being written, but will be decided, though possibly not finished, by the time they are read.

Before dealing with this, the crucial episode of the war, as we ourselves, the Empire, our enemies, and the world all fully recognize, it is necessary to devote more attention than was possible in the previous article of this series to the sudden and surprising collapse of France. That collapse was brought about in less than two months of fighting. On 10th May the German offensive opened in the West with the invasion of Holland and Belgium. On 15th May all Holland was in German hands, and the breach in the French line in the Meuse area was effected. On May 19th the main direction of the enemy advance was turned westwards towards the Channel ports. On May 20th the Belgian Army on the order of its Royal commander-in-chief laid down its arms. On May 30th the evacuation of the northern Allied armies from Dunkirk began, to be completed by June 4th. The operations in this first phase of the German offensive, thus briefly summarized, were dealt with in our last article.

On June 5th, after the briefest of pauses for reorganization and regrouping, the enemy began the second phase of the attack, designed to over-run Central France and enforce the surrender of Paris and the capitulation of the French fighting forces on his own terms. This was achieved in less than three weeks of widespread but not unduly costly fighting. General Weygand, who had taken over command of the French army in the midst of the first phase of the battle, when the Allies were already in

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full retreat, had tried to reconstruct the defences on his new east to west front along the Somme, the Aisne, and to devise new tactics to meet the enemy's method of mass penetration of armoured forces under cover of air force bombardment. But the time left him was too short, and the moral and material strength of the French troops, now deprived of all but a token aid from their Allies, had already been too seriously impaired to allow of effective or prolonged resistance to the new German attack. On June 10th—a sure portend of the future—Italy signalled her faith in its complete success by declaring war against the Allies—just in time as she fondly hoped, to reap the maximum fruits of victory with the minimum of fighting for them—and by so doing prevented any aid to the French forces on the main front from these deployed for the guard of the Alps and the Riviera corridor. On June 14th the Germans entered abandoned Paris, and two days later the war government of M. Reynaud was replaced by a new administration under Marshal Petain, whose first act was to broadcast to the world that "the fighting must cease" and to ask Germany for "honourable terms as between soldiers." On June 21st, Hitler, on the same spot as, and in the same railway carriage in which, in November, 1918, Marshal Foch had negotiated armistice terms with Imperial Germany, presented the terms asked for—terms unbelievedly harsh and painful, which, however, were duly accepted on the following day. All northern and western France thereby passed into German occupation, and all her resources were put at Germany's disposal for the further prosecution of the final phase of the campaign—the destruction of Britain. France thus passed from the war in so breathlessly swift and ignominious a fashion that the world was left gasping and gaping at the irresistibility of German arms and convinced of the inevitability of Britain's succeeding overthrow. Deprived, as we were of friends, left alone to face two formidable and invincible foes, not one neutral observer would at the end of June have placed even the smallest of hedging bets on our chance of survival. Most of them, indeed, foresaw as already fallen upon humanity the disaster of which Pope so eloquently

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and terribly spoke :

" Lo ! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored ;
Light dies before thy uncreating word ;
Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all."

This reaction, resulting from the moral shock of a fearful and largely unexpected disaster, should not now blind us to the fact that the causes of France's defeat were in no sense miraculous nor even particularly obscure. On the contrary, they were easily foreseeable, and in some quarters, indeed, were in fact foreseen ; what was surprising was less that the due effects should have followed the causes, as that they should have followed so swiftly and so completely. France was not only hurled down, as she has so often been before in her history ; she was kept down and given no chance to rise again. German arms not only won a series of great and resounding victories, but were able to push these victories through to the decisive annihilation of the adversary. The days of Jena, of Waterloo, and of Sedan seemed to have dawned again before the eyes of men who had lost their belief in the possibility of such lightning-like blows of war, and resigned themselves to the apparently inevitability of national struggles, of attrition and of bungling direction, wherein the maximum of cost accompanied the minimum of profit.

The causes of the French defeat were partly military and partly social and political. With these latter the author is not competent fully to deal, though they must be briefly touched upon. But the military causes alone were quite sufficient to account for the military defeat, though the secret of France's failure to react and recover, as so often before in her history, from the days of Joan of Arc to those of the Marne, must be sought more deeply.

It is, of course, absurd to see the primary cause of the French collapse in a too rigid adherence to the defensive or in what has been called " the Maginot Line complex." Situated as France was in the spring of this year, a policy of defence was the only possible one for her. Her inferiority in numbers, in arma-

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ment, and in the air was great, and the policy of trying to compensate for it by reliance on powerful permanent fortifications the only one that promised her a chance of holding fast until that inferiority should be redressed by a combination of the growth of British assistance, and of the diminution of the hostile forces by the heavy losses she hoped to inflict on them should they attack, as they must if they were not to lose their best and only chance of a decisive victory. Reasons of policy, overriding, as so often happens, those of pure strategy, compelled her army to venture out from the shelter of its prepared lines and expose itself to battle in the open field, where all the factors in which the Germans enjoyed so great a superiority could find full and fearful play. Hence the crushing defeat inflicted on her under circumstances so disadvantageous that, short of a miracle such as that of the Marne in 1914, it was bound to prove decisive.

The chief factors in the French Army's defeat were, first, the fact that it was unprepared, materially as well as morally, to encounter the admirably devised and skilfully executed new tactical methods of the enemy; and secondly, that in the decisive arms, the aeroplane and the tank, the German machines were technically so much better than those of the French that the latter could not hold the field against them. (So far as the B.E.F. was concerned, the exact reverse was the case; where we were at so grave a disadvantage was not in quality, but in numbers). Thus, even had their anti-tank weapons been more numerous and better able to cope with the hostile tanks than they were, the French would have lacked the power to carry out the counter offensive which is the soul of every successful defence, and without which it is bound sooner or later to end in defeat and retreat. The Germans also managed to achieve surprise, not by the use of completely novel weapons—always a risky and uncertain method; for a weapon so new that the enemy suspects nothing of its existence must almost inevitably be one in the use of which one's own troops are too inexperienced to be able to take full advantage of it—but by a novel use of weapons of which, though they were fully familiar to the foe,

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he had grown to under-estimate the potency and peril. All these circumstances combined to give them a series of overwhelming and breath-taking victories. The high rate of mobility with which their mechanised and motorised troops were endowed enabled them to make these victories decisive by a rapid and powerful exploitation which robbed the defeated Allies of any chance of stabilising the front sufficiently firmly and long to hold up the pursuit.

Once the Allied front had been broken, and the tide of battle set flowing swiftly and strongly into the heart of France, it was clear that the time for the miracle, which over and over again in her past history that heroic nation has been able to produce at need, was fully come. But this time there was no miracle, for the soul of France was sick unto death. Hating war, and weary of it, conscious of inferiority in both the military and political spheres, barely recovered from the deeply scarred wounds of recent violent internal dissensions, governed by a regime and by rulers that inspired neither confidence nor affection —had not the first founder of the Third Republic been unable to say more for it than that it was " the government that divides us least " ?—the French people were suddenly roused from the depth of war weariness and boredom and privation to be confronted by a mortal and terrifying peril with which they were all too ill prepared to cope. There followed a military debacle and a moral collapse in which the ill-omened cry of " Nous sommes trahi " was once more heard, as in the fatal days of Waterloo and Sedan, and wherein the army which had so long retained its well-earned reputation of being the best in Europe was reduced to shattered impotence. Moreover, the brutal totalitarian warfare unchained by the victorious enemy had involved in its terror and destruction the whole population of the land, its fields and factories, its homes and life lines. There were no leaders, political or military, of a calibre to cope with and retrieve so disastrous a situation, and hapless France handed over her destiny to rulers who had never believed in the necessity or wisdom of the war, and had no ideas or plans but to throw themselves at the conqueror's feet and plead for

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any peace of any sort on any terms, so long as it put an end to France's agony. Let those who incline, as we all have done, and as many of us still do, to judge these men harshly and cruelly, try to place ourselves in their position and realise something of their cruel predicament and their grievous responsibility before we condemn them.

So France fell, and great was the fall thereof; and Britain found herself by the beginning of July left alone and unaided to face the two greatest armed Powers of Western Europe, flushed with as swift and as complete a series of victories as recent military history has to show, and fully confident of their ability to mete out to her in as rapid and short a measure the same utter defeat and ruin as had just been inflicted on her hapless ally. And why not? The issue must have seemed to them a foregone conclusion, as it did to the waiting and trembling world, which at once began feverishly to sever all its ties with the doomed islanders, and to curry favour with the prospective victors with the maximum possible speed and servility. Even the United States, who ought, we may well feel, to have known us better, despaired of the last bulwark of democracy left in Europe, and set hurriedly to work to furbish up her own defences ere her evil day should come upon her.

Curiously enough, this belief that all was as good as over with us seems to have been no small a contributory cause to the comparatively favourable position in which we now stand, with the battle for Britain approaching the end of its crucial phrase. For Hitler was undoubtedly deluded by it into a foolish endeavour to obtain his final victory on the cheap. He believed that a barrage of fearsome threats from his propagandists, coupled with the efforts of the English brand of internal traitors who had elsewhere served him so well, would suffice to bring us into a frame of mind for negotiating a peace, which, however fair and honourable in seeming, would in reality have been on his terms. His speech, which in the version subsequently dropped by air over Britain, was absurdly termed his "last appeal to reason," was to be the climax of this fatuous peace drive, and there was probably no man more astonished

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than he at its complete failure to have the desired effect—otherwise it is hard to conceive why he should have thought it necessary to make this second attempt to bring it in its full and unabridged beauty to the attention of the British public. Our French allies, for whom outside France nothing in the world is powerful, sensible, or logical, did us a good, if unwitting, service by fostering this delusion, in which they themselves sincerely shared, in the minds of their late enemies. The effect was that we were thus granted an invaluable five weeks in which to reorganise, rearm, and redistribute our forces and erect the formidable defences which now girdle our island fortress on every side. In view of the heavy losses in arms, material and stores at the evacuation of the B.E.F. from Dunkirk, and the confusion of units and formations, inevitable from the circumstances of that operation, the difficulties of this process were very great and it was bound to take some time to complete. Had the Germans followed up their victory in France by an immediate attack on this country in full force, they would certainly have done us much damage, and might indeed have had a fighting chance of a considerable, if hardly perhaps of a decisive, success. Their failure to take this course will probably do down to history as one of the greatest of the lost opportunities so frequent in war.

The causes of this failure were admittedly multifarious, and we can guess at many of them. The laxness that always overtakes the victor after even the most gratifying and complete of successes; the need for rest, refreshment and reorganisation, and for replacement of lost men, arms and supplies; the complicated process of regrouping the armies scattered all over France, and assembling the forces and collecting the material allotted for the attack on Britain—all this could not be under the most favourable conditions the work merely of a few days. But the conditions were, in fact, anything but favourable for the rapid completion of the great preparations necessary for any invasion that was to have a chance of success. All the road and rail communications in Northern France and Belgium and Holland had been seriously damaged by the passage of the tide of war, and

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the deliberate demolitions and destructions carried out by both sides in the course of the recent fighting. Other heavy damage, less extensive but little less crippling in its effects, had been wreaked by the Allied air forces on the lines of communication back into Germany, and every day and every night during the regrouping of the German forces, this same work of destruction was being pursued with devastating effects. Nevertheless, it will probably be found, when the history of this phase of the war comes to be written, that these material causes of the delay in the German attack on Britain were contributory only. The enemy mind is not fashioned for swift, bold, extemporised action; it much prefers careful planning, meticulous preparation, and an operation for which everything has been foreseen and provided, and which goes strictly to programme. No doubt the German High Command realised—but if so insufficiently—that the time spent in completing their preparations for attack would also be of value to us in perfecting our defensive measures; but the profit to them was none the less apparently estimated as being more than the gain to us. But it still appears that the main cause of the delay lay in yet another habitual German weakness—that of over-estimating the completeness of their own successes—a sort of combination of vaingloriousness and wishful thinking, which on this occasion, as often before, did them a great ill service.

When the first phase of the battle of Britain began on August 11th, the German methods were more brutal than subtle; they relied, as they had in Poland and France, on a succession of violent massed air attacks, aimed at beating down the hostile air force, by wrecking its aerodromes and hangars and destroying planes caught unawares on the ground. But for the first time in its career Göring's Luftwaffe found itself opposed to a foe that was neither unready nor overmatched, still less overawed, by this display of terror-striking might. A series of fierce large-scale battles, which raged over our south-eastern, eastern, and north-eastern areas for a week on end, had by August 18th resulted in a severe German defeat, with a disproportion of losses so heavy that for some time the outside world

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found it hard to credit it. Yet there is now no doubt among those who have best reason to know, that in fact the enemy did, as our Air Ministry stated, lose over 1,000 machines and over 1,500 air crews in the August fighting, while the R.A.F. casualties in aircraft were a bare quarter, in personnel a bare sixth, of these figures. The falsity of the claims put forward by the Germans, the relation of which to reality was inverse rather than direct, was best shown by the fact that, despite their boast of sweeping victories and the cascade of horrific threats emanating daily and nightly from their propaganda service, the Luftwaffe towards the latter end of August found itself compelled to break off the battle and resort to new tactics at once less costly and less promising.

The resumption of the large scale enemy offensive in the last week of August was preceded by a period of sporadic night raiding, by single machines or small groups, which, though it had some nuisance value, becoming less and less as people grew more acclimatised to the nuisance, had not and could not have, any military effects whatever. It was generally presumed that Göring was training his crews in night flying—not one of the Luftwaffe's strong points—but the policy was dictated, in all probability, as much by considerations of prestige—the need for offering some, at least, slender basis of fact for a good communique, which the propaganda service never failed, and indeed, could not afford to fail, to produce.

This slack period was followed, as already stated, by yet another series of attacks—still in full swing as these lines are written—more skilfully organised and conducted, against the aerodromes of the R.A.F. in south-east England and the aircraft factories, the output from which it was becoming urgently imperative for Germany to check, if she were not quickly to lose her present numerical superiority in machines, her last remaining asset for aerial victory. The greater skill shown in this new offensive, the heavier proportion of fighters sent over with the bombers, and the disappearance of certain types of machine which, in the previous air battles had conclusively shown their unfitness to face our fighters, led to some levelling up in the

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respective casualty figures. Nevertheless, these remain, from the R.A.F. point of view, highly satisfactory, the ratio of losses in machines in the first week of September being three to one in our favour, and in crews still about six to one. All this meant yet another costly defeat for the Luftwaffe in this second battle, of which, moreover, the tangible military results were little more significant than those of the first.

Throughout the whole of this period of intensive fighting over Britain, attacks have also been going on against our shipping, docks and convoys, the efforts of the hostile air force being supplemented in this field by those of submarines and motor torpedo craft. Losses were caused both to our mercantile marine and our naval craft guarding it, but the measure of their importance may be gauged from the fact that after the year of war ending in the first week of September, both the Navy and the Merchant Service were stronger than they had been at the beginning of it, while the flow of inwards and outward overseas trade not only continued unchecked, but tended to rise in volume. Here too, then, Germany had quite definitely failed of her major purpose; the blockade, so grandiloquently proclaimed at the beginning of her so-called blitzkrieg early in August, remained a mere paper gesture without reality or result.

As for the promised invasion, it has so far failed to materialise, and that for the very good and sufficient reason that nowadays invasion without command of the sea and the air is not merely unlikely to succeed, but impossible to accomplish. Our rulers continue to warn us that the danger is not past, and that vigilance and preparedness against it are still necessary. They are, of course, right, for in the lack of either on our part rests the sole faint hope of success that such an attempt might have. But in fact, short of a revolutionary change of the whole face of the war in the nature of the miraculous—the danger from, if not of, invasion, has vanished into the realm of dreams, as we wrote last July that long odds might safely be taken that it would, The German Luftwaffe has failed in two vigorous and violent attempts to wrest from the R.A.F. command of the air, the German Navy has not made, because it is incapable

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of making, any attempt to wrest from our fleets the command of the sea in the area to be crossed by any German army setting out to invade us. That army, therefore, is unlikely to start, and still less likely to arrive if it ever should start. If it should by miracle arrive, it will find a foe on the other side superior to it in every way, waiting eagerly to deal with it. One might well echo the words of a soldier to a royal visitor who was inspecting some of our coastal defences. "Do you think Hitler will come, sir? After all this, it will be an awful pity if he doesn't." But it is to be feared that now he will not, unless some fit of frenzy or desperation drives him to such a suicidal course. That seems unlikely, for the German is not a gambler, save at long odds, and prefers only to play for high stakes when all the factors are in his favour. And here they are all against him.

Are there any possibilities that might reverse this state of affairs? The use of gas would undoubtedly take place if the enemy thought it would serve his purpose, but there is no reason to believe that it would. Both the Services and the civil population of Britain are equipped with gasmasks, and all preparations to deal with mustard gas contamination have long been in existence. Meanwhile the example set by the enemy would presumably be followed by us, and with considerably greater effect, in view of the possibilities of mustard gas in local defence, and the higher potency of our air counter offensive as compared with that of the Luftwaffe—a potency which, as the German High Command fully realises, is on the increase and cannot be checked.

The possibility of some new and deadly gas is on a par with that of the many "secret weapons" with which Hitler and his chorus of propagandists are for ever menacing us. The threat has worn so threadbare by now as to have almost lost whatever power it had. In this connection three remarks may be made. Firstly, any entirely novel weapon is liable to be as novel to the troops that are to use it as to the enemy, unless they are allowed to see it and train with it, and the more people thus let into the secret, the greater is the peril of leakage; the fewer, the less

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chance there is of the weapon being suitably used and its possibilities fully exploited. The really dangerous "secret weapon" is not the entirely novel one, but the one that the other side knows about, but does not think much of. Secondly, the German is not primarily an inventor of new ideas, but an industrious and thoroughgoing explorer and exploiter of those of other people; of his own good ideas, when by chance they occur to him, he is oddly mistrustful; but once an idea has been proved good by others, he will take it up, improve on it, and persist with it to the point of running it to death. If he has a secret weapon at all, it will probably be a new edition or use of one already familiar to us. Thirdly, it would seem odd, if one really had a secret weapon, to trumpet abroad the fact so loudly and frequently, and so put one's adversary on the *qui vive* for it. It is far more likely that the whole thing is merely yet another of these turnip ghosts with which the German has for so long tried to terrify his foes out of their wits before actually attacking them, and in too many cases successfully. He should know by now that the British people, having little imagination and no nerves, are singularly unsusceptible to such treatment.

The reaction of our folk to this whole phase of the war, with its imminent national peril and widespread personal discomfort and danger, has been in every way praiseworthy; so much so, indeed, as to mightily surprise even those who thought to know them well. Completely united in their resolve to win, whatever the time, cost, and danger, fully alive to the height of this moment in their lives, and to the honour of their responsibility as the last surviving defenders of a great cause, calm phlegmatic and determined as ever in their past history, the British people are now not only assured of obtaining success, but also of having fully and overflowingly deserved it. Historians of the future, looking back upon them in the throes of this crisis, will assuredly say of them that this was their finest hour. The mass of them is not unworthy support for the flower now serving in the Navy, the Air Force, and the Army, whose deeds need neither detailed description nor laborious

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eulogy, because they are performed daily in the world's eye. If, as we wrote three months ago, the secret of victory is the will to fight on while any means of doing so remain, Britain, with the might of her great Dominions, her Empire, and the gallant remnants of her allies to help and encourage her, has now shown that she possesses that secret in full measure.

By the time these lines appear in print, the campaigning season in the West will be all but over, and that in the Middle East on the point of opening. Here, too, the enemy, after loudly breathing out threatenings and slaughter, has strangely paused before the attempt to translate them into action, thereby forfeiting advantages which an impartial observer would have thought well worth gaining for reasons which appear either obscure or inadequate. The Italian offensive against Egypt was expected in mid-August, a possible, though not ideal, season for it, but it hung fire, and in place of it there was preferred the empty exploit in Somaliland, which added yet another to Mussolini's collection of deserts, and changed the strategic situation in the Middle East in no particular. On the Kenya border the Italians have pushed forward some isolated detachments and forced in our outposts, but are still far from our main lines of defence, or from any strategical objective worth their taking. Meanwhile we have made excellent use of the valuable respite thus accorded us, and the enemy will find us, when at length he embarks on large scale operations, considerably better prepared than at the time of Italy's entry into the war, which one would have expected to be followed by an immediate offensive in this theatre. In this delay lies another pointer to the truth of the theory, now gaining ground in many quarters, that our adversaries really believed at that time that "all was over bar the shouting," and that mere threats would bring us to our knees in suit for peace; so that, when this expectation was falsified, Italy was as unready as Germany to follow up her menaces by deeds. If this was really so, the Axis Powers must already bitterly rue this piece of blindness and folly, of which they have yet to reap the full fruits.

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This is not to say that we shall not have to meet heavy and determined attacks in the Middle East in the near future—indeed, it is probably to this quarter that the weight of the main Axis effort will now be transferred. But we also, in proportion as the peril nearer home becomes less menacing, can continue, as we have already begun, to transfer forces to meet it, and by these means should be able to hold our own. One circumstance, favourable beyond what we had any right to expect, is the surprising unwillingness, born presumably of incapacity, of the Italian fleet and air force to match themselves against ours. So long as this state of affairs continues, the Italian army, whose operations so far have been at least workmanlike, if hardly brilliant, can scarcely hope to achieve any decisive success. Our prospects in the Middle East in short are reasonably good, and are bound to improve as time goes on, and the development of our war effort assumes an ever increasing tempo.

In estimating these prospects, here and elsewhere, two factors must constantly be borne in mind. The one is our undisputed command of the sea. This, can of course, never be complete or universal or ubiquitous; odd enemy vessels, surface and submarine, can always and will always sneak out and do some damage before they can be hunted down or driven back home. But they do so at their peril, and ever increasing peril; and their depredations will become of less and less significance as the British navy and merchant fleet grow in strength. The vigorously asserted and constantly repeated claims of German propaganda to be weakening the long and irresistible arm of our sea power represents nothing more than a yearning after the unattainable. Meanwhile, we draw freely on the resources of four continents, and deny them to the Axis Powers, which, thus deprived, grow slowly but surely less and less able to wage war.

The second factor is the ever growing power and range of our aerial counter offensive. Greater skill and daring in our personnel, higher competence of technical design and manufacture, have here enabled us to deliver, and continue to deliver, far more accurate and heavy blows at the sources of the

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enemy's military power than they, for all their weight of numbers and advantages of position, have yet been able to mete out to us. These blows will continue, and will grow more incessant and violent in the months to come. They may not by themselves achieve the disarmament and defeat of Germany and Italy, but they will certainly be a powerful contribution to that consummation, so devoutly to be wished, not only by ourselves, but by a downtrodden and fearful Europe, for which there can never otherwise be peace and freedom again. Relying, then, on these two undeniable and irrevocable factors, and even more than on these, on the magnificent spirit of our own folk, now shining as brightly as ever before in our history, we may well face the second year of the war in a mood of sober and restrained yet well-founded confidence. We have almost certainly already plumbed the worst of which the enemy is capable—in a military sense, at least; he has still the power to inflict damage and suffering on us, and he will no doubt, as he is now doing, continue to use it as long as he can. But so far we have held him, and have brought his schemes of conquest to naught. We have yet to break him, and that may well be a longer and more costly task. But we can do it; we mean to do it; and we shall do it, in God's good time and with His aid. Therefore we may well keep a stout heart and be of a good courage. This past year has seen the tide of enemy success reach full flood. It is not yet on the ebb, but it is on the turn, and as time goes on, the more clearly and widely will that fact be realised. The Axis Powers can no longer win the war, for they have already lost their best and almost certainly their last chance of doing so. Victory is not yet ours, but it is being forged daily, and every passing week which sees no slackening of our efforts and no weakening of our spirit brings it nearer. The road to it will be, can be, neither easy nor short; but our feet are now set firmly upon it, and we shall not look back, or falter, or fall by the wayside.

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THE BELGIAN CAVALRY SCHOOL

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Ryan, T.D.

No black, yellow and red tricolour greeted the *Fête Nationale* at the Belgian Cavalry School on July 21st this year. Only at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, was the anniversary of the accession in 1831 of the first Belgian Sovereign King Leopold I to the throne of the new independent state, celebrated. There the Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne—whose services in promoting close relations between representatives of the Belgian Cavalry School and the International Horse Show at Olympia, have been testified to by Captain Hitchcock in the July Cavalry Journal, in his masterly article on the value of these Shows—at the head of the Embassy staff and the Service attachés in uniform, laid at the foot of the memorial his own wreath with those of Belgian ex-soldiers, in memory of their British comrades who fell in the defence of Belgium.

It must be a matter of deep regret to all those who have visited the new Belgian Cavalry School, that this splendid establishment which is hardly excelled by those of the Great Powers, should be at present occupied by the enemy. Built at immense cost after the last Great War to replace the old school at Ypres which was totally destroyed, it is situated in pleasantly wooded country at the fortified camp of Brasschaet-Polygone near the Dutch frontier and at a short distance from the city of Antwerp. The writer of this notice was privileged through friends to view the school and to see a jumping display by the officer pupils.

The lay-out of the school is very extensive and on the most modern lines, the stabling being both hygienic and comfortable. The officers' mess is *de luxe*; some of the ante-rooms are dedicated to the Belgian sovereigns, whose portraits in the

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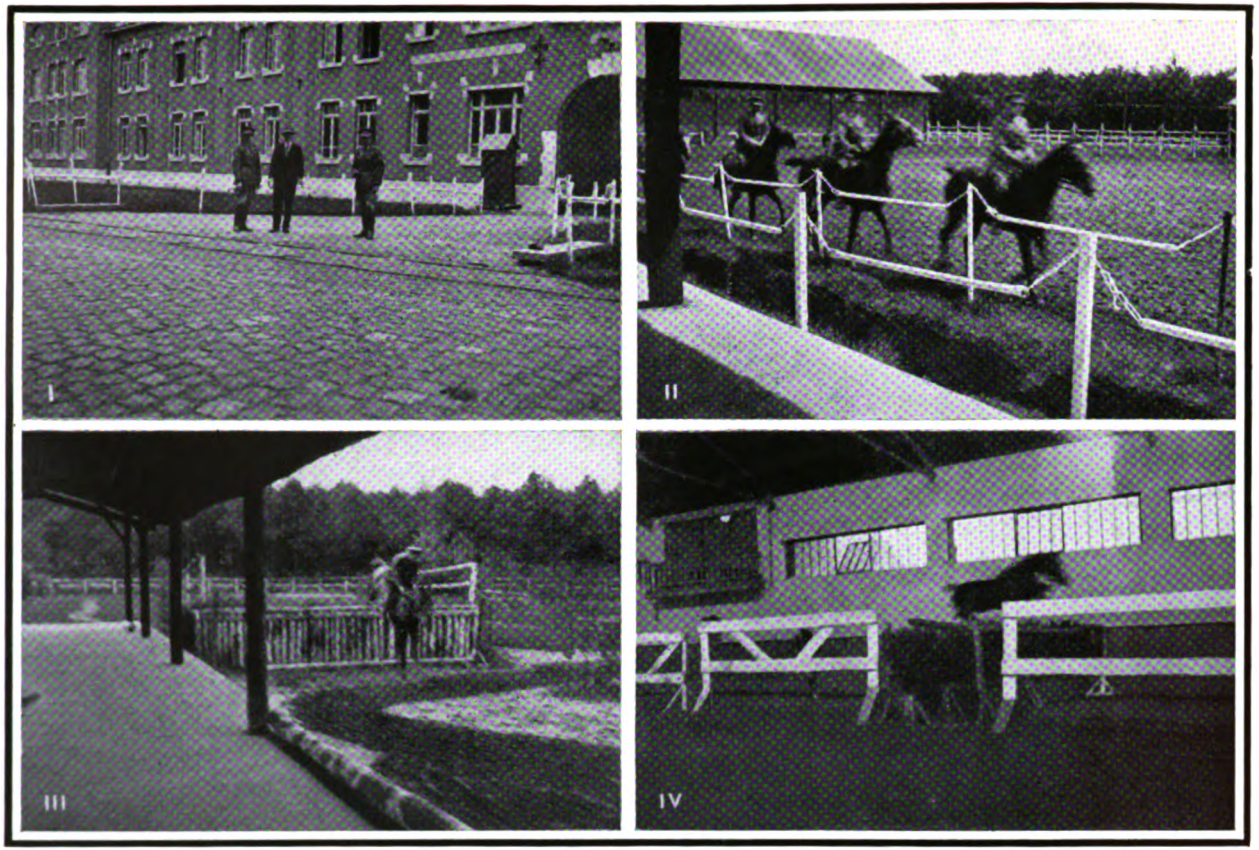

(I) ENTRANCE CAVALRY SCHOOL. (II) MANEGE (III) BANK AND DITCH.
(IV) FREE LANEING ("CHEVAL LIBRE")

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former full dress of the Cavalry, look down from the walls. The men's quarters are also large and airy.

Outside is a spacious *manège*, which is separated from the jumping ground by a sort of covered grand stand which overlooks both. There is a great variety of jumps, some of them, such as the Irish bank and ditch, being very formidable, and they are all ridden *à grande allure*—at the gallop without drawing rein. Belgian horses naturally predominated, but one's attention was called to several Irish blood hunters and cobs bought at the Dublin Show. These were apparently at one time much more numerous, but the higher prices lately prevailing had made their further purchase difficult. A number of German *Trakehner* half-breds were also pointed out; they are, in general, good performers. The ground is very sandy and is kept in perfect condition by being constantly raked over. A feature of the indoor riding school is the training of the *Cheval libre*, the horse going round the school freely over high triple bars, unmounted.

The Belgian Cavalry after the Four Years' War suffered the usual amalgamations, and has since—about 1926—undergone further reductions. Regiments are now semi-mechanized. It consists of the *Guides*, corresponding to our Household Cavalry, and line regiments of Lancers and *Chasseurs à Cheval*. These are distinguished by the colours of the gorget patch on the collar of the khaki jacket:

"Guides"—Amaranthine with green stripe,
"Lanciers"—White,
"Chasseurs à Cheval"—Yellow.

Officers' rank is shown on this gorget patch, subalterns and captains having one to three gold stars, with a vertical stripe of gold braid for field officers. Officers of generals' rank wear a pair of vertical stripes on the service dress cap as well as on the collar. The mens' cap is like our new battle dress cap, but with a coloured tassel.

Previous to and in the early stages of the last Great War, the Belgian *Guides*—then consisting of two regiments, the 1st dating from 1830 and the 2nd from 1874—were remarkable on

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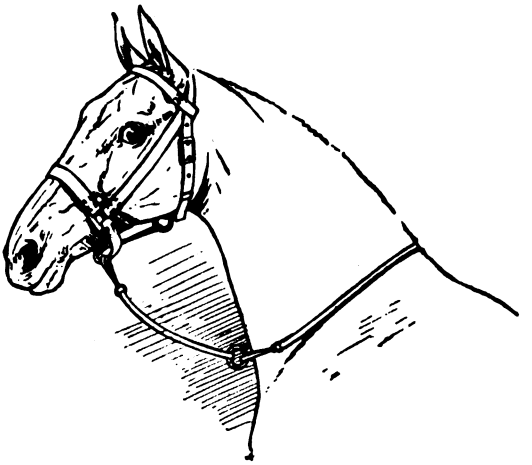
account of their large bearskin busbies, called in French *colbacks,** of Napoleonic pattern. These were worn with green gold-braided shell jackets or *dolmans*, heavily embroidered on the sleeve to denote rank, and crimson overalls or breeches. Lance caps (*shapskas*) of French Second Empire vintage, in amaranthine, yellow, white and ultramarine blue, were used as headgear by the four Lancer regiments, and blue or scarlet shakos with a bunch of white feathers, by the two regiments of *Chasseurs à Cheval.* Both the Lancers and the *Chasseurs à Cheval* had shell jackets of Royal blue with white or yellow braiding and grey booted-overalls ; officers' rank was shown on the sleeve similarly as in the *Guides.* The pennons of the *Lanciers* displayed the Belgian national colours—black, yellow and red.

Since 1930 a "gala" uniform (instead of the former full dress) has been introduced for officers. For the Cavalry the tunic is of the double-breasted Lancer pattern in dark blue with gold body lines, the same distinguishing colours being used on the cap band and collar, as on the khaki uniform.

A photograph of a parade of the old Belgian Cavalry School in the city of Ypres, appeared in the July 1920 number of the CAVALRY JOURNAL, page 430. The troops are in pre-1914 full-dress.

* See illustration CAVALRY JOURNAL, October, 1936, page 594. The busby bag was of amaranthine—a shade of crimson inclining to purple—with gold braiding and a hanging tassel. Plume of upright swan feathers, white above, amaranthine below. The trumpeters were distinguished by amaranthine plumes, with green braiding and tassel on the busby bag.



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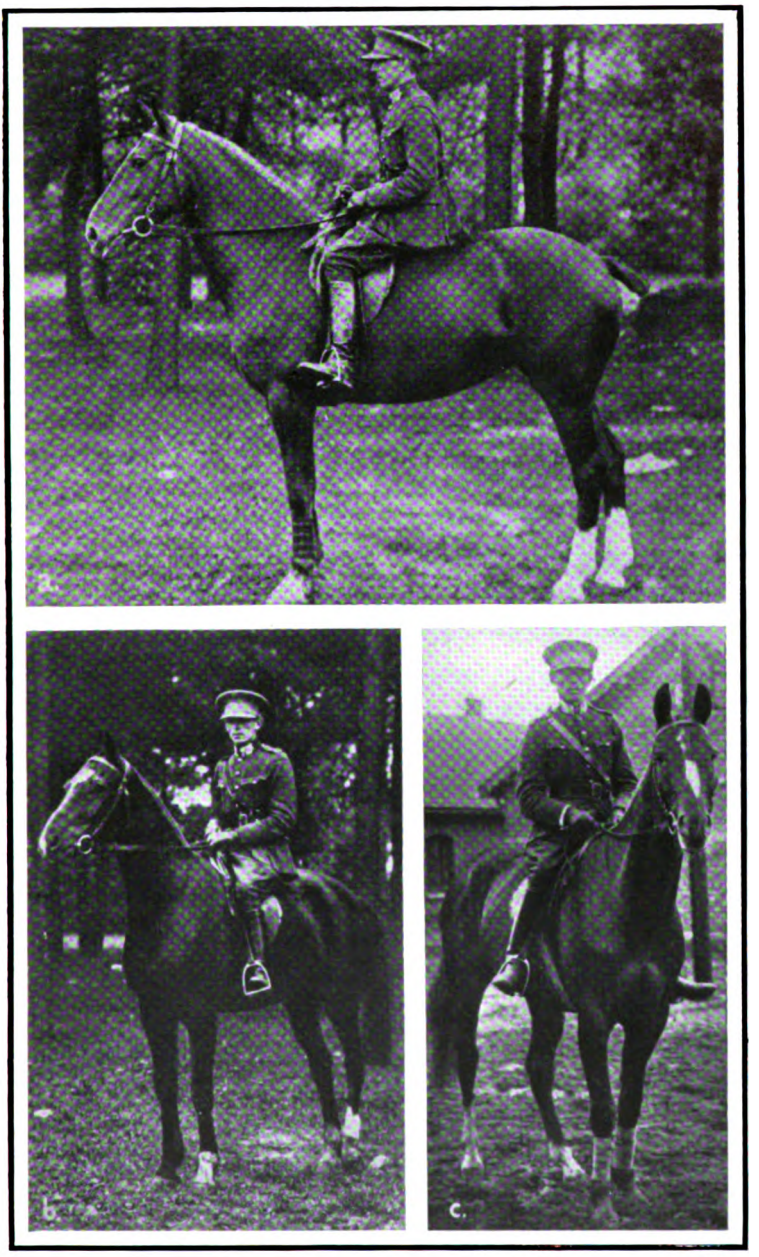

TYPES OF HORSES AT BELGIAN CAVALRY SCHOOL

(a) Irish Hunter Cob. (b) German Trakehner.
(c) English Thoroughbred.

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UNDER A GERMAN C.-IN-C.

By Brigadier-General Gaussen, C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O.

Few people may remember when a British Force last served under German Command, so these notes and reminiscences of the Boxer Rebellion of 1900–01, when all the allied Armies were put under the supreme command of the German C.-in-C., Count von Waldersee, may be of interest.

The Rebellion started in the summer of 1900, Tientsin was invested, and the Legations at Peking were in danger; an International Force was at once hurried to the spot, from India, Japan, America, France, Germany, Russia and Italy.

I was ordered to join our sister-regiment, the 1st Bengal Lancers, at Lucknow, and we at once entrained for Calcutta, and the regiment embarked on four transport ships. The Monsoon was in full swing, and the damp heat at its worst. Crossing the Bay of Bengal was a nightmare I am not likely to forget! Three British officers on my ship and all bad sailors; none of the men had ever seen the sea, and the storm and sickness paralyzed them. However, the ships' officers and men helped us enormously, and we got on with the watering and feeding, and later on with grooming, and reached Taku roadstead with only the loss of two horses and one mule—a record, I fancy. Taku was occupied by a British Fleet, and they had cleared the way up-river to Tientsin.

I will not write about the wonderful work done by our Navy and Marines under Admiral Seymour; a far abler pen has done them justice. Had they not forced the Peiho river and cleared the way to Tientsin, none of us could have reached that place; and had it not been for our Marines and the Russians, all Europeans in Tientsin would have been butchered.—or worse.

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I will take the various armies haphazard, but begin with those in supreme command.

The Germans, queerly enough, were the only ones not represented at the taking of Tientsin and relief of Peking; for some reason they arrived too late in spite of that historic and sanguinary speech made to them by the Kaiser as they left, in which he preached vengeance and ruthlessness.

When the German troops *did* begin to arrive they soon made themselves heard and felt! They had brought no transport and almost demanded mule carts from us to get up to Peking. When told by the British that they could not possibly spare mules or carts, but could offer an organised posse of Chinese coolies with wheel-barrows, they took it as an affront. Then, too, either their staff work was bad or they had not thought of the climate, for all their troops were clothed in thick European uniforms and they had no sort of head-gear to protect them from the sun and intense heat of August.

As a Cavalryman I was chiefly interested in their Uhlans; huge men on huge, but unwieldy horses. The lance used by Indian Cavalry is longer and of a thinner bamboo than that used by British Cavalry, but the Uhlan lance was longer still, and made of hollow steel in one piece, drawn out to a sharp point at one end, and, of course, no give in it. I felt sure that our men on their smaller and handier horses could ride rings round them.

Their Field Artillery appeared equally "heavy," and built for strength more than mobility. At one time Count von Waldersee reviewed the British Force in Tientsin beyond the Race Course, a marvellously level plain and perfectly grand going in early winter. When it came to my turn to take my squadron past at the gallop, I warned all ranks that it would be racing pace, and added that they had miles to pull up in! And we *did* go past at some pace, too. "B" Battery, R.H.A. were not to be outdone, and they, too, set a cracking pace. The C.-in-C. called out, "Good God, they are being run away with!" One of our staff replied in perfect German, "No, your

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Excellency, that is how British Horse Artillery goes past—and comes into action!" The Germans had no Horse Artillery.

Their infantry was efficient and stolid.

There was a vast difference in caste between the German Staff or Cavalry officers and those in the infantry. The German officer never seemed to be able to unbend and one could not somehow think of them in mufti: their conceit seemed too innate. I met a lot of their better class, both through sport and socially, and knew them well. I once asked one of them to tell me as man to man why exactly they hated us so much. At first he denied this and blustered, and then blurted out, "Well, if you wish to have it, its your damned conceit we cannot stomach." When I laughed at the idea and told him how it amazed me, he just boiled up and explained, "You once held pride of place in the military world of Europe; you have lost that place, but refuse to own it." I asked him who then had taken that place and he nearly blew up with anger!

The Austrians were always charming and our very good friends.

There was an ugly story about the Germans; they came too late to see any real fighting, but were always on the look-out to justify their fighting prowess. A column pushed right into a mountainous region and took a town; I have no doubt they maltreated the Chinese, who turned on them and cut them off, and they had a good few casualties. Another German Force extricated them, but they brought back no wounded. The *on dit* was that they lost their heads and killed them before help came. I can vouch for this; I met a column returning from one of their raids and saw a lot of covered-in "Peking" carts with them and asked the C.O. what was in them. He told me they contained Chinese women to amuse his men.

The German High Command was very touchy; in 1901 I was doing Post staff officer at Ching-wan-toa, south of Shan-hai-kwan on the coast, and had a squadron of Jodhpore Lancers with me. Here I had charge of the railway. About a dozen miles further south was the summer seaside resort of Peitaho, the houses owned by British people in Peking and Tientsin, but

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now unoccupied. I had agents who kept me informed of what was going on at my post and learnt that the Germans intended two days hence to send a little force of infantry to take possession of the place, so I thought I would have a little fun over it.

In the morning I did a short route march with the cavalry and so timed it that I was returning home as the two German companies marched out, and I had a chat with their C.O.

But I had a troop train in a siding and the horses were so accustomed to the job that they were all aboard in ten minutes. Now the railway to Peitaho follows the coast line and is straight; the road is far longer as it goes inland to avoid sand dunes. Arrived at Peitaho I found a large German flag flying from the empty club house, so I had this hauled down and hidden, and ran up the Union Jack. When the Germans arrived my horses were picketed out and feeding—and so was I!

The German officers had the sense not to say a word, but there must have been a pretty lurid account wired to Peking that evening, for the next thing was that a British General Routine Order was published in which I was very severely reprimanded. Luckily for my peace of mind the same post brought a letter from our C.G.S. telling me not to worry over this order, but to be careful as the Germans had insisted on this public order, and were *raging* that I was not court-martialled. Anyhow, I left a picquet on our flag and Peitaho remained British!

The Italians were smart and their officers were a charming lot; I chiefly came in contact with the Berseiglieri and they were killing troops for cavalry to work with, for their pace was too fast for a horse's walk and not fast enough for a trot. Once I was told off to help them penetrate into some hilly country which was hostile. When it got dark, my cavalry was withdrawn to the rear, and the Berseiglieri led, followed by their mountain artillery on huge mules. By dawn my horses were all in from the pace; their mules seemed to have learnt a sort of amble.

In 1900–01 the English were the most unpopular nation in Europe; the Boer War was on; there had been little incidents like Agadir and Fashoda! I don't know whether the Germans

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or French hated us most, and we were under a German C.-in.-C. Yet the Italians ranged themselves with us without any hesitation, saying that they had *always* been England's allies; this did not enhance their popularity with the German High Command.

The first time I returned from India on furlough, my ship received orders at Aden to call at the Port of Massowa and take off twenty-nine Italian officers who had been in the hands of the Abyssinians after the awful *debaclé* at Addowa. Three had died before we got there and three more died before we reached Naples. One could never forget the horror of it; all these officers had been mutilated, and by the Abyssinian *women.*

The Russians fought with courage and doggedness in the siege of Tientsin, and their fight at the railway station cost them heavily, but was a very great asset for the Allies. Whenever they could they played a lone hand and must have annoyed the German Command no end. Having a large force of mobile troops in the form of Cossacks, mostly Trans-Caspian, they could move about all over the place and generally secretly. Very different from the showy Don Cossack in appearance; no long lance, and virtually mounted-infantry on shaggy and very hardy ponies, riding with a "Tod Sloan" seat. I fancy their bayonets were rusted on to their rifles, at least they never seemed to come off! But they could live on the country endlessly and needed no transport, and the bitter cold had no effect on man or pony. North China had some huge Arsenals, and the Russians were out to get possession of these, for, besides tons of rubbish, there were heaps of modern weapons and some very fine heavy guns, as at Shan-hai-kwan which the Russians pounced on. They also bagged the Hai-kwan-su Arsenal outside Tientsin, and I had an amusing incident there.

It was quite a museum, for I do not suppose any European nation, or the Americans, had failed to unload their obsolete weapons on the Chinese, from Mausers and Manlichers back to the Brown Bess, and the repeaters used in the American War of Independence. Germany had sold them a lot of "3-man guns," colossal Mausers like punt-guns, which gave an awful

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wound at close quarters, but probably laid out the rear gunner by its kick! This arsenal was also a fort, with one side over the Pei-ho river. On the rampart over the river I had spotted a beautiful little mortar of rich bronze metal, and with the Chinese Imperial dragon emblazoned on it. I coveted it badly, but there was always a Russian sentry marching up and down. So next day I returned, armed with a pass, and had a boat with two of my men moored on a sand bank under this wall. I was wearing the Bengal Lancer kit with its long coat and wide skirt, which covered up the mortar on which I sat, and I got out my glasses to get a view across the river. It was heavy, but I could just lift it, and every time the sentry moved along his beat I edged the mortar a few feet nearer the parapet, till finally I could topple it over on to the sand bank below. Alas I was punished later, for when evacuating the fort at Shan-hai-kwan it was fixed on a mule, but we had to cross a stream in spate and the mule was washed over and I lost my mortar!

Some of their staff officers were charming—but Russian. Their worst officers were savages. I well remember two of their staff, both educated in England and one had been at Eton, Shuiskin by name; he once said, "I don't mind you English calling me 'The Chicken,' but I do object to the Americans calling me 'the Ruddy Rooster'!" The other, Netz Volodoff, once enraged me badly. I was then stationed in a fort outside the Great Wall at Shan-hai-kwan with the Jodhpore Lancers; in a fort nearby was a Russian post, and the C.O. had his wife—or lady friend—living with him, and it ended by his shooting one of his brother officers. Next day I travelled to Tientsin and dined with the Deterings, a party of twenty-four, which included both these officers. I told my neighbour of this Russian tragedy, and she turned and said "Oh! Netzy, what a ghastly affair." He calmly replied: "Captain Gaussen has been entirely misinformed: had this been true, I, as Chief of the Staff, would have known of it at once." I waited till I got him alone and then turned on him and asked him how he dared give me the lie in front of all these people and added that all Russians seemed to be born with a lie in their mouths, for I was

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seething. He only laughed and replied, "What awfully crude language—a lie! Diplomacy, my dear chap, Diplomacy. We want this affair hushed up."

I learnt one thing about Russian taste. Sir Pertap asked me to arrange lunch for a Russian General and suite, so I took a lot of trouble to get some good vodka. Our guest laughed heartily and said, "Do you think I'd drink vodka when I can have Scotch whiskey?"

The French had not their best troops in China; probably because they were nearest, most of their infantry came from Tonkin and Annam, and there were Penal Battalions who *looked* what they were. This was a pity, for it gave people who did not know their fine troops in France a false impression. Their Mounted Spahis were good and so were their Gunners. Their European troops had a great dislike for our Indian troops, and used to insult them and call them coolies. But often it was worse than this, as when they killed one of our Pathans, and two of their men were found dead next morning with half-a-dozen bayonet wounds apiece. Somehow I came little in contact with their officers socially, and at Tientsin saw but little of their troops, but worked with them a bit up North. A mixed force, French and British, were told off to take a town on the Manchurian border held by bandits, and the O.C. was a French Colonel. The brunt of the assault fell on our men, yet, in his Report, this Frenchman wrote as if his men only had done the job, and finished his report with the laconic remark, "En route nous avons rencontré des Troupes Anglaises." A queer incident happened in this fight. I was up with the leading squadron of Jodhpore Lancers still we got unpleasantly near to the walls of the town, and then advised moving a little to a flank to let the infantry come through. A Zouave mounted on a mule with a huge Chinese saddle, flaps like boards, brought me a written message, and as he delivered it there was a loud smack of a bullet. The Zouave fell to the ground, groaning with agony. Nowhere could we find any sort of wound on him except one in his baggy trousers, but just then the mule toppled over dead. A heavy lead bullet had passed through the crook of the man's

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knee and the loud smack was on the saddle, but it took us quite a time to convince the Frenchman that he was unhurt.

The American troops were fine and great pals of ours; they undisguisedly disliked the Germans and called them Dagos. A lot of them had recently seen service in the Philippines. Extremely well equipped and too well fed. In the early days, when our officers' rations were really rotten and scanty, I went over to an American camp and asked a sergeant if I could possibly buy some food; he laughed heartily at the idea of payment, and gave me a sack full of canned meat, fruit and vegetables—what luxuries! I do not know if the Indian Government still makes its officers *pay* for their very poor rations on Active Service; I do know that in the early days of the Great War, before Indian troops reached France, I was probably the only officer there whose pay roll was debited with the cost of rations for self and two horses, though the latter belonged to the 9th Lancers! On the advance to Peking their infantry felt the heat badly and there was far too much falling out; we put it down to being over-fed!

Their Cavalry was beautifully mounted, but were really more mounted infantry; the men were armed with carbines and revolvers; they also carried under the left leg a light sabre, a toy which was not even sharpened. On one occasion I was told off to do a reconnaissance in force from Tientsin to locate and drive in a force of Chinese troops which had broken away from their main body, when we advanced on Peking, and had circled round to threaten Tientsin. A squadron of 6th U.S. Cavalry was put at my disposal to help. How queer their idea of discipline and words of command appeared to me! When we got in touch with the Chinese, holding a position in the crops and backed by three villages, we dismounted to fire; it was a case of "Now, boys, get off your horses and shoot," and later, "Guess you want all the horses shot; you couldn't move them way back, I suppose?" As I rode past a trooper he called out, "Say, Cap., what do you estimate this distance?" I ventured 600 yards and back came, "Guess you're plumb out, for I've been trying that."

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As we were firing through thick crops and not getting any forrarder, I told their C.O. that I was going to charge, and to hold his fire when I emerged from the right. It was a real old-fashioned charge, knee to knee, and very bloody, for as we hit the Chinese they broke into disorder and fled. In the middle of the pursuit I was terrified out of my wits when the Americans joined in with a roar, every man jack letting his revolver off in every direction! Luckily they were good shots and only one of my horses was grazed and none of my men hit.

Next morning the Americans asked us to sharpen their sabres for them, as we kept a man for that job, saying our men had made them ashamed in the charge and pursuit.

The lance is a deadly but merciful weapon; if it strikes anywhere on the torso, it nearly always means instantaneous death, not from the wound, but from shock—weight of horse, plus weight of man, plus impetus from the very fast pace. My own regiment, the 3rd, was queerly armed with lance in front rank and sword in rear, and I fancy that is ideal in a melee. That day I got a trifling wound in my forearm from a bayonet, but it incapacitated my sword-arm *pro tem.* I carried a light hog-spear later, given me by Sir Pertap Singh. I have wandered far from the Americans, so let me end with a story of a charming compliment paid by one of them. At a garden party in Peking I was talking to a very pretty and very young-looking English-woman. As I left her a very nice lad in the 6th U.S. Cavalry came up to me and said, "I'd take it vury kind if you'd present me to that lovely girl." I did so in the usual casual English way and he at once said to her, "I beg your pardon, did he say Miss or Misses?" When she laughingly told him she was an old married woman (one year!) he said with appealing sadness, "What, you're married? Oh! It makes me *real tired* to think so." Americans are always careful to give names clearly and distinctly when introducing, and to repeat them; we are not so careful.

On one occasion I had the chance to help an American trooper who was in a tight corner, and had the honour of a "Mention" in American despatches in very flattering terms.

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The Japanese troops were new to us all. They were well-disciplined, well-equipped, and brave. On the advance on Peking their casualties were far and away heavier than all the other contingents, because they did not allow their men to take cover, and being dressed in white uniform (with yellow cap-bands), they were most conspicuous.

I was particularly impressed by the way they stood pain; I watched a lot of them being brought up to a dressing station, some of them shockingly wounded by shell fire, and their little monkey faces puckered with pain—yet never a groan or whimper. Their medical department was as good as any there. Unlike the Russians, their Higher Command was almost subservient; their politeness to British officers was embarrassing, and they had a funny way of bowing the head as they presented arms. If anyone in Tientsin had then said that a day would come when the Japanese would insult the English in that town, he'd have been scoffed at as a fool or maniac; such a silly idea would have been incredible. Yet there were straws which pointed to the future. One day I was talking to a Japanese staff officer about the way they had suffered such unnecessary casualties, and he replied that they *wished* it, so that their men would be inured to casualties, and so be prepared for far heavier losses in two years' time, in three, who could say? When I asked him whatever did he mean, he replied in one word, "Russia." He was right.

Here again. As soon as I arrived in Tientsin from Taku, I was taken by my Colonel to British Headquarters, and Sir Alfred Gaselee told me I had been selected for an important job. It was known that a large Chinese force of all arms was astride and barring the road to Peking; a Russian and Japanese cavalry reconnaissance in force had each failed by day to get through their outposts and find out what was essential, the disposition and locality of this force. It was a great honour to be selected, for after all, I was only an "attached" officer, but I confess I was a bit scared. Here was I, landed at dawn from the troop train from Taku in a totally unknown country, and to push off into the blue at nightfall, and to do what others had failed to do!

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When I asked for a map I was told that among the entire armies only the Japanese had one; it was accurate, but with Japanese signs and writing. This proved an absolute stroke of luck for me. I was told I could take what troops I liked. Force had already failed twice, so I decided on six picked men on the horses that had been longest ashore, and so fittest. My own favourite mare was fit enough, for I had exercised her daily for hours round the upper deck after leaving the storm behind.

We left the city by nightfall and were at once swallowed up by a sea of crops, mostly giant millet 7 feet high, so I led the men in single file by compass and stars. Towards dawn I thought by the Japanese map that I was nearing the Great Canal, and intended to use this to work along. Suddenly I was astounded to find I was bang on top of the whole Chinese force! I had somehow worked right through their outposts in the crops and, what I fancied was the canal, was in reality the main Tientsin–Peking Road, raised to a great height above the surrounding country against floods.

The Chinese must have been just as taken aback as I was, for I was able to get a brain picture of the whole of their dispositions, guns, infantry and all before the hornets' nest broke out and we dived back into the cover of the crops and legged it, followed by a lot of their cavalry as fast as they could get mounted; but they were negligible as my men could easily out-distance them on their dumpy little ponies. However, it was not healthy to delay and on the way back I came across several little bands of four or five men which the Japanese had sent out to try and get through. Of course, they could not see the Chinese coming on, and I had to gesticulate to them to get back. Luckily I spotted a Japanese officer, and made him put his foot in my stirrup and climb up so that he could see the oncoming Chinese, and I left him rallying his men.

I got a lot of kudos for the report and sketch I was able to hand in, but certainly it was the fact that I mis-read that Japanese map which helped me. And now all that land round Tientsin shown on that map in 1900 is under Japan!

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The Indian contingent, except for the artillery and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, was chiefly made up of Indian units, and it was a revelation how extremely well they stood the bitter cold of winter. The Madras Sappers and Miners were the only ones that suffered. With excellent clothing and liberal food, including lots of meat for those who wished for it, they put on weight and throve remarkably.

To give an idea of the cold of North China, at Ching-wang-tao, where I had to see to the landing of the mails once a week, I have known the sea to be frozen a couple of miles out.

At Shan-hai-kwan our horses and mules had to live *underground* in trenches cut in the hillside and roofed over, and watering them was an enormous difficulty. Our mud fort was outside the Great Wall and so in Manchuria; we used to send out daily small parties to bring in fodder on mules and carts, but a guard had always to go out, as this part was infested with brigands, "Red Beards," who were soldiers who had deserted with their arms.

One day the guard was reduced to three men, as things had been so quiet; at noon one of these galloped back to the fort to tell us they had been ambushed and his two mates killed. When we raced out to the spot with the first few men we could collect, we found that one sowar was dead, but that the other was defending the party in a hut, but, just as we came up, the Chinese had got on to the roof and shot him through a hole. He was hit through the lungs, but was certainly alive when we put him in the cart on a lot of hay; yet when we reached the fort his corpse was frozen as stiff as a steel bar.

I spent the first part of my time in China in command of a squadron of the 1st Bengal Lancers; my Colonel, Gartside-Tipping—such a sahib—let me see the first battle on the advance through, and then I had to return to Tientsin; when I grumbled he said it was a high compliment to be chosen for this independent command. When the 1st were ordered back to Hong Kong, I was delighted to find I was to be sent north to join the staff of the Jodhpore Lancers, my immediate superior

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being the charming and well-liked Lancer, " Jim " Turner, of the 2nd.

I am always thankful for the time I spent with that prince of princes, Sir Pertap Singh, for I got to know what a really grand man he was. We lived and messed in a temple, and *what* yarns he could spin over the fire after dinner of sport and everything else! He chaffed me about letting an *infantryman* wound me, and said in his inimitable broken English, " I thinking you not much good with a sword but; lakin very good with a spear," and he presented me with a light and handy hog-spear, which I always carried. Of course, he was quite right; one used a sword just for ceremonial, but, besides pig-sticking, I was very fond of tent-pegging; so a spear " came to my hand."

Incidentally, Sir Pertap paid me the highest compliment a senior officer could pay a junior when he told Sir Alfred Gazelee, " My men very fond of Gaussen sahib; he never say ' goin' on,' but always ' comin' along.' "

What a pity that *beau sabreur* and fearless Indian prince could not have his great desire fulfilled in France, to be killed leading his cavalry in action.

The senior officer of the Shan-hai-kwan district was luckily one of ours. General Jock Reid. He was worshipped by the Japanese. Well over 6 feet, and very heavy on his colossal black horse, but feared by the others. He knew little English, and no other tongue but his Highland one. At a big conference, perhaps a Russian or French staff officer would make a statement which would be translated to him; he would roar out, " Tell that mon he is a domned leear." They feared *and respected* him.

When I first reported to him, the old Highland feud came out when he said to me, " You have been serving under General Lorne-Campbell; I regard with *grave* suspeecion anyone who has been with a Campbell."

And what of our foe *the Chinese?* We were *supposed* to be fighting the Boxers, but of course we were really up against the Chinese Army. In Peking that astute old lady, the Dowager Empress, was " protecting " the Legations with her troops by

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day, but they spent the night sniping the Legations from all vantage points. The actual Boxers were an ill-armed rabble, many of them having no firearms, but spears and huge swords. Brutal though they were, in a way one could not help being sorry for them; they were absolute fanatics, and had been made to firmly believe that they were entirely immune from wounds by any foreign devil, and would come on like ghazis, only to be mowed down by disciplined fire. In their villages they had been drilled in a way, but their lack of knowledge of firearms was pathetic; on one occasion I looked at a lot of their dead who had been firing on us at close quarters and doing little harm. Nearly all their rifles were sighted at well over 1,000 yards, and I learnt later that they had imagined, poor beggars, that the more they raised the sights, the more power the bullet would have? Their regular infantry was armed with Mausers and Mannlichers, but never had a chance, because their officers were utterly useless and invariably deserted their men when hard pressed. Their artillery was good, and their fire with heavy artillery and guns of emplacement was particularly good and accurate. If you came up against a mixed force of Boxers and regulars, the latter would usually "melt," led by their officers, leaving the Boxers to bear the brunt.

Most Europeans have a vague idea that all Chinese are skinny little yellow men with no stamina. That may be true of the Southerner, but the Northerner, especially the Manchu, is a really magnificent specimen of humanity of fine physique, and one saw in the villages women and children who were almost pink in colour. When well led, a very rare case, the Northerner is a very fine fighter. Gordon was right when he put his faith in the two regiments he raised, with British officers to lead them. I do not think in 1900 that a single man deserted, though each man knew the terrible end that awaited him if captured alive by his brother Chinese. I take it that the physique in the North is due a good deal to the richness of that country. They are first-class farmers and I doubt if Canada could show more magnificent crops. In winter a frozen and dusty waste, but when the rains get to that rich black soil, you can *see* the crops

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and all else grow. Kowliang, or giant millet, 7 feet and 8 feet high, with huge heads, and stalks and leaves that provide fuel and fodder in winter; sugar cane and cereals equally luscious. The bitter frost bites deep down into the soil and enriches it, and the heat of the rainy season does the rest.

Grapes and pears are plentiful in the villages; chickens, ducks and eggs abound. Milk is not drunk as such. A grand country for cavalry to live free on, as we did at times; all the men asked one to carry was a supply of ghi, clarified butter to cook with, and they and their horses waxed fat. I soon learnt enough Chinese to *ask* for all we required and add that there would be no looting if all was produced quickly.

The Northerner has almost a contempt of death; where else in the world could you find a man ready to take the place of a condemned prisoner for a sum of money paid to his relations? I once acted as petty Governor of a biggish city rather off the map which had been held by brigands, and one of my most unpleasant jobs was to certify that I had seen these brigands duly executed as they were rounded up. I am not built of stern enough stuff to be able to stomach such a spectacle; I had no wish to vomit or faint in public!

Say three men had to be executed one morning; I would ride with the procession which was headed by the executioner with his two-handed sword, with the prisoners with guard and officials following, as far as the city gate, and then stop. The men were taken outside the walls and beheaded and a shout would go up that all was over. Then, feeling very sick, I would ride up the ramp and the heads would be held up for me to see, and I would return to write out the certificate. Never once did I see a man look as if he cared a rap; they would march along smoking and chatting. Properly done no execution could be swifter. What always beat me was where the *neck* went to; it wasn't on the head nor between the shoulders. The heads were fixed up over the gateway.

In that same place I found a woman waiting to be done to death in a manner I cannot describe. She had murdered her husband and I said that by *our* laws she should die, but I would

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not allow her to be tortured to death. The Tao-Tai said he must refer to Paoting-fu for orders, but I was due to hand over to the Chinese shortly, so I took the law into my own hands and ordered her to be beheaded next morning; but I told off a very tough lad in the 40th Pathans to take twenty of his men and see that she *was* summarily beheaded.

After all, various tortures were then perfectly legal; a man might be ordered "Lin-jer," or death by a thousand cuts, just as one of our judges might order a man ten years' penal servitude.

Once I talked to a well-educated Chinese lady about the brutality of "binding" their women's feet. She admitted that it was very painful, but added that we tied up our women's waists, which was also very painful. Tight waists went out with us with "little feet" and the pigtail.

The Chinese are very kind to their children and venerate the aged. They are tricky and hard to drive a bargain with, but, once the bargain is struck, they will carry it through with scrupulous honesty, even though at a loss to themselves. How different to the Japanese!

The *Social Life* in Tientsin might be said to centre round the House of Detering; he was the doyen of the civil population and evidently a wealthy man, and much respected by the Chinese. He had a large mansion with grounds and large stables in the town, and a country estate beyond the race course, but this the Boxers had burnt down. His wife was a highly-born Austrian lady and as charming a hostess as one could imagine. They kept open house and entertained lavishly; it was nothing rare to sit down as many as 24 to a meal. Here one met all the better class German and Austrian officers, Russian and Italian officers of the Staff and Navy, and all British officers were welcomed warmly. I do not recall meeting French officers there. They had three unmarried daughters; the eldest married an Italian count in the Navy, the next a British officer, as did the third when she grew up. The second was a splendid rider and a great horse-lover, and the story was told how, during the siege of Tientzin, she kept a favourite pony alive by feeding

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him on chopped up straw from champagne covers and part of her own scant rations, and even exercised him by night, though constantly sniped at from across the river. I asked her what she felt like during those tense days, and her reply was: "Very sad at the thought of dying so young." A brave girl and a fine character. She always wanted to add a clean-bred mare of mine to her string of horses, and when I left China, bought this mare. Alas! when she left China with her husband for India, a Russian officer purchased the horse, and I heard that they had eaten her during the siege of Port Arthur.

Amusement in winter, when all trade was at a standstill owing to the waterways and rivers being frozen, and all seemed on holiday, was chiefly racing, polo, paper-chases, skating parties, and of course, balls. It was a queer sort of war! We were told to take mess kit and mufti, and I even took out racing kit and colours. We certainly outshone the rest when it came to a ball in our colourful mess dress.

We scandalized the Germans when we turned up at the International Club in flannels, and they seemed to resent it. A German officer would come up to one, click his heels, square his shoulders and give a hell of a salute, then say, "I have the honour to invite you to drink"; then one of our fellows in flannels would rile them by going up and copying their stiff salute and say, "Have a drink, old chap."

An Irish friend of mine, who knew no French, found himself on detachment with French troops, and we heard he was most popular. I asked him how in the world he managed to talk to them, and he told me he had learnt a phrase which carried him on: "I just say 'I faut bouvoir,' they roar with laughter and slap me on the back."

But racing was what seemed to animate all the local people. Before our advent this was confined to Chinese ponies all over North China; they were supposed to be able to stay all day and all night, and most races were anything up to three miles, a "scurry" being unknown. The Mafu's idea of training seemed to be once round the course at full gallop and once round under the whip.

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A rich German merchant asked me to ride his pony on the third day of a three-day meeting. I had noted this pony, "Prince Charlie," for he had a great reputation down South, and had started a hot favourite the first day; but I distinctly saw him "cut" it when called on, and to me he seemed to look stale and cowed. When I was going to mount the owner rushed up and said, "But you have no vip, no spur! Ach! you do not know these Chinese ponies, you must vip them, you must *torture* them to make them go." I refused to have either,—I never carried them on the flat. When I mounted, the pony crouched; I flapped him with my legs to prove I had no spurs and slapped him with both hands on his neck, and I could feel him buck up at the idea of not being "tortured!" Finally, when the owner brought me a half bottle of champagne,—a custom out there for luck,—I made the Mafu pour it down the pony's throat. He went well during the race, but when I was near home and began to sit down, in went his toes. So I had to kid him he was running away, and he streaked into the lead, and I won the race sitting back and pulling at his cast-iron mouth. Another amusing race was for a brother officer, who asked me to ride because his luck was all out and mine seemed all in. (I won seven races at that meeting.) As a short race was unknown here and this was a three furlong scurry for polo ponies, it was suggested that a British officer should start the race. But the executive was quite nettled: "Thank you, we have our professional starter and he is *quite* capable of doing his job." Now I realised that "Hoppy's pony could not just get the three furlongs and could not win if he did not get a little help. Twice we came up and I was too far behind, and the starter told me if I could not get my mount up, he'd have to let them go without me. The third time I was up all right when the flag dropped, but had come up with such a rush that I was away down the course and just got home. When the starter was carpeted, he vowed that I had been level when he dropped his flag, but omitted to state that I was then galloping!

Talking of our unpopularity reminds me of a most amusing race. The local executive seemed full of money and were pre-

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pared to put up handsome stakes for anything that promised a good race and betting was very high. The French officers were mounted on big and coarse Arab horses,—Barbs really,—and asked for a race confined to Arab horses, as they could do nothing against our horses or the Germans. At that meeting I had a small Arab pony of fourteen hands, belonging to Sir Pertap, and, showing him to the French on the race course, I asked if I might enter him for the French Cup. They assented, with a good deal of derision at the size of the pony. He happened to be good enough to win at Poonah and was as fit as hands could make him, but they seemed to fail to notice this.

It was a three mile race on the flat, twice round the course. When we passed the grandstand at the end of the first lap, I was a hundred yards behind the field, but they were all showing signs of distress, for the pace had been hot, while my mount was just slipping quietly along. Passing the enclosures the French and Germans all started to boo and hoot at me, but I heard a raucous voice from the Middle West cry out, "Go on, Britisher, don't you be disgraced," and an Italian call of "Avanti, Inglezi, avanti." Three furlongs from home I could have taken the lead and romped home, but I always loved a spectacular finish and knew I had pounds up my sleeve. At the distance I sat down and just went through those nine French horses like a hot knife through a pat of butter, but I really thought I was going to be mobbed and lynched when I came into the paddock to weigh in. I expect every single German and Frenchman who betted had lost his money.

It's a queer thing to admit, but the German Cavalry officers were better steeplechase riders than the British on the whole, though they would not have held their own in a hunting field. The reason was simple: race riding is an art and needs both experience and practice; in Germany at that time there were 'chases all over the country exclusively for officers and subsidized by government. Also they had brought over a very useful lot of cattle. We had just our chargers. Pringle, a gunner, had a good chaser and so had I, and between us we turned the tables in the end. In a big open 'chase a cunning old German

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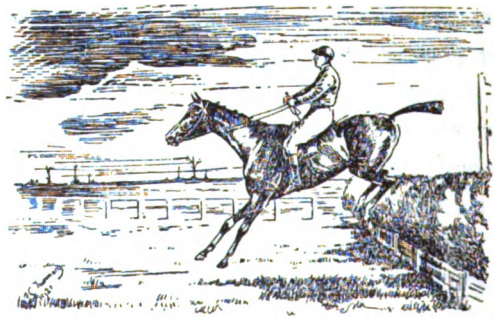
major was favourite, and a young German Prince, who had a really grand horse, but was not such a clever rider, was second favourite. At the water jump in front of the stands the Prince's horse pecked and brought me down, and I in turn brought the favourite down, and Pringle on "Pilot" had no difficulty in beating the rest of the field. The Germans were furious and vowed I had done this on purpose, which was childish. Later, my mare, "Signorita" won a big International 'chase.

* * * * *

An old Indian officer was being invalided back to India and I told him he must have seen some marvels in China, and asked what had impressed him most; I expected he'd say the Temple of Heaven or something like that. After a little thought he told me that *two* things had impressed him most, the cleanliness on a British man-o'-war, because he could have eaten his food off the deck at any place, and the American mules! They were often 17 hands high.

I have seen a company of Sikhs with fixed bayonets face a Russian force armed the same in the main street of Tientsin. A chance shot would have started the conflagration, and only the tact of making each side move back 100 yards till the dispute was settled, saved the situation. I have seen the same sort of thing happen between our troops and the French. Jealousy and suspicion was rife between all.

When I left China what amazed me most was that the International Expedition had not turned into an International War.



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THE PLAY

By MICHAEL COBB.

III.

MAJOR SIR ARCHIBALD BLACKWOOD, Bt., of the Light Blue Royal Hussars (Queen Caroline's Own Royal Regiment), was sitting in the ante-room before lunch, sorting out his letters, which had just arrived from England.

"Ha, what?" he remarked. "Letter here from my brother, what? From England, quite. Telling me all about this new fellow they're sending to the Regiment. This fellow Lake-Watson. It's only a very small point, what?" he drawled. "But I'm told he's a somewhat extraordinary, and most ah . . . er . . . eccentric fellow, what?"

Nobody appeared to be impressed. Major Sir Archibald Blackwood had such an unfortunate knack of getting hold of the wrong end of any story that more than likely this was merely a fresh aberration. Also, he himself differed so much from his fellow creatures, that for him to consider anybody as being eccentric usually indicated that the person in question was normal.

It was therefore a matter of great astonishment to the members of the Mess to discover after all that the new officer, whose name was Lake-Watson, definitely was eccentric.

He was not eccentric at first sight.

He seemed to have the usual number of arms and legs, to have tastes not unlike those of his brother officers, to ride, shoot, and do his job as well as any of the others.

Where his peculiarity came in was that he possessed to an uncanny degree the knack of mimicry, and could imitate anybody in a most disconcerting manner.

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Although very tall himself, it apparently made no difference to him in imitating men, women or children of any shape or size, copying not only their tone of voice, and their walk but even selecting unerringly from their vocabulary, just those very words which seem to run in families, of which some people seem to make a personal monopoly, and which nobody else would notice as such until it was pointed out.

It took Lake-Watson only a very short time to imitate Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt., to copy his twittering voice raised in querulous tones, to such an extent that one morning when Sir Archibald Blackwood came in person into the ante-room and called over the screen to know if Forbes were inside, he was greeted with jeers from the rest of the mess, who merely thought that it was only young Lake-Watson up to his usual tricks once again.

In India where a regiment lives together a great deal and the officers are thrown on their own resources to amuse themselves, such a gift is precious. Gradually as time went on and Lake-Watson settled down in the Regiment, it became almost a matter of routine for him to give some sort of private entertainment after dinner to amuse his brother officers. In his self-appointed task of provider of comic relief he was ably assisted by young Kingscote, who discovered in himself hitherto unsuspected talents, and also by Forbes, who occasionally felt inspired to blossom out as an opera singer and acrobatic dancer. Given sufficient table-cloths, old helmets, cushions, and in fact any odd utensil lying about the Mess, the trio could be relied on to produce a colourful tableau of anything ranging from the " Wreck of the Hesperus," to Samson's slaying of ten thousand asses with the jawbone of a Philistine, not to mention the Boat Race and King John signing Magna Carta, in which Lake-Watson contrived by the grimace he made under it, to make look like a Royal Crown about to be lost in the Wash, an old grey bowler hat he had unearthed from somewhere or other.

But of all the displays which was the most popular, the

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" Presenting of medals by the French President of the Republic " stands out supreme.

The reason for this was that it was a Grand Tableau which involved almost everybody in the Mess.

Lake-Watson himself was the President, and somehow managed to look as if he had a beard. Young Kingscote as his A.D.C. and Chief of Staff held on a cushion the medals which had been bequeathed to the Regiment by past generations of officers, while Forbes himself draped in a confection of his own designing which involved a couple of table-cloths, a Balaclava sword and the original trumpet which sounded the Charge of the Light Brigade, looked something like a cross between a French Head Waiter and the Usher of the Black Rod. It was he who greeted the recipients with a flourish on his trumpet, introduced them to the Presence, and prodded them into a sufficiently expectant attitude with the scabbard of the Balaclava sword.

As for the recipients themselves, they involved the rest of the regiment, using billiard cues as crutches, improvising stretchers and generally making fools of themselves in a way that only really sensible people can appreciate.

The fame of the Light Blue Hussars spread abroad, and, to be asked out to dinner in their mess was an honour which was eagerly sought. Generals, Governors of Provinces, officers of other regiments came to dine, and after dinner at the Colonel's bidding, Lake-Watson would imitate them, shamelessly mimicking their most intimate idiosyncrasies which he would reproduce faithfully, and then, assisted by Young Kingscote and Forbes, launch out into some of the more elaborate tableaux. Finally, the Presenting of Medals would be staged, and the distinguished guest, if he had found favour with the mess, might even be invited to play a part.

It all sounds very childish perhaps, but as a relaxation from the heart-breaking drudgery of life in India, the high spirits of the Lake-Watsons of this world cannot be bettered, and probably do more to keep people sane than the most scientific measures of eminent psychologists.

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An Officers' Mess is essentially the home of the bachelor officers. No women ever enter it except on special occasions, such as a regimental dance.

In India where the whole Regiment lives very much together and where there are few facilities for going away, such special occasions are encouraged to occur more frequently than elsewhere. Any excuse is better than no excuse, and no excuse is overlooked to give a party.

So when Old Stuffy, who had known the Colonel, long before he was married, and who also remembered all sorts of out-of-the-way facts, when Old Stuffy remembered that the Colonel's daughter would be eighteen on the second of next month, everybody agreed that there must be a party, and that the party must be a family affair, and that the officers and their wives, and also the Colonel's daughter would dine in the mess in a family party.

And so it was.

Then after dinner, in the ante-room, the Colonel called on Lake-Watson and his troop of acrobats to perform, which they did to no mean tune, Lake-Watson himself imitating the Colonel's daughter, and his wife, and even the Colonel himself so perfectly that everybody was almost ill with laughter, and also Lady Blackwood, the consort of Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, so perfectly that both these august personages felt almost ill from the laughter. Then they went on to their usual comic turns of the "Sinking of the Revenge" or the "Miner's Farewell." Finally, somebody suggested that the time had come for the chief performance of the evening, the "Presentation of Medals by the French President of the Republic."

Now normally, officers when alone, dine in mess kit, but that evening they were dining in ordinary evening clothes, as it was in no way an official occasion, but just a family party.

Also it was a special occasion.

Being a special occasion, Lake-Watson felt it called for an extra special effort, also, the black evening clothes he was wearing, lent the correct background to what he considered a suitable disguise as the French President, which only required a pair of brown button boots to make it perfect.

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Now Lake-Watson had no brown button boots immediately available, but he remembered that he had in his bungalow, about half a mile away, a new pair of brown non-button boots of a particularly virulent hue, which would serve. To send a native servant to fetch them would be hopeless. He would never get back inside an hour. Could he, he wondered, run there and back himself to get them quickly enough to be back in time, so as not to keep the others waiting ? There was the risk of submitting to the critical light of reason through tedious waiting, a performance which hung so perilously near the verge of being silly.

In a flash his mind was made up, and he decided to take the chance.

At the risk of life and limb, in pitch dark, he ran as he had never run before straight across country towards his bungalow. He knew, roughly the obstacles that were in the way. There were a couple of ditches, dry in this season, and a fence or two to negotiate, otherwise the going was straightforward, or at all events level. But there was no moon, and he had no torch to light him. Still, he ran for all he was worth in the dark, hoping for the best, risking a twisted ankle or even a broken bone.

Fortunately, he got back safely.

The scene of the " Presentation " was a huge success. Young Kingscote in his combined role of A.D.C., Chief of Staff and general bottle-washer, was superb, and Forbes in his rendering of Chief Usher of the Black Rod surpassed himself. But the real success of the whole performance was the President of the Republic, whose highly polished light brown boots set off to great advantage the sombre dignity of his evening dress, while the majestic touch given by an old regimental scarf worn across his bosom was evenly counterbalanced by the informal effect of the grey bowler hat, worn at an angle which suggested a mixture of truculence and reserve.

Everybody was delighted with the performance, especially the women, who had witnessed it for the first time. Even the members of the Mess themselves who had seen it often before were impressed and congratulated the actors on their efforts,

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and themselves on being such a united regiment, the pride and envy of the Army.

Everybody, with one notable exception.

This exception was Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt.

Somehow, as the evening wore on, instead of relaxing somewhat from his dignified and aloof attitude, he became more solemn. He began wandering about in an absent-minded way as if overwhelmed by the burden of some secret pre-occupation.

Presently, finding himself standing near Lake-Watson, who was breathless after the exertion of some particularly ridiculous feat which had amused everybody, he called him aside.

"Er, um . . . er, Lake-Watson, what?" he began in his querulous, twittering voice.

Lake-Watson turned round sharply.

"What is it?" he demanded.

Sir Archibald Blackwood took him outside on to the verandah out of earshot of the rest of the party.

"Just a moment, what?" he began. "Now, you know, my dear fellow, what, you won't mind what I'm going to say, what, or what?"

Wondering what was coming, Lake-Watson braced himself guiltily at the thought of many sins and omissions.

Sir Archibald went twittering on.

"I'm a good deal older than you, my dear fellow, what?" he continued. "I mean to say, I've had a good deal more experience in the Service than you have, you see, quite, quite, quite."

"Quite," said Lake-Watson almost mechanically.

"Well, it's only perhaps a very small point, what, but I consider it most important. My wife herself noticed it also. In fact it was she who first drew my attention to it. You see, women notice this sort of thing what? Yes. Well, anyway, Lake-Watson, you should er . . . er . . . never wear brown boots with evening dress, what?"

Lake-Watson looked down at his brown boots as if conscious of their existence for the first time in his life, as if he had not

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risked life and limb to produce them at the psychological moment.

"Thank you," he replied.

There seemed to be no other answer required.

* * *

Whether she was inspired by the existence of so much histrionic talent in the Regiment, or merely driven by that gnawing desire to put pen to paper which is at once the weakness and the greatness of the human race, will never be known. Still, whatever the impulse, the fact remains that the Colonel's wife wrote a play.

As a play it was a model of its kind. It contained all that a self-respecting play should contain. Three acts, a maiden in distress, a lorn lover, a stern parent or guardian, a couple of roisterers, a villain, together with a liberal sprinkling of duennas, courtiers, company promoters, troubadours and soldiery.

The play was to be given in about six weeks' time, at an entertainment for the whole Regiment, including the wives and children, their friends and anybody else who might happen to come in.

The damsel in distress was naturally the Colonel's daughter; the stern female parent Lady Blackwood, while one or two other wives in the Regiment fell automatically into the roles of duennas and female courtiers.

The more hearty of the two roisterers, and the villain would naturally be young Kingscote, and Lake-Watson respectively, but no other officer in the Regiment was cast for a part in the play.

The part of the lorn lover had been difficult to fill. The Colonel's wife had rather allowed her pen and her emotions to run away with her when she wrote this part, and unfortunately there was not, amongst the young officers of the Regiment, one whose character was suitable for the ideal stage lover as visualized in her play. The role was therefore apportioned to one, Mr. Lionel Lestrange, the Club Secretary, whose personal characteristics seemed to be more in keeping with the require-

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ments of the important, if emotional, character he was called upon to act.

This greatly disgusted Forbes, who disliked him intensely for his own sake, and whose feelings for the Colonel's daughter were equally strong, although opposite in character.

At first, all went well. The cast met at the Colonel's bungalow, where they drank tea and later on other liquids, ate many cakes and smoked many cigarettes. The play was also discussed, and portions of it were read out by the members of the cast.

Next day, they met again at tea-time at Lady Blackwood's bungalow, where they drank more tea and still more other drinks, ate many more cakes, and smoked innumerable cigarettes. This time the play was read out in full, and the members of the cast were subpœnaed to appear for their first rehearsal.

The first rehearsal was held at the Club, by invitation of Mr. Lionel Lestrange. Very little actual rehearsing was done, but on the other hand a very great deal of refreshment was consumed.

Unfortunately for the second rehearsal, the maiden in distress and one of the soldiery could not attend, and it was not very satisfactory. At others, people either arrived late, or had to leave early, or else having omitted to bring their parts with them, had to borrow somebody else's in which their own lines had largely been crossed out. Considered as social events, the reheasals were a great success, as rehearsals, however, they were a complete failure.

At least, that was the opinion of the Colonel's wife, who saw the date of the performance fast approaching while the play remained without form and void, a mere nebulous concept of her imagination.

She confided her fears to her husband.

" Why not rope in Old Stuffy ? " he said.

" But I don't suppose he'd want to act . . ."

" Of course he won't want to act," said the Colonel, "although I bet he'd act a damned sight better than anybody else if he made up his mind to do so. No. I mean get him to come and be stage manager."

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" D'you really think . . ."

" Well, anyway, try him and see."

Old Stuffy came and discussed the play with the Colonel's wife, took notes of the cast, of the number of rehearsals, in fact of everything connected with the play and promised to come to act as stage manager at the next rehearsal.

The next rehearsal was due to take place the following evening at six.

So Old Stuffy came on to the scene at a quarter to six.

He ran his eye critically round the room, allowing it to linger balefully on Lady Blackwood, whose husband he hated, accepted a cup of tea, which he despatched pretty rapidly, and pulled out his watch.

He stood up.

" Well," he began, " if we're to start by six o'clock, we'd better begin getting ready."

The room was cleared, the various actors got into their places, and as Old Stuffy's watch pointed to six o'clock, he gave the signal to start rehearsing.

Old Stuffy stood it for about ten minutes.

Suddenly he held up his hand. " Half a minute ! " he said. " Half a minute."

Everybody stood still.

" The whole trouble about this business is that there's not a single one of you who knows his part properly. And the worst offenders of the lot are you Lady Blackwood, and you, and you, and you," he added, pointing to all the other players who had had anything to say, so far. " And, what's more, some of you don't seem to be able to read even. Now I want you to understand that here at these rehearsals I represent the K'nel. I mean the K'nel's wife, and if you can't take the trouble to learn your parts, I'll soon find somebody else who can. And don't run away with the idea that any of you are indispensable, because you're not. I could go down to the Squadron and pick out a dozen fellows who can play the fool with more wit, or act a serious part with more distinction than any of you. As it is, it is a waste of time going on any further this evening. So

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kindly go home, learn your parts and come back again here to-morrow evening at a quarter to six, so that we can start punctually. Good night."

So saying, Old Stuffy stamped off home, and such was the force of his personality, that everybody else did the same without even waiting to partake of the cocktails which experience told them were about to be forthcoming.

Next evening, Old Stuffy was there at half-past five, and anybody who arrived after a quarter to six by his watch was received coldly, irrespective of age or sex. The Colonel's daughter, who did not appear until five minutes to six, was told pretty tersely that she was ten minutes late, and young Kingscote was cursed like a pickpocket because he came forward to act his part, still smoking a cigarette, which Old Stuffy considered not only as an anachronism in a roisterer of the period, but as a breach of discipline of the stage directions laid down in the play.

But there was no hesitation about the acting. Each one knew his or her part perfectly, and hypnotised by Old Stuffy, said it without prompting.

When it was all over Old Stuffy stood up.

"That's better," he said. "But it's not up to much. The whole lot of you are too stiff, and look to me like a lot of cab drivers shuffling about to try and get their feet warm. Still, we'll see what we can do in time. Not that I expect that you'll ever any of you be any good. Now in the old days in the Regiment, I remember . . ."

* * *

After that, the rehearsals went with a swing. Everybody was much too frightened of Old Stuffy to dare to do anything but be punctual, and put every ounce of their best endeavour into their acting. If the play was not a success, it would not be the fault of the actors.

That it might conceivably not be a success was a possibility that had not escaped Lake-Watson, or young Kingscote.

"Personally," said Lake-Watson, "I think it's one of the most damnable plays I've ever heard of. It makes me cringe

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inwardly whenever I think of it, and as for that miserable ladies' darling Mr. blighted Lionel Lestrange, the very sight of him makes me want to spit."

"Swine," muttered Forbes.

Young Kingscote grunted.

"Well, I suppose we've got to go through with it. Life is bad enough in any case, and when we've got to get up in front of the whole Regiment and the whole station as well and make fools of ourselves, it's the limit."

"What's it all about?" asked somebody.

"The Play?"

"Yes."

"Well," said young Kingscote despondently, "you'll know soon enough, don't you fear. It's about the most damn' silly story I've ever heard of. If I'd produced a half-baked yarn like that at the age of eleven, I should have expected my old father to give me a thundering good clout on the ear and tell me to dry up."

"What's that ass Lestrange got to do with it?"

Young Kingscote snorted.

"He's the young Lochinvar of the piece," he explained. 'Sort of Lancelot of the Lake, Richard Lion Heart, gay Lothario and Dick Turpin all rolled into one. Reminds me of the type of young man my old father warned me against associating with for fear I might copy him. He provides the love interest."

"My God!"

"Then Lady Blackwood's got about as much idea of acting as a mountain battery mule, though God knows she's cast for a part that suits her, and so she need only be natural. The Colonel's daughter does her best, poor girl, but that isn't enough, and as for the other hangers-on, they look as if they'd just been released from a dog's home by mistake.

"But what's the story?"

"Tell you what," said Lake-Watson. "If you really want to know, George and I will give you the whole show complete. Then you'll know as much about it as we do."

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After dinner, Lake-Watson and Young Kingscote acted the play for the benefit of their brother officers. There was naturally a faint tinge of the Presentation of Medals which they introduced almost instinctively with perhaps a little of the Wreck of the Hesperus, the Relief of Lucknow and the Slaying of Philistines all thrown in. In fact the play as written only came into it to a very slight degree. Yet somehow they introduced as characters all the people who were taking part in it, and whom they mimicked so perfectly that they could not be mistaken. Lake-Watson, who apparently knew everybody's part as well as his own, contrived to introduce their lines at the appropriate moment, and in a voice which left no doubt in the minds of his audience which exact person he was imitating. Perhaps they were a little careless about how they said things, and perhaps not very careful in the use of their expletives, and yet there was no doubt that even if the various actors did not actually have to say on the stage the things they said in the Mess Room, they would certainly have liked to do so if they had dared.

About halfway through the play, Forbes despite the fact that he was not in it, suddenly felt himself inspired to join in, and although in the original play there was not a part of "Cook's mate of a Pirate Sloop," yet Forbes managed to introduce the character into it, and act it with vigour, enriching the new rendering of the play with a series of unexpected but colourful oaths, which would have done credit to a pirate, a cook, a mate, or any other expert in the art of using bad language, and mostly directed against the person of Lionel Lestrange.

Next night, the play was acted again, with such improvements as the imagination of the actors suggested, making use of the services of Forbes from start to finish.

There is no doubt that this new game was a great success. That it now bore no resemblance whatever, to the play as written is immaterial; but it certainly was a good character study of what might possibly happen if all the actual players were collected together, and behaved as they might if they threw off all self restraint and ignored all conventions.

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Somehow the story leaked out, and next guest night the Colonel dined, and insisted on a display. He said he considered it to be even better than the best rendering of the " Presentation of Medals " including the brown boots, and demanded an encore of the imitation of Lionel Lestrange doing his worst as the heroic if love lorn young Lochinvar of the play.

By this time Forbes had got into his stride, and had become the mainstay of the whole performance.

As Lake-Watson said, if the actual play itself turned out to be not a very great success on the first night, it certainly had provided a great deal of amusement in the meantime.

* * * * *

And meantime, the first night drew nearer. The rehearsals went on, and even Old Stuffy expressed himself as fairly satisfied.

" Although, you know, K'nel, it isn't like it was in the old days. Still, they're doing their best, and anyway, they do know their parts, which is something."

So the Colonel's wife looked forward eagerly to the public performance of her masterpiece, and the actors, notably Lake-Watson and Young Kingscote, looked forward with more resignation to the fateful evening.

Then suddenly, the blow fell.

The day before the play was to be produced, a telegram arrived ordering Young Kingscote to report immediately to Army Headquarters for special duty.

Young Kingscote was sent for by the Colonel, given his instructions, and told to catch the afternoon train at the latest.

So sudden and unexpected was the order, so hurried was his departure, that he completely forgot all about the play: nor did the thought of it occur to anybody until next morning when the Colonel's wife learnt quite by chance at breakfast time that Young Kingscote was several hundred miles away, and was hourly increasing the distance which separated him from an expectant audience.

She rushed out on to the verandah, where the Colonel was already having breakfast

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"He's gone," she announced tragically, feeling that the Colonel must know what was uppermost in her mind.

"Who's gone?" he demanded sharply.

"Mr. Kingscote," she said.

The Colonel nodded briskly.

"Oh, yes, he was ordered away by wire from Army Headquarters." Then suddenly he remembered. "Good Lord! The play! I'd forgotten all about it."

"And it's for to-night," said his wife.

The Colonel looked grave.

"I say, that's the very devil, isn't it? What on earth are we to do? Had he got a very important part?"

"Of course he had," almost wailed the Colonel's wife. "We can't possibly do without him. Why did you send him away?"

"My dear, I didn't send him away. He was called away."

"But couldn't you have sent someone else?"

The Colonel shook his head.

"I had no option," he explained. "As far as I can see, you'll have to do without him. Make the best of a bad job."

"But, I can't . . ."

Suddenly the Colonel sat up with a look of relief on his face.

"It's all right. We're saved. Forbes can take his part."

"Forbes! But he can't possibly learn the part by this evening."

The Colonel laughed.

"He doesn't need to. He knows it already."

He went on to explain to his wife how Lake-Watson, Young Kingscote and Forbes had acted the play in the mess in front of him, how in fact, they acted it probably most nights after dinner.

"The three of them know all the parts equally well."

"Really?" said the Colonel's wife, greatly relieved.

"Yes, and act it jolly well, too. And I must say, it's a damned good play, my dear. Made me laugh like a fool, specially that bit about the Philistines."

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"Philistines?" said the Colonel's wife doubtfully. "But there aren't any in the play!"

"Well, I must have made a mistake, then, although I could have sworn it was Philistines or something of the kind. But anyway, that's a mere detail. The thing is, he can do it. Let's write him a note quick and get him to come over straight away. He'll say yes, don't you fear."

In answer to the Colonel's urgent note, Forbes hurried over from the Mess to the Colonel's bungalow.

He found the Colonel pacing restlessly on the verandah. He stopped in his stride as soon as he saw Forbes.

"By Jove, Forbes, there you are! Come in and sit down. There's the very devil to pay. It's about the play. Young Kingscote's gone, you know, and the play is to-night."

Hearing the sound of voices, the Colonel's wife came outside to investigate.

She almost fell on Forbes's neck with joy.

"Now look here, Forbes," continued the Colonel. "You've jolly well got to help us out. The play is to-night, and you've got to take Young Kingscote's part, as he's gone away."

"Me, Colonel?" said Forbes in astonishment.

"Yes. The three of you know the play well enough to be able to take any part in it, don't you?"

"Well, yes, Colonel," said Forbes doubtfully.

"Do say you will," said the Colonel's wife.

"Of course he will," said the Colonel briskly.

"Of course I will," said Forbes mechanically.

The Colonel's wife was delighted.

"Best thing you can do is to take the part away with you, just to glance at it and make certain you know your cues. Don't you worry yourself," he added to his wife. "He'll do it, won't you?"

There was something almost contagious in the Colonel's confidence. After all, Forbes felt he had a pretty good idea of the play. Presumably some of the astonishing oaths used by Lake-Watson and Young Kingscote would have to be omitted,

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but he felt he knew the general outline and most of the dialogue sufficiently well to pull through.

It was therefore with a comparatively light heart that he accepted the typewritten copy of the play, and departed, followed by the good wishes of the Colonel and of his wife.

The Colonel's daughter, whom he would have liked to see, and whose good wishes he would have preferred, did not appear.

* * * * *

The first indication that all was not well which percolated to the outside world was when Lake-Watson, changing his clothes in his bungalow across the road, received an urgent and cryptic message from Forbes to come at once, as all was lost. To this was added the statement of the native servant to the effect that, "Something gone mystic with Forbes Sahib. Long letter coming bad news for Master."

With an admonition to the servant, "Quickly bringing strong whisky peg," and without waiting to put on a necktie, Lake-Watson snatched up a helmet and ran across the road. In India the human power of resistance is being constantly strained by the unceasing fight against the climate and the trivial pin-pricks of daily life. A sudden treacherous blow from fate may throw a man off his balance and cause him in the despair of the moment to commit some irreparable act.

He was greatly relieved to find Forbes still alive as he rushed into his room. Instinctively he looked round for signs of a loaded revolver.

He noted the long typewritten letter which Forbes still held in his palsied hand, and which reminded him vaguely of something.

"What's the matter old boy?" he inquired solicitously. "Not bad news from home, I hope."

Before Forbes could answer, the servant came running in with a tray as he had been told. Lake-Watson poured out a liberal dose of whisky, splashed in some soda, and gave it to Forbes.

"Drink that down, old boy," he said.

Forbes drank down most of the tumbler full at one gulp.

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"My God," he muttered.

"What's the matter?"

Forbes shook his head dolefully.

"It's that blasted play," he replied. "I've just been reading it."

"You mean to-night's play," said Lake-Watson, greatly relieved that it was nothing serious. He quite agreed that it was a rank bad play, but felt it was an exaggeration to pretend that the mere reading of it should throw Forbes off his balance. "Dash it all, I don't see there's any cause for you to worry yourself about it. Now, if it was one of us who threw a fit at the thought of to-night, I could understand it . . ."

"That's the trouble, you stupid fool; I've got to act in it to-night. You see that idiot Kingscote has gone off, and the Colonel has said I've got to take on his part."

"Good God!"

Now that he'd got somebody to talk to, Forbes felt better about it, especially as he could round on Lake-Watson.

"It's all your fault," he continued peevishly. "The Colonel said that we knew all the parts, and that I could easily replace Kingscote, but now I find that the actual play is nothing like that nonsense you've been acting in the Mess. What the devil am I to do about it?"

Lake-Watson realized that the position was extremely serious.

"Best thing you can do is to learn up as much of it as you can this afternon, and hope for the best. We'll work at it together if you like. Keep your pecker up."

And so the whole afternoon and evening, Lake-Watson and Forbes remained indoors learning up the play. Towards the evening as he began to realize the magnitude of his task, Forbes became more and more depressed. His friend plied him with cocktails to brighten him up and made him drink champagne at dinner. After all, he felt, one may as well face trouble cheerfully. Certainly they managed to get themselves into a state of comparative optimism, and it was in a less despondent frame of mind that they set out for their ordeal.

* * * * *

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The curtain went down on the first act amidst the plaudits of the crowd. Both Lake-Watson, and Forbes in their respective roles of villain and roisterer had done wonders. They had perhaps slightly overshadowed the rest of the cast by occupying a rather more central position on the stage than was intended in the original plot, and also perhaps had somewhat shaken the confidence of the other actors by gagging freely and introducing a certain amount of new matter. But there could be no question that their performance was masterly or that it pleased the audience.

Nevertheless, during the interval, having leisure to think, Forbes got a bad attack of stage fright. This Lake-Watson did his best to counteract by making him swallow half a bottle of champagne, and feeling that it was a pity to waste the other half, drank it himself. Feeling extremely mellow, they both went on to the stage for the second act, entirely oblivious of the audience, and remembering their parts only vaguely. Nevertheless, they managed to pull through creditably, Lake-Watson in particular distinguishing himself by imitating the voice of Major Sir Archibald Blackwood throughout the second act, and the last interval came without any serious breakdown on the part of the actors.

It was perhaps unfortunate that at this juncture, the elegant Lionel Lestrange should have permitted himself to remark that he was experiencing great difficulty in acting his part owing to the unexpected cues given to him by the two friends. Forbes disliked Lionel Lestrange intensely at the best of times, and the mixture of fortifying liquids administered to him by Lake-Watson was beginning to have its effect. He took the whole thing very much to heart, and brooded in silence throughout the interval until the third and last act.

The curtain rose for the last act.

By this time Lake-Watson and Forbes had got into their stride again. They came on to the stage at the wrong moment and gave a display of conjuring which, while not originally in the stage directions, delighted the audience, who were unaware of the change, and who laughed and applauded so loudly that

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the two friends felt heartened into trying something better. Suddenly catching sight of his arch enemy Lionel Lestrange making frantic signals to him from the wings, Forbes gave a cry of rage, and flinging himself on him, dragged him on to the stage. The audience cheered.

Lake-Watson, who felt no particular affection for Lionel Lestrange caught him by the feet, and the three of them fell, a tangled mass of arms and legs in the middle of the stage. Sitting on his chest, Forbes made him swear to give up all claim to the fair damsel in distress whom he intended to marry himself, stage villain though he might be.

In the meantime, Lake-Watson had gone into the wings and dragged forth the Colonel's daughter, whom he thrust blushing into the arms of Forbes, then turning round, he was just in time to trip up Lionel Lestrange again, and sat on him once more to keep him from interrupting the reconciliation of the two lovers.

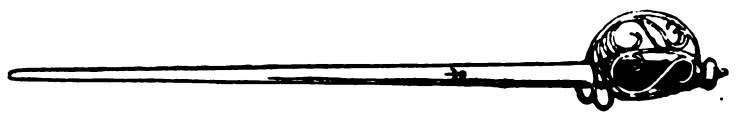
* * * * *

The Colonel said it was a damned good play. The Colonel's wife said it was a disgraceful performance. Nevertheless, when, after Forbes had sobered down, and he still maintained his intention of marrying their daughter, with which sentiment the daughter herself seemed now to be in entire agreement, she relented somewhat.

Old Stuffy said they were a pair of young fools.

As for the audience, their applause was loud and long, which showed that the play had achieved its object in entertaining them.

Alone Lionel Lestrange was dissatisfied.



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A POINT-TO-POINT IN IRELAND

By Colonel F. A. Hamilton, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

"Thus the measured stroke on elastic sward,
Of the steed three parts extended;
Hard held, and the breath of his nostrils broad,
With the golden ether blended.
Then the leap, the rise from the springy turf,
The rush through the buoyant air;
And the light shock landing; the veriest serf
Is an Emperor then and there."—

Lindsay Gordon.

One day in 1907 at a meet at the end of the season, we had been talking about the coming point-to-points. A friend asked me if I was riding in the Kildare Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting.

"Not at present," said I, "but I'll ask Reilly about it."

Reilly came up just then, and said, "I have entered Briar-Bush for the heavy-weight race. Would you care to ride him?"

"Get a better jockey," said I, "I have had no experience of that game."

"No one knows the horse better than you do, sir, you have hunted him all the season. Come over to my place and have a few fast practice gallops with me, and you'll soon get into it."

"All right, Reilly," said I, "if I'm beaten in the race, it's your funeral!"

"That's all right, Sir, I'll take the risk."

Briar-Bush was as fit as a fiddle when the races came on. Two days before the meeting I went down with Reilly, and after a quick lunch we started out to walk the point-to-point course. He pointed out to me every possible way that I could gain a bit on the rest of the field.

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"Make for this gap here, sir, and then keep along that headland where the going is good; through that gate, then straight for that signal box and turn left just short of it, and over that bank; that will leave you four more fences, and then into the straight. Don't hit him! Ride him with your hands, and then he'll keep in his stride. There's more harm done with a whip by amateurs than any other way. Keep cool, and keep your eye on Mr. Lanigan riding Cuckoo. She's favourite and he knows the game. He won't lose much time, and if he gets you out of sight of the crowd, he'll try to ditch you for a certainty. He and his friends have a lot of money on Cuckoo, and he can't risk losing."

At the railway station I met Christy Connors, the "wrecker" from our village, Dunboyne, a well-known character with the Meath hounds. His job in life as a wrecker was to pull men and horses out of ditches. He was short and fat, with a round jovial face, well coloured by porter and whiskey; he always wore a billycock jauntily on the side of his head, many sizes too small for him.

"More power to you, Captain, what are ye doing here? Is it riding in a race on Thursday ye are; which one is it? The heavy weight? Och, sure! Cuckoo will win that! Paddy Lanigan has her lepping fit and so is himself. Look out for him! He's as cute as a bag of monkeys, and you'd be surprised, Captain, at how hardy he is. Why last year he fell at the first fence at Fairy-house Races. Five-and-twenty horses changed feet on that man's chest, and the next day he was seen driving sheep out of the Fair at Ballinasloe, a man of iron constitution!"

"Oh! Hold hard, Christy! That's a bit tall."

"Never mind, Captain, you might win yet, but watch Lanigan! Cuckoo is no hunter. She's a 'chaser,' that he's only taken out to see hounds; and then home! He's a bad man. If ye raked Hell and riddled the cinders you'd not find a worse!" There was not much love lost between Connors and Lanigan!

On the day of the race, at two-thirty p.m., it was time to go and change into racing kit. I had a feeling under my belt

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which one gets before a scrap, or before a polo match, or other such moments of suspense. We used to call it 'Mice.' I was on my way to the changing tent when I met Connors.

"More power to ye, Captain! Success! Keep a stout heart and ye'll win!" He roared. He had obviously been drinking. "Captain," whispered he, gripping me affectionately by the arm, and fanning me with a scorching breath. "There's trouble in it. I caught them trying to give Briar-Bush a bucket of cold water just now, when that gossoon of a boy was away. I have my eye on him now, but it was a near thing! Go on, Sir, or you will be late for the race!"

I changed and weighed out. The saddling bell went. In the paddock Briar-Bush was looking fit to run for his life. Reilly was saddling him and putting on the final touches.

"Good luck, Captain! I have £10 on him for a win, and £5 for a place."

"Oh,—what the deuce did you do that for?" said I.

We mounted and lined up at the starting post. I had drawn the inside place. There were twelve starters in all.

"Are you all ready? Now!" said the starter dropping his flag, and we were off.

All went well for the first two miles, I was lying sixth and going strong, Briar-Bush striding along well within himself, and throwing the fences behind him. At the gap on the left, I left them to turn down left handed. This put me in front; then came a big ditch with a mud bank on either side, and straight over five or six more into a field heavy with the last week's rain. I kept up half right on to the headland, and galloped along it to the open gate—down left handed with the signal box in the distance as my objective. The next fence was a corker, with a wide ditch on the near side! Just as we neared it, two men in blue whom I had noticed at the start, both from the same stable, overtook me, one on either flank, and headed towards me at a nasty angle. They meant to sandwich me in! Too late now,—I couldn't draw out—the Devil! I don't know what happened. They hit Briar-Bush behind, but he got over

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with an almighty scramble! The pace pulled him through. I did not see those two sportsmen again!

"....I did not see those Two Sportsmen again...."

We were now near the signal box and had to turn left handed, over the high grass bank. It seemed colossal, but Briar-Bush scrambled up and kicked it behind him. Now we were in the straight for home and only four fences to go! Three more and then we were home. What was that coming up on my left, almost at right angles to my line? Cuckoo the favourite, and Lanigan looking very nasty. Straight at me he rode, and across my front as I neared the ditch! It was his last chance, and he was out of sight of the crowd! We hit the mare's quarters lightly as she and Lanigan charged into the deep black-bottomed ditch.

"Well done, Briar-Bush! We are over!" Only one more fence now! There were cheers from the few sympathisers I had as a rank outsider and then the run in! A cry of "Who-whoop," from Christy Connors rent the air.

We weighed in,—all correct. Lanigan came into the tent. He had mounted again and came in fifth.

"Well, Captain, you didn't lose much time," said he, "you rode a grand race."

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"....Lanigan, looking very nasty...."

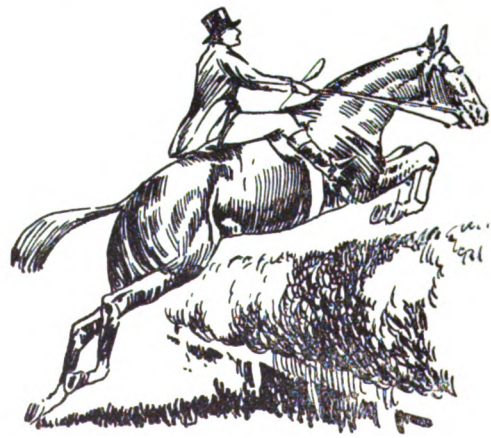
"That was no fault of yours," said I, "you did your best to kill me!"

"Ah, well, Captain, no ill feeling I hope! Come on, I'll help you take your boots off; it was a grand race anyway. I nearly had you beat at that big ditch."

"Well done, Sir," said Reilly. "I've won ninety pounds!"

Briar-Bush was sold and went over to Leicestershire. I still have one of his racing plates as a memento.

Poor Christy Connors died a few years ago after pouring out an extra heavy libation to the Gods. As one of his wrecker friends remarked, "John Jameson was his worst enemy, sure a tear from his eye would nearly brew you a bowl of punch!"



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DESERT LURE, UNADORNED

By V. M.

In a weak moment I agreed to accompany my husband on one of his African trips. This time it was to be the Libyan Desert. Jon has been at it half his life and is one of those restless souls to whom you have only to mention some queer animal or a hint of mystery, to set him going. Moreover, he despises modern transport and the amenities of comfort and believes in living hard, which, he deludes himself, is like a native. I had been with him once, so I ought to know.

I admit I was mildly excited, fired by Jon's enthusiasm. Even Mrs. Hull's, the Governor's wife at Khartoum, gentle irony did not shake my ardour. "You have done a little camel trekking before in Egypt? Yes, my dear, but this is quite different. There is no water. You won't be allowed more than a thimble-full a day to wash in and there will be no resting, which is the hardest part." I began to have my forebodings. It was the veiled commiseration in the eyes of local acquaintances which shook my resolution.

Jon and our two fellow travellers, Bobbie and Mac, were too busy those three days at Khartoum to listen to my questions or for it to occur to them that I might have requirements for a long trip. "This is not our real fitting-out place," they said, "you'd better leave your things till Fasher," which was as good as saying Timbuctoo from all accounts. So they went on piling up ceaseless, strange impedimenta and I was forgotten.

Jon always prides himself on picking up the best native servants, but after they had sorted some fifty applicants at the Governor's office his bearing was harassed and the results were scarcely flattering to a man's superior judgment. Jon also insisted on doing the catering—one of his pet hobbies—and

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again I did not envy him. Candidly, one of my chief reasons for offering to go was to escape from humdrum housekeeping, and it was refreshing to note how a mere man got down to the job, especially as this was for a three months' trip, whereas I recoil at the task for a long week-end. Jon's ideas were ruthless. "I've got every tin worked out to a nicety," he would say "one tin of tea lasts me a month, so one tin must last four of us fourteen days," and so on through his list.

"How about milk?" asked Mac.

"One tin a day will have to do. Fortunately Jenny does not drink it."

"Yes," I protested, "but what am I allowed in lieu?"

"Don't be stupid, woman, it all works out right in the end. The point is we cannot take more than eight store camels." Jon was like that, yet if you asked him to give up a few tins of his strawberry jam or favourite biscuits there was a wrangle.

"Here, I say," stuttered Bobbie, "you've got down a dozen tins of Apricot jam, which I loathe, and a dozen whisky which I never touch?"

"Well, its quite time you did, that's all," broke in the autocrat. "It's medicine out here. Must take it"

"Well, I wont," exploded Bobbie, "that's flat."

"Very well, knock off a third of the whisky and get yourself three bottles of any filth you like," Jon conceded.

Bobbie showed me his hoard when we were well away. Disguised as cartridges he carried a special case of his own drinks, port and liqueurs of every known shape and brand. He even smuggled in three bottles of lime juice for me. Unfortunately when I broached a bottle all three adventurers acquired a persistent liking for my own pet drink, which soon vanished. It was poor comfort to be told that Jon agreed that it was not too bad.

We were away at last to rail-head at El Obeid before we dived into the desert. I had never seen such a queer assortment of baggage in my life nor such a motley crew as our servants. Bobbie strolled up, as usual, one minute before the train started. It was a bi-weekly train and Jon's language alienated the last

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of my sorrowing friends. Bobbie looked just like a Xmas tree, carrying items he had forgotten to pack. Field glasses, camera, water bottle, mosquito boots, haversack, solar topee, etc., etc.

"All he wants is a hunting-knife between his teeth and he'd look the part," chortled Mac, and in the succeeding laugh Jon's fury faded.

We filled up a few more gaps in our stores at El Obeid. As Jon assured us, every Sudani cook has his own pet requirements in the culinary way. It was aggravating that the cook should be allowed to order *ad lib*, while my own toilet necessities were cut below the minimum, but that was Jon all over. Happily the others seemed to have explicit faith in him, although Bobbie, now and again, rebelled. I had hopes of Bobbie as an ally.

We left El Obeid by car on the long four hundred miles drive to Fasher. It was reported as a terrible road and we must spend Xmas day en route. Xmas Eve we camped in a grass rondavel in semi-desert. We all insisted on a Xmas dinner and had wished to carry a fat chicken in lieu of a turkey. Jon had scoffed at the idea. "The place is alive with guinea-fowl. We'll halt early and go out and bag a few. It is well known that if you cook a freshly killed bird it is just as good and tender as if it had been hung."

We started early and we trudged for miles across soft sand and through thorn scrub to the pained surprise of several Arab urchins, whom we bribed to accompany us. It was mainly through Heskinit spike-grass too, which seems to thrive everywhere in Kordofan for the penance of mankind. We were all dead beat by dark.

Needless to say we bagged no guinea-fowl. Jon arrange to purchase local meat instead. It must have been goat or camel, it smelt of both, but my nose was not yet trained to such subtle distinctions.

We reached Fasher on the fourth day. I seemed to have walked most of the way while the car was being pushed through sand-drifts.

"The way to take these is to drive straight at them bald-headed," said Jon, suiting his action to the words.

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"Hi," yelled Bobbie, clinging on like mad, "you need not take trees as well."

"It all helps as leverage," yelled Jon. "The secret of desert driving is to never let your car loiter or your tyres revolve in the same groove."

But that was just what did happen and we came to rest in a roller of soft sand, while the wheels revolved fruitlessly and the engine stalled.

"Out—everybody out," stormed Jon. "Get as much thorn bush as you can to build a causeway. You, Jenny, might dig out the wheels a bit and see what's wrong with the radiator—seems to be boiling a bit."

Of course there was no spade nor spare boarding nor chicken-wire (there never does seem to be anything you want in the Sudan) and if there is one thing which I abhor it is digging out car wheels with my bare hands. The sand was red-hot and full of heskinit spikes, so that I even forgot my horror of snakes, scorpions and crawly things.

We worked for an hour and made no headway; we looked like being stuck in the desert for the rest of our lives. Jon and his pals sat down to cool off. The Arab driver, who so far had worked cheerfully if unhopefully under orders, climbed quietly into the car, started her up, reversed her out of the impasse and circling, still in reverse, triumphantly manipulated the obstacle tail foremost and halted, waiting on the far side.

Jon's face was a picture. "Have you filled that radiator, Jenny?" he snapped. How I begrudged that water and how I longed for a wash.

This sort of thing happened so often that I lost count.

People in Fasher, when we got there, were a little more encouraging. This was one of the outposts of Empire and if you had come thus far you might get anywhere. "You must be mad to do this for pleasure," they seemed to hint.

Our camels were ready for us at Ankar wells, they said, and enough water tanks to supply us for twenty days. Our Arab guide would know the few water holes up north, but it was a dry year—and they shrugged pityingly.

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" You won't get much washing," Ordis, an old crony of Jon's, assured me with a grin. " Fortunately it's all sand and sand is clean."

Ordis was a great help. He was lending me his own riding camel with its makloofa and a score of minor comforts, which my Spartan husband scoffed at. The men did nothing but talk of addax, the particular beast they had come to hunt. They seemed as rare as the unicorn and as hard to locate as the proverbial needle. Jon had shot them before, so we hoped to find them for Mac and Bobbie, while Jon's ambition was desert lion, reported, but up till then never shot, by a white man. They all wanted a big Barbary sheep too, in the Meidob Hills on the return journey. The fuss they made about an extra inch or two in the length of a pair of horns was worse than any woman's bargain sale.

A lorry carried us to Ankar, where we met our camels on the last water hole. Henceforward we were to live in tents and on four pints of water each per day. I had always imagined that the desert would be hot and was clad accordingly, but it was bitterly cold with a piercing wind till noon and I was glad of Ordis's woollen gloves and extra sweaters. The nights were bitter, when screened by a patch of tundub scrub, we crouched over the embers of a fire in the open. We had tried feeding in a tent until someone upset the soup tureen over Bobbie's blankets; after that there were no volunteers.

I suppose there are attractions about camel-trekking although I failed to see them. In any case, they are far different from the illusion created in one's mind by reading popular romances. Disabuse your mind of the handsome sheikh business, if there are such persons they wisely confine themselves to the purlieus of Cairo and are content to sing the praises of the open desert, at a distance, to far too credulous young minds.

I admit that I am a bad early riser and to be called at dawn in a very draughty tent always made me irritable. As my hand groped for my early tin mug of tea as like as not I should upset something in the dark confines of the tent; my hair brushes would be full of sand or my stinted ration of tepid washing

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water would be spilt and no more to be begged for love or money.

I always had a dread of pulling on my long camel boots for fear of spiders and scorpions, whose favourite hidey-hole they were and, as I hesitated, hovering on mutiny, I would hear the relentless hand of Abdullah loosening my tent pegs outside, and the querulous groans of camels being schidded up a few yards away.

Breakfast is not one of my best meals. It is bad enough by your own fireside surrounded by comforts and understanding domestics, but a disjointed meal at a rickety camp-table in the freezing open can be a nightmare. The three men looked so dirty in their ridiculous beards and incongruous clothing and were such hearty feeders. Lumpy porridge with condensed milk and various disguised concoctions of game meat and "insides" only revolted me. I do not think I shall ever touch venison again, for each camp was bedecked with streamers of it, strips and fids cut by the Arabs for biltong, decorating every shrub and rope, while half-dried skins and semi-cleaned skulls tripped and mocked me at every turn. I was long past any sensitiveness in smells, but my stomach still jibbed.

Men's humour differs from ours of the frailer sex. Conversation at breakfast was confined to monosyllabic growls and rude taunts. Bobbie was the butt generally, as he would crouch over the smoky fire trying to toast me a slice of very doughy bread on the point of his still blood-stained skinning knife or to tempt me to taste some unsavoury morsel. I would sigh with relief as the men slouched off replete and left me to sip my fresh pot of tea (cadged wrongfully from a sympathetic cook), but not for long. Just as life was looking less grim and my tea cool enough to drink, up would come the apologetic but incorrigeable Arabs to snatch my only seat, a store box, to tie on the last camel load. I would leap up and swirl round in anguish, there was no refuge, the camp had been demolished, bare desert grinned at me. "Come on, Jenny," Jon would be shouting. "Everybody's waiting for you."

Even to mount your camel was a ceremony. An Arab kneeling on one of his fore legs to keep him down, a second

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holding his head and hissing, a third to maintain the makloofa in place while I climbed up. Then, " stand clear " and up would shoot his hind quarters nearly depositing me on his ears, and as I gained that equilibrium, up jolted his fore-end, and I was shot back into the saddle and waited for the final shattering shiver which betokened " all set." Once up not for a trifle would I get down again.

Then would follow three or four hours solid trekking. A good trotting camel is not uncomfortable, but it is the endless monotony. Arab camels will not travel abreast, but only in single file, hence to prolong a conversation is untold agony to both parties.

One day we had been travelling for untold ages and I felt I must speak or burst. I was tail of our party with Mac in front of me. I waited until I hoped he could hear and then shouted: " Mac, are you warm yet ? " the first inane remark which entered my head. Mac glanced round, tried to slow up his beast to let me alongside and failed. Again I shouted without result. Mac wrenched at his camel, the brute halted, blaring as only a camel can, and immediately barracked, to which mine followed suit. The whole column halted ; fearing a breakdown Arabs dismounted and hurried up on foot ; the hamla in rear, tardy already, halted and fiddled at loads. Far ahead I could see Jon and Bobbie look round, wheel and come bustling back. I am afraid that I was overcome by uncontrollable and shameless mirth.

" What did you say, Jennie ? " asked Mac, anxiously approaching, hand to ear.

" I only asked you if you were warm yet ? " I stuttered, well aware that by now Jon and Bobbie were within earshot. Jon never said a word, but his vicious expression as he got the column on the move again, betokened what he thought of talkative females.

Of course we had the hackneyed experience of getting lost one day. I fancy that it is a standing joke among the Arabs to try on all their English masters, for how can an Arab get lost in the desert ?

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As usual we had sent the hamla on ahead while we finished breakfast. There was a heavy ground mist that morning and I suspect that old Mahmud, our guide, was asleep, coiled in his blankets, instead of watching the spoor. My men folk were busy arguing, for it was too hazy to hunt. We had been riding for two hours when Bobby suddenly said, "isn't it about time we overtook the hamla?"

That was a bombshell with a vengeance, for when we looked there was no sign of spoor, and Mahmud, when we hailed him, looked suspiciously owl-like. We circled wide right and left without avail; the surface thereabouts was very hard and we might have gone off at a tangent from the very start.

"What about spooring back to the last camp?" suggested Mac, "they are sure to make back there when they find us missing."

Jon was too busy telling old Mahmud exactly what he thought of him to make any sensible suggestion.

"I don't know about you fellows, but I'm going to have a snack," said Bobbie, "come on, Jennie, lieu on."

We always carried a haversack of tea and light refreshments on our camels for such predicaments. It was the best thing we could have done, for, after raging for half an hour, Jon and Mac joined us, leaving Mahmud to work out his own salvation.

I suppose that he thought the joke had gone far enough for he was back in an hour from a far search to say that he had found the tracks and we could go on. We were in our new camp before dark.

We reached the famous, almost mythical Wadi Hawa at last. It is a mile-broad shallow depression in the desert, running for hundreds of miles west to east, from French Wadai to Dongola. Being lined with a scattered belt of Tundub scrub it is visible from afar. There must be a shallow flood of water down part of its course in the rains, but now it was bone dry. To the north the desert shone glaring white, bare as the palm of your hand.

Mahmud reported a secret desert well at Sendieh, 40 miles west of us, and as our route lay due east following the wadi,

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this was the first and last water we should touch until our return journey via Meidob, 200 miles away.

We halted three days to send our camels to water and to refill tanks. It gave us an opportunity for much needed baths and for the men to reconnoitre.

We had seen no humans for a week and were not likely to do so before Meidob. The plan was to follow the wadi east as far as Teiga plateau and then to branch south to Meidob. Our best hope was to find addax within reach of the Wadi Hawa, as Jon was loath to expose me to the rigours of the great white desert.

Jon always swore that the Wadi Hawa is one of the most fascinating spots on earth and I was anxious to make its acquaintance. What was this extraordinary thrill that it had for some men? It looked ordinary enough. A scrub-lined, flat-bottomed depression with dry water channels creasing its bed and, happily, wood flotsam enough to feed a hundred camp fires and green patches as shelter from wind and sun. Northwards lay stark desolation, harsh and forbidding.

But when our water camels did return and we pushed eastward things were better. Even a scrub-lined wadi is less monotonous than bare desert and we raised a gebel top at last in the far distance, called Hamra Kola.

Among other attractions, Jon was always boasting of the archaeological discoveries to be made in the desert, but his antiquities needed imagination and an eagle eye. We might be riding along the harder surface of the wadi bank, trying desperately (in my case at least) to show some enthusiasm in a desert view, when Jon would pause and point downwards. It might be a triple row of burmahs (clay pots) buried rim-deep in the sand or a far scattering of fragments, glinting in the sun. Then we would barrack and dismount (that tiresome business) and Jon would begin to scratch about and lecture, while the Arabs yawned.

"You see this must be the site of some old encampment," would begin Jon. "You know none of this pottery is of modern make. No Arab can recognise it and these stone mortars and

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grinding implements may be of any age. Chaps in Khartoum place it as Meroitic, that's when the Abyssinian dynasty were Pharaohs. The whole desert is scattered with them along the old Arbaeen road—"

"Oh, where's that?" would chip in Bobbie, staring round, as if expecting rest-houses and telegraph poles.

"We're on it now, you chump, the direct waterless route between Kobbe, Bir Natrun and the Egyptian oases. Only it's thousands of years old. My idea is that these were food and water depots, and that the Pharaohs' captains recruited slaves in Kobbe and marched them north bearing copper and ivory, besides food and water in their burmahs."

"What fun," would roar Bobbie, "and how about an undiscovered tomb or an odd pyramid or two. I would not mind a few golden statues as mementoes to hang between my addax heads."

Mac and Jon took it seriously and although we found nothing of intrinsic worth we collected enough to fill a box for the British Museum.

I was always wondering when our adventures were going to start, for I found it difficult to be wildly excited at a pile of sun-bleached addax bones—the scene of some Arabs' hunting camp—or of increasing spoor; or of a troop of ostriches on the sky line; or of a shot at a bustard, the only game bird seen; or even in the heated competition to make eatable fresh bread. I am sure mine was the best effort, but when my yeast was bottled and tied on the camels to ferment in the sun, every bottle exploded and so scared our poor mounts that they took an hour to collect, minus the yeast.

It was a monotonous, Robinson Crusoe life until the Great Day.

The men always scouted ahead of the hamla down the wadi in search of gazelle for the pot or a lucky spy of addax. One evening as we pitched camp we found that Bobbie and his Arab were missing. They came in full split just before dark. Bobbie was obviously excited.

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" I've just wounded a lion way back—at least I think it was a lion ! " he stuttered. He was greeted with jeers and laughter by the other two, but he stood by his story. He had butted into a troop of five lions in thin bush, he averred. His Arab had been too scared to be useful. He had slipped off his camel and fired a shot at the last beast in the string, who had fallen and then limped off. It was two miles away and he had thought it best to ride for reinforcements.

It was too late to do anything that night. Jon was still incredulous. " Lion ? if it is, it must be desert lion and you will be the first who has seen them. Its probably a hyena or a jack, or else you are the luckiest fellow alive, Bobbie."

It was a lion. We were all off by dawn armed with every firearm in camp, and most of the Arabs. We found the blood spoor and, dismounting, discovered ourselves very tiny midgets on a sandy waste dotted with menacing clumps of Tundub scrub. We feathered about aimlessly, failed and grew careless. Mac and Bobbie were arguing as usual 20 yards away and Bobbie had just paused to light a cigarette, when there came a reverberating growl at their very elbow. They jumped so far that I nearly screamed, I did not know that Bobbie could move so quickly. We had found the lion in a ten-foot clump of Tundub, but we could see absolutely nothing.

We spent an hour gingerly circling the bush at ever increasing distance, seeing nothing and accompanied by a ceaseless strain of grunts and growls. My heart was in my mouth for no one could have stopped a rush. Somebody killed it at last by a lucky and blind shot into the bush. It had a broken leg which was fortunate for us. I could see no difference between it and any other lion, but my menfolk made a great fuss.

Jon was late starting that afternoon as he was busy skinning out the lion and getting rather involved with the cook's bread-making preparations. The cook always seized the opportunity of any enforced halt to knead and raise his dough and when Jon did anything unusual the whole camp was in an uproar. It was " fetch this ; move that ; call so and so," all the time, and everyone upset. It was far the best to give him a wide

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berth. Jon sent me ahead with the hamla, while the other two were scouting in front. I was mooning along sleepily on my camel when some mysterious signal arrived from nowhere, the camel transport halted and fanned out to browse, according to their wont.

"What is it, Abdullahi?" I whispered to our only servant who spoke a little English. The man shrugged hopelessly, he was a town Arab and as lost in the desert as I was, but he strode off to question the camel men.

At this critical moment Jon arrived. He had just started to storm at a lazy hamla, when some rumour caught his ear.

"Addax, by Gad" I heard him say. He gave me no chance to question, but, hauling me off my camel, began to hustle me forward hidden by a screen of scrub. We had crawled a bare two hundred yards when the stage came into view and all the actors busy. Across the vale in front, more open than usual and hemmed by huge sand-dunes, trickled a long stream of milky grey beasts. They were 300 yards away crossing the wadi leisurely and their twisting black horns, three feet long, glinted in the sun. Jon was violently excited. "Over a hundred of them, by gum, and I didn't see a dozen all told last time. Here's luck with a vengeance."

We could see Bobbie worming his way up the dunes to our right to cut off the advance of the addax, while Mac was stalking the tail of the string. A minute later Bobbie fired and one of addax fell, while the herd broke back and it seemed that Mac must get his pick, but the minutes passed and we heard no shot. Now that the need for caution had passed Jon was raving. "Why doesn't one of the idiots shoot again?" he stormed, "its the chance of a lifetime and the odds are we shall never see them again."

We were soon at Bobbie's side to find him gloating over his prize. Two such rarities in a day had been almost too much for him; as he confided to me later he had been far too excited to think of a monster head or of shooting a second beast.

But the day's excitements were not yet over. Jon and I led the hamla and selected the new camp, while the others were

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still out. Just as our tents were going up I spied some queer animal a few hundred yards away across the wadi. Jon peered and grunted. "Not sure what it is, let's go and see," and he dragged me off just as I was filling my well earned cup of tea. As we stalked the beast at a jog trot Jon slung his rifle and prepared his camera. The animal—the size of a pig—was jogging on ahead of us, bent on his business and quite oblivious of us. Jon left me to watch and hastened forward. The beast had stopped and appeared to be digging, there was little left in sight save a thick tail. I saw Jon creep up within five yards of him with his camera poised. Suddenly something happened. The beast whipped round and went straight at Jon, who had to jump aside to avoid a collision. I was rocking with laughter until I realized that the unknown was now heading directly for me at a fast lumbering trot with purpose in every line. I am broken to cows, cockroaches and even mice, but heaven only knew what this beast was and I knew that even warthog can be vicious, so I am taking no chances and at a few paces I skipped. The beast dashed by and went to ground a few paces beyond. I had been standing almost on his hole.

Jon came panting up. Was he full of sympathy? Not a bit.

"Why didn't you stop him or head him off? Now we've lost him for good," he grumbled.

"Why didn't you?" I riposted sharply and not without reason. "I saw you jump quick enough, But anyway what was it?"

"Antbear," replied Jon crossly, "about as rare as the dodo and probably a new desert species and now we've lost him."

The Arabs were hastening up by now, but when we spoke of digging they jeered.

"Abu Dail? Dig for him? Ha, ha, he may be as blind as a bat, but he can dig faster than we can run."

I was not sorry for the beast's escape. I felt that by blind gallantry he had deserved it.

From that day our luck turned, for during the next week we found ourselves in a regular flood of addax, working south as they followed the grazing. Even the Arabs admitted that it was

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a wonderful year and seldom seen by man. We made a standing camp and sent back for water.

Far more interesting to me than addax shooting were two lesser incidents. In this desert apparently bare of life and with no water within 200 miles the unexpected was always happening. You could be quite certain that any beast or bird you did see would be an "original."

Jon and I were riding one morning, spying, with two Arabs mounted on one camel as guides. Suddenly we both saw in the distance a queer little animal sitting up watching us. He had a foxy look with a gorgeous golden pelt and abnormally long ears; he was small but altogether fascinating. "Fennec fox," shouted Jon, "come on, Jenny, let's have a hunt, the Zoo want him badly."

Now fox hunting on a camel may sound easy and certainly ridiculous, but wait till you try it. By chance we had cut off the fennec from its hole and running in a circle it refused to go far away, but we were not to know this. To make up for the lack of jumps we had the excitement of clinging to our bucketing steeds, which were as bad as any broncho directly we pushed them out of their accustomed trot. Jon and I were soon beat, but by riding on an inner arc we could watch the sport. Our Arabs hamla saddle had no girths and their camel was very rough with a kangaroo action. They pitched and they tossed, hanging on by first an ear and then a tail, with their camel nearly as excited as they were. It would have been worth a fortune at any rodeo, but they would not give in. At last the fennec, tired out, went to ground in a jehoboah's hole, which was his undoing, for we dug him out in a few minutes. He was wild and timid for weeks, but he allowed Jon to feed him on tiny strips of meat. He actually drank water, although a rare delicacy. He eventually went to the Zoo.

On another morning we were riding amid rolling sand-dunes with nothing alive in sight save scattered gazelle on the horizon, shining white in the sun one moment to fade into invisibility the next as they moved, yet another trick of the desert with her mirages of lakes and trees that had no existence.

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Suddenly Jon, who was leading, said, "don't shout, but look behind you quietly." I was growing used to shocks in this unaccustomed land, but this time I could have screamed, for unexpectedly, out of nowhere, had arrived a small pack of queer creatures, who padded silently at our camels' heels. They were neither hyena nor jackal, but resembled both, conspicuous by large black spots on a hairy white coat and the lurking slouch of the hyena. It was their fearlessness and resolute bearing which startled me, with childish memories of hunting wolves. Were they going to attack us or the camels? Why were they dogging us so brazenly?

They accompanied us for half a mile, dashing here and there all round us, like the veriest pack of domestic dogs. The camels showed no fear although the beasts were ferocious looking enough with no sign of timidity.

"Simahs or desert wild dogs," Jon whispered. "A new species to me, we must get a photo. I'd love to catch a young one for the Zoo; they must be an unknown sort. It is incredible to find wild dogs so tame."

We decided afterwards that these simahs must be accustomed to following Arab hunting parties in the rains and sharing in the spoils. The Arabs, they say, hunt in great squadrons mounted on ponies and camels and round up herds of gazelle, addax and white oryx—weak from the summer drought—and then slaughter them in great quantities with gun and spear.

We had no opportunity for even a photo that day, for, suddenly, the simahs spotted a herd of gazelle not far away and we watched, spell-bound, a primitive chase. The simahs hunted with method for they split at once into three groups and stalking amid the dunes suddenly rushed their prey from 200 yards. The centre group were merely the beaters, for, of wont, the gazelle bolted to a flank instead of directly away and thus almost into the jaws of the flanking group. They disappeared out of sight before we saw the end—they were much too fast for us—but obviously more than one poor straggling gazelle was doomed.

A few days later we saw more simahs and stumbled on to a lair hidden in the roots of a bush. There were two month-old

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puppies inside, and for ten days we nursed them and tamed them, despite their appalling stench, as of a civet cat. But they must have bitten their way out of their basket one night to meet the fate of the wilds, for at dawn we traced their baby foot-prints to an ominous pool of blood. There are many beasts of prey in the desert, although by day it slumbers apparently lifeless and always menacing.

At last, most of our purpose accomplished, we turned south, hugging the spurs of Hamra Kola and Teiga plateaux and slowly regained the area of thin bush. I shall never forget the thrill of the first day we crossed the spoor of tribal cattle again and realized that we were approaching the haunts of men. It was as stirring as Crusoe's discovery of Good Friday's footprints. For six weeks we had seen no humans nor his ox nor his ass, nor sign of his existence, if you bar those relics of a thousand years, and now we were back again.

We passed through a zone of white oryx country, that magnificent scimitar-horned antelope, only second to addax in rarity, but my thoughts were bent on that long delayed sumptuous bath promised at Meidob, and we hardly paused to shoot. There may be a lure in living unclean, in feeding from tins and pitching your camp in the solitudes with all the world your own, but I admit to an occasional hankering for the fleshpots.

Bobbie saved my life, for he was blessed with a sense of humour and always did the wrong thing with the greatest success. He never took trek life too seriously, but phlegmatically and spiced with a jest. What did it matter if your scarce drinking water was flavoured with paraffin ? If your last glass and china cups were broken with the jolting and the food was full of sand ? If your tent blew down and the camels were late loading up ? If you needed a new tin of something from the least accessible of all the store boxes when you were dog-tired and the keys were lost ?

To watch him mounting his camel was alone as good as a play, for, although he took to camel riding as a duck to water, he always treated his steed as he would a horse, and his command of Arabic, which kept us in fits, flabbergasted his Arabs. His

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makloofa was too loosely girthed one day, and, as soon as he leapt lightly into the saddle—instead of the usual stately, assisted ascension of normal beings—up jumped his camel to make off *ventre à terre* for the nearest thorn bush, just in time to deposit rider and saddle gracefully amid the spikiest thorns.

We reached Meidob hills at last, tier upon tier of craggy, volcano-torn scarp, dense in acacia bush and camped on our first water for weeks. As soon as I was clean I was dragged out to see Malha crater in the gloaming. Sight-seeing ? Oh, no, the men wished to shoot sand-grouse as a change of diet.

That crater at dusk was one of the most impressive sights I had seen in the desert. The approach was along a narrow path, zigzagging amid knife-edged lava leading to a crestless hill top. Centuries before some eruption had blown out the entire tummy of the hill and now we stood on a precarious rim looking down into a cup-like hollow 500 feet deep. Far below, in a quagmire of brine and grass, pygmy camels browsed while their owners drew fresh water from two solitary wells under the walls or cut salty slabs from the marsh to improve their crops. As we peered the sun dipped and an eerie breeze sobbed out of the hollow, while soon about our ears whispered the wings of sand-grouse, as ghostly as bats.

I am not surprised it was a sacred spot.

The men shot their Barbary sheep a day's trek away in the very heart of the hills and so brought our trip to an end.

There remains to me a confused picture. A glimpse of life as it has been for a thousand years, unchanging and immutable. A corner of the world derelict, as useless to man as a very ocean, inhospitable, frowning defiance and yet possessed of some queer fascination which will draw men like Mac and Jon for ever and a day.

A silhouette remains, too, of a solitary Arab on his camel, possessed of naught but the rudiments of life, two goatskins of water and of rusks, plodding on into the wilderness. Whither bent, Oh Arab, scorner of civilization, have you solved the Great Mystery and reached content ?

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A MASTER OF HIS CRAFT.

(*Continued.*)

THE enlarged snapshot depicts Freeman in a moment of relaxation. I have seldom seen him relax during a day's fishing; once when a great influx of elvas (eel fry) came up the River Usk and the edges of the river were black with these myriads of tiny eels which are said to travel from as far as Bermuda on their annual migration. They are, when cooked, Freeman tells me, most excellent eating, being pressed into a solid block, then cut into slices and fried with bacon.

While resting on the bank one evening, I was amazed and not a little shocked, to see Freeman put down his rod and run hard for an old rubbish heap, where he collected two old battered buckets. He proceeded to fill these with "elvas," and in due course the frothing seething receptacles were placed in the back of my car and taken back to Monmouth for the benefit of his many friends of the angling fraternity. It was too good an opportunity to be missed!

FLY AND BAIT FISHING FOR SALMON FOR BEGINNERS

To catch a salmon is the ambition of most anglers, whether they be of the game fishing fraternity, or of the humbler coarse fisherman class, and one's first fish stands out above all others, whatever the size of those that follow afterwards, even of the thirty or forty pounder.

Not having caught one of 50 lbs. yet, I am not in a position to express an opinion about the gold medal class; they should be called something like that, to honour the angler's skill in the landing of a really big fish.

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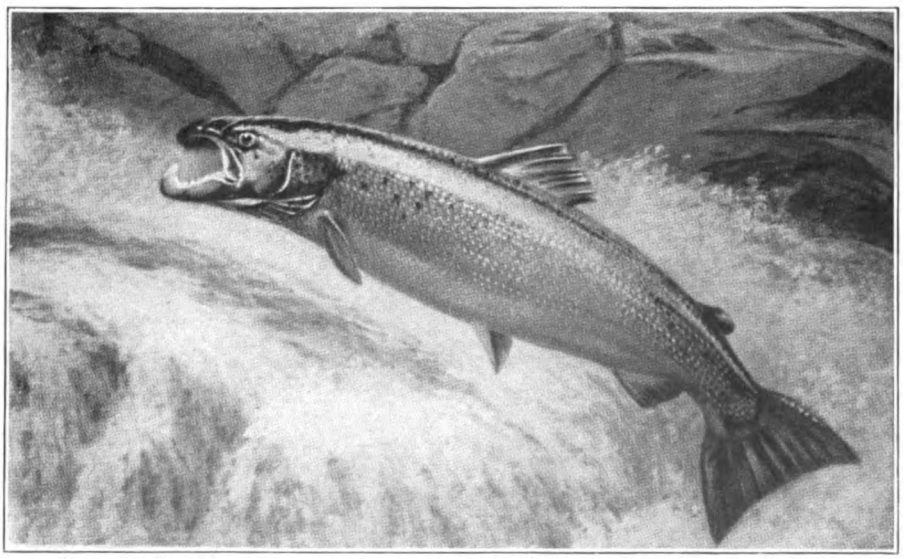
"Freeman," Prince of Anglers. Luncheon Interval.



The Lord of Sporting Fish in full Nuptial Array : An old Male Salmon at Houxty

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Most anglers who have fished for trout with wet fly, will find casting for salmon fairly easy ; that is, having rod, reel and line well balanced, otherwise one will feel very tired ; one's arms ache, and one's back. Generally this is caused more from an ill-balanced outfit than from lack of practice. So when buying a salmon rod, get the fishing tackle proprietor to advise the best line and reel to suit the rod. It is wonderful what a modern 14-foot cane rod will do ; the days of 18-footers are gone. A 12-foot or 14-foot rod is long enough if the angler is fishing from a boat continually, but if the fishing is done from the bank or wading, a 14-foot or even a 15-foot rod is more suitable, especially where long casting has to be made. The bigger rod is more suitable in spring, when heavy fish are to be met with, but as the summer comes into its own, a shorter and lighter rod will deal with most situations one is apt to meet with. Fish run smaller, and to be successful one has to reduce the size of one's flies. The cast should be fine, about 3/5 instead of 0/5, the size most suitable in spring.

I find that with the " chuck and chance it " style of fishing, that is, casting to an angle of 45 degrees across the stream, allowing the fly to sweep round to one's own side and, should the line become bellied out on the lower side, lower the rod point, make a quick lift of the line, flirt it upstream a couple of yards· This can be done quite simply without disturbing the fly on its journey across the stream. This mending of the line is a very important point to remember ; it prevents a slack line. Unless this is done from time to time the fly skirts across the face of the stream and loses its attraction to the salmon.

One more important tip, don't be in too much of a hurry to make the next cast ; instead, move the rod point a yard or so to left and right. Assuming the fly is directly below you, pull in a yard or so of line with the left hand, let it out again and do it again even if its a very good bit of water that is being fished. A salmon unknown to the angler often follows the fly across the stream until the fly lies directly below without *taking*. The pulling in of a yard or so of line gives it the impression of the fly trying to escape, as does the moving of rod point from left

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to right. If fishing from the river bank, take a step of about 1½ yards, cast again and continue to move down the necessary 1½ yards between each cast. Sooner or later the welcome pull will come, and one will instinctively tighten on the fish. Be sure to have no overruns on the reel, neither have the line caught round the handle of the reel; your fish will be lost to you at once if either of these things occur.

A salmon just hooked is like a runaway horse, it takes some holding, and should there be either of the above mishaps it is generally good-bye in the first few seconds, therefore, the thing to do is to keep the rod point high up in the air, keep a good steady strain on, and if he wants line let him have it, but as soon as he begins to slow up, reel in and place all the strain on you think it safe to put: at the most it will only be about 1½ pounds, that is, if the rod point is held almost perpendicular. Should the rod be pointing at the fish a direct pull is given, and many a fish lost to the angler, the gut or line will break for certain, so whatever you do when you get into a fish, up with the rod point at once, the spring of this will soon tire out any fish, and it will soon be ready for the gaff.

Should one be fishing without a Ghillie I find the best plan is to get your fish well hooked first, reel it up to about the rod's length, draw it close enough with the left hand so that the gaff can be freely used with the right. To gaff a fish underneath is best, if it can be easily performed; if not, reach out beyond the dorsal fin and drive the steel home, turning the gaff slightly. This turning of the gaff makes it more difficult for the fish to shake itself off the steel. Be sure to take the fish on the gaff some distance away from the river bank, to give it the coup-de-grace, otherwise it may wriggle back into the river and be lost. I saw this happen to a well-known angler a short while ago. The Ghillie gaffed the fish in an awkward spot, and instead of taking the fish away from the slanting bank to knock it on the head, he took the gaff out with the idea of killing it where he stood; the fish struggled, slipped back into deep water, had enough strength left to move off, and was gone. This fish was counted in the bag as having been caught, because

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it was played, gaffed and landed. It was a sad moment for the angler, who was over eighty years of age; a good fish of about 23 pounds lost through a slight error of judgment on the part of the ghillie, who was quite a good man. Naturally, he too, was very upset at the loss of the fish. I believe that I was helpful to calm the troubled waters in this case by pointing out the most difficult spot to the angler, where the ghillie had gaffed his fish. In my opinion, the angler should have brought the fish to an easier spot a few yards away for his man to deal with; to lose a fish at the gaff is bad enough, but to lose one that has been actually gaffed and landed is most disappointing to anyone.

Flies are legion, and personally I don't believe it matters so much what the fly is, so much as the size, therefore, it is better to buy half-a-dozen of one well-known fly graded from No. 3 down to No. 8, or even No. 10. We will say, buy the sets of six or eight well-known salmon flies, such as Jock Scott, Thunder and Lightning, Silver Grey, Silver Doctor, Blue Doctor, Black Doctor, these are just a few of the well-known and proved killers.

The same thing applies to minnows: about 2½ inch in Spring is large enough; as the water gets warmer and lower in height, decrease the size of the baits until they are about 1½ inch in length in Summer. The fly is also decreased as the water gets lower, and the temperature increases. If a fish comes up to a fly and does not take, the fly is perhaps too large, give it a rest for ten minutes or so, tie a fly of the same pattern one or two sizes smaller, this often meets with success. Perhaps a change of fly is necessary. Some people prefer a dull fly for a sombre day, a bright fly for a bright sunny day, and others prefer it the other way round. To sum up, it means this: one has to find the *taking fish* that will either take your fly or bait, whichever you may be casting.

The following story is supposed to be founded on fact.

A well-known London solicitor was very keen to catch a salmon, and having a friend living in Ireland, who had a nice beat on a well-known river, it was arranged that the London

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friend should go over and try for his first fish. The Irish friend gave the solicitor a few lessons in casting, as the latter knew nothing about the art. When it was thought that there was a reasonable chance of the amateur getting the fly out over the stream, a matter of ten yards or so, off they went to try a well-known catch, where long casting wasn't needed. The solicitor, being a sixteen stone gentleman, was told to try and cast his fly across the stream to where there was a large submerged rock, this being a good lie for a fish. After making a dozen or so casts on his way down the stream, his fly was taken by a good fish, which started to take off line at a very rapid rate (down the pool) and would have meant an empty reel unless acted upon quickly.

"What am I to do?" asked the beginner.

"Go after him," says his friend, "reel in as you go."

So off down the pool went the fisherman, stumbling over pebbles and rocks, puffing and blowing with the unusual exertion. Just about when the fisherman had got to the bottom of the sixty or seventy yard pool, the salmon went off back up-stream to practically where it had been hooked.

The Irish gentleman called to his friend to follow up after the fish. This was done without much delay, but Mr. Fish was far from beaten, and off it went back down the pool once more, and this time the solicitor, who was feeling the exertion almost too much for him, stumbling about as he tried to reel in and keep in touch with the salmon was told to go after it once more. This was done, but in the excitement of playing the fish the reel jammed, the fish broke the cast, and was gone.

"Thank God the B—— has gone, another moment and he would have killed me," was the remark of the amateur fisherman.

Minnow fishing for salmon is the next most sporting way of taking a fish, after fly fishing, and to be a good minnow-man one has to persevere with this method of fishing. Local knowledge of depth of water to be fished helps wonderfully, otherwise a lot of time is wasted getting hung up, and umpteen minnows lost.

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The most killing cast is a cast made almost square with the angler. Reeling in between each cast largely depends on the strength of the stream, and if a fairly fast stream is being fished, one need hardly reel in at all until the bait has fished right across the stream, and is directly below. The minnow can be reeled in fairly fast then, as fish rarely take when the minnow is being reeled from below one.

If a light minnow is being used a weight of some kind will be needed to help to get the bait across the stream, and to get the minnow down deep enough to attract the fish. This is much more necessary in Spring than in Summer. Then the most likely way to kill a fish is to swim the minnow about midway between the river-bed and river surface, to do this one has to reel in faster. Two most important tips to remember in Spring: (1) Reel in as slowly as possible without getting the minnow caught up in the bottom of the river, touching the river-bed every now and then shows one's minnow is being fished deep enough. (2) In Summer, reel in fairly fast, don't overdo it like some people I have watched minnow fishing. One man I saw fishing a stretch on the Usk could cast a very good bait across the stream, *but* he reeled in so fast that any advantage he may have had as a caster was affected by the rapidity with which he reeled in his bait. If he ever caught a fish it was more by accident than skill.

To become a good minnow fisher will require considerable practice, knowledge of depth of water being fished, salmon lies, rocks, etc. In fact, it is as skilful a way of catching salmon as fishing a fly. Bullets pierced through the centre are good weights, they can be had in different sizes or weights; in fact, one can make them quite easily with a bullet mould and a steel pin, the lead is melted and poured into the mould, the pin being in position. Directly the lead has filled the mould, knock the pin out of the hot lead bullet, then you have a perfect pierced bullet.

Salmon go for spiral leads sometimes. I remember fishing from the bank on one occasion, and just when I was lifting the minnow out to recast, a fish of quite 30 pounds gave the spiral

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lead a deuce of a tug. I saw it quite plainly, and I should have been better pleased had it seized my minnow instead. There is no fear of them taking a bullet in this manner.

The best sized minnow in the early Spring is one of 2½, 2¼ and 2 inches. Silver Devon and Riflex are very good. Then there is Hatton's Blue and Silver, and his Brown and Gold; Gudgeons and Spangled bait by Percy Wadham, natural baits of the above length, are better still; and don't forget the Golden Sprat. This bait can be had in petrified form, and can be used over and over again, they are less messy than the bottled sprats.

As the temperature of the river warms up it becomes necessary to use smaller baits. The bait should be about 1¾ inch and 1½ inch. With these sizes it is possible to kill fish through the Summer months, by fishing them faster past the fish. A natural minnow mounted on Dee tackle is the most killing during this period of the salmon fishing season. It is very deadly at times. One has to be more careful in casting as they are easily damaged if one hits the water in making the cast. A new bait would be required after playing a fish. Small preserved gudgeons are good too.

Prawns are very deadly at times, the smaller the prawn the more likely is one to catch fish. I believe the large ones frighten the fish away instead of attracting them. I have seen this happen from a good vantage point on many occasions. I remember a pool being fished by a naval officer friend a few years ago, who had had no previous knowledge of the roving prawn, but was a good fly fisherman. He was an apt pupil, and worked the prawn quite well after a few hours practice. This pool was stacked with fish, we saw quite forty or fifty salmon moving about in a shoal, some of them thirty pounders, none of them less than 16 lbs. In spite of this great number having the bait worked about before their eyes, not one could be induced to have a go. This happened in the morning from about 10 a.m. until 12.30. It was decided that they should be left alone during the afternoon. Another assault was made on them in the early evening, 5.30 p.m. to be exact; within a short time of restarting to fish, Captain P—— had connected with a fish

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of 17½ lbs. Directly afterwards he was into another, and this one safely landed too, 21 lbs. Then a fish was hooked and came unstuck, this was followed by at least three more being lost through faulty hooking, but one more fish of 23 lbs. was hooked and safely gaffed. What a hectic evening's fishing he had! Had the luck held good my worthy friend might have caught at least six or seven salmon. A couple of seasons ago this same pool produced thirty-seven fish, all caught on the prawn; fly and minnow were tried but without result. Some pools are useless for any other style of salmon fishing. It is the prawn or nothing else, perhaps a lob-worm might work the trick.

The roving prawn can be used with either treble hook or single hook tackle, with needle to keep the prawn straight variety. Should there be a fast current running through the pool being fished, more lead will be needed to get the bait down to the fish than if the water is deep and sluggish. In this case very little lead is required, as the weight of the hook is enough to help in getting the line out, and swivel, on the trace are enough to sink the bait.

If the prawn is being fished from the bank, cast across to an angle of 45 degrees, if the water is deep a few seconds' pause to allow the bait to get down; lift rod point sharply, lower the point quickly, pause, raise it again sharply, and keep on doing it until the bait gets directly below one. This can be done right up to the angler's feet by reeling in a few yards at the time of lifting the rod point. On the lift a fish will usually rush at the prawn when it is being raised, at times they are quite clever at nipping the back out of the bait and not touching the hook. It is simply marvellous how a huge salmon will bite the back clean away and miss being hooked. Sometimes they take ever so quietly, the first indication is that you see your line moving away from you, he is generally well hooked when one fastens on him. In this instance salmon seem to go quite off the deep end when hooked on a prawn, they simply go mad, and it is surprising the number of fish that are lost prawn fishing.

Then there is the Spinning Prawn that such a lot of anglers go in for. They certainly get fish, but personally, I don't believe it anything like so good as the roving prawn. The slower one

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can fish the spinning lure the better. Fishing it fast is a waste of time. From April onwards it beats minnow fishing very easily. One loses less fish on the fly in spite of only having one hook, compared to perhaps two treble hooks.

I had a most unusual experience with a fish of 8½ lbs., with the prawn. One day a couple of years ago, I had been fishing the pool below a well-known bridge without success, in fact I never saw a sign of a fish move. A friend of mine was passing over the bridge and happened to look over the upper side, saw a fish five or ten yards above the structure. "Come and try for this one," he said.

It seemed certain that if the fish was connected with it would go down through the arch. I pointed this out, but decided to have a go, break or no break. The prawn was swung quietly up a yard ahead of the fish, trickled down just by the side of it. Not the slightest notice was taken by the fish. This was done a second and a third time, and the fish followed the bait down through the arch and feeling a tug, and not being able to see what was happening, I struck and connected with the fish, which instead of going down, dashed up stream and I kept paying out line to get it well up stream for the next move. My friend rushed and got a boat with another man at the oars, and I went to the side of the bridge, the boat brought just under where I was standing, the rod lowered into the friend's hands, butt first, taking a chance if the fish came unstuck, but the luck held good. It was played and got out by myself, who gaffed it for the friend who had taken on from the moment of seizing the lowered rod. This was an unlucky fish, as by all the rules it should have got away. Such is one's luck when fishing. It was foul hooked in the belly, had it been fairly hooked it would have gone down instead of up-stream, and probably have got off

Ref. last Contribution.

"Spring Trout Fishing with Dry or Wet Fly," on page 345, Line 20: "Rod front", *should read* "Rod point."

Page 346, line 7: "The important point for the angler is to copy the natural insect as near as possible," not "movements" as stated.

(*To be continued*)

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

The July " Army Quarterly " has an excellent assortment of articles dealing with all phases of the war, though inevitably the swiftly-moving events of the early summer have made much in them non-applicable. This hardly applies to the opening essay by the American Major Phillips, which is a balanced statement of the respective advantages of attack and defence, and concludes that the former is approaching one of its periods of greatest superiority in the age-old see-saw of warfare. A second paper, in form a review of a recent German book which stresses the value of surprise, also has a valuable lesson for to-day and to-morrow. Mr. Hoffman Nickerson discourses thoughtfully on the validity of Clausewitz's theory of war to-day; Lieutenant Rudolph, U.S. Army, describes the action of the Chinese guerillas in the war against Japan, and Mr. Parker describes our arrangements for home defence in Napoleon's day. An amusing article by Lieut.-Colonel Granville Baker on the " Panoply of War " deals with the development of military uniforms since their first introduction in the middle of the seventeenth century.

The " Royal Artillery Journal " for July consists mainly of historical articles, dealing in turn with the first siege of Gibraltar in 1727, the War of American Independence, the campaign in Corsica in 1794, the Peninsular War, and the Great War of 1914–1918. Brigadier Anstey's second chapter of his Memories deals with India, and fully maintains the standard of entertainment of his first. Some hints on the preparation and conduct of an artillery tactical exercise, a plea for the recognition of the tank as a weapon for all arms and not a new independent arm, and a sporting article complete the number.

The " Royal Engineers Journal " for June has a number of articles of general interest, besides its usual technical items.

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The most readable of these is an anonymous one on the relations between officers and soldiers, by an anonymous writer, but those on "Starting to Teach in an O.C.T.U.," by Captain D. W. Price, "Control of Engineer Work in War," by Major-General Sir P. Grant, and "The Problem of Accommodating the Army on the Outbreak of War," by Major-General G. B. Taylor, are also well worth perusal. The technical papers are well up to the Journal's usual standard.

The "Royal Air Force Quarterly" for June has as its leading feature the second part of the fantastic "Shades of Opinion" in which the great military figures of the past, gathered in conclave in Elysium, discuss the events and lessons of the last war. The rest of the number, except for one lighter article, is devoted to full and authoritative accounts of the action of the R.A.F. in the present conflict, all of which are well worth reading.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"A Key to Victory." By Lieut.-Col. C. Garsia. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.) 10s. 6d.

Lieut.-Colonel Garsia's book is sub-titled "A Study in War Planning," and his plea is for the introduction of a new and more logical technique in drawing up plans of war and plans of campaign, and for the institution of a new body to be entrusted with the making of our plans for the present war. The book opens with a study of the Palestine campaign in 1917, in which the author opines that the plans for the three battles of Gaza were based on faulty and one-sided appreciations of the situation which under his suggested system would automatically have been excluded. In this view, it should be stated, he is opposed to two eminent authorities, Field Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode (who writes a foreword to the book in which he expresses complete disagreement with the author's conclusions!) and General Wavell, and though he makes a plausible case well worth study, he can hardly be said to have proved it.

The second part of the book is more topical, though the collapse of France has rendered much even of that out of date. The author sees the chief obstacle to an Allied victory not only in the faulty nature of our planning system, but also in the absence of a suitable planning organisation. He has already, in the first part of his work, suggested a remedy for the former, and he now outlines the planning organisation that he considers to be required if the greatly superior resources at our command are to be suitably utilised for victory. For details the reader must be referred to the book itself, which is one that no thoughtful soldier, or, indeed, in these days, any thoughtful citizen can afford to neglect.

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"The Spanish Bride." By Georgette Heyer. (Heinemann.) 8s. 6d.

Those who, like the reviewer read this author's novel of the Waterloo campaign, "An Infamous Army," with pleasure in her vivid narrative and admiration for her wide knowledge and skilful use of the authorities, can be assured of equal pleasure in her new book. It is the well-worn, yet ever new, story of the romance of Harry and Juana Smith—the early part of it only, beginning with the assault on Badajos, which deprived Juana of her home and threw her helpless and penniless into the willing arms of the young rifleman, and ending on the morrow of Waterloo, when Juana, heartbroken at a false report of her husband's death, and tortured by a long and vain search for his corpse on the battlefield, had the joy of finding him alive and well after all. The narrative is a full and detailed one, based, of course, for the most part, on Harry Smith's autobiography, but with adequate reference to the minor authorities, and Miss Heyer shows herself as competent as ever to get the full romantic flair out of an episode made for her skilful and vivid pen. "The Spanish Bride" will go far to enhance her reputation as one of our leading historical novelists.

"Allenby—A Study in Greatness." By General Sir Archibald Wavell. (Harrap.) 18s.

The outbreak of the present war interrupted all General Wavell's work on his classic and long-awaited life of Lord Allenby, and what we have here is but a fragment, albeit the most interesting and important fragment, of the intended whole. It covers the whole of Allenby's career as a soldier, from his joining the Inniskilling Dragoons in 1882 to the close of the Palestine campaign in 1918, which placed his name on the short list of candidates for the highest military fame. The story of his part in the Boer War and the Great War up to his departure from France for the Middle East in the summer of 1917, is told by the author fully and frankly, with no concealment of his hero's failures and disappointments in subordinate roles, for which he was not always suited by temperament and training.

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But the high light of the book is, of course, the brilliant series of operations in Palestine and Syria in the last eighteen months of the war, which has rightly become a military classic and has fully established Allenby's title to true military genius of the highest order.

All this, of course, has been told before, though never more authoritatively than by General Wavell in these pages. What is new and somewhat surprising is the portrait of Allenby himself. Behind the rough and alarming facade of "the Bull," as Allenby was universally known to all who served with him, lay a personality modest, retiring, almost diffident, a mind of great breadth and wide interests, many of them curious and almost out of place in a soldier, and a soul strong, generous, kindly, and at bottom tolerant. The portrait may seem, and indeed is, full of contradictions, though these are more apparent than real, but that it is a true one General Wavell is amply able to prove; that it is a lifelike and fully coloured one his readers can test for themselves by a study of his pages. We shall look forward to reading the second volume in the happier times to come.

"Handbook of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club."

Here is a commendable booklet of reference published by the above Society at 66, Sloane Street, S.W.1, which, within its ninety pages, gives the horseman an amount of information.

From stable hints to warranties of horses sold at auction, and again from National Hunt Rules to a very thorough description of The Aids, this little work, which is issued free to members of the Institute of the Horse, appropriately ends with the all important subject of A.R.P. for horses.

Included amongst the contributors' names is that of Major G. T. Hurrell, 17th/21st Lancers, who was instructor of equitation at Sandhurst up to the outbreak of war.

The Institute of the Horse is an invaluable body which deserves full support from all horse owners and horse lovers. Readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL will appreciate the difficulties this organization experiences in "carrying on" at this time.

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In spite of the war, however, the Institute has continued to hold the examination for the Instructor's certificate with regularity. One evinces surprise that the services of this body so loyally offered to the Government at the time of " the Crisis," and again on the declaration of war, were not accepted for either the purposes of collecting and looking after remounts, or by the Postmaster-General for the purposes of distributing the mail, thereby releasing men for military service.

To-day the value of horsemen scouring the countryside as mounted patrols of the L.D.V. on the look out for parachutists has been fully realized and has given scope for the activities of its members.

One hopes that readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL will support this body which has so helped to keep horsemanship and " stable craft " flourishing throughout a mechanized era, and which has guaranteed all things horse for a future generation through the medium of the numerous branches of the Pony Club. One sincerely hopes that the Yeomanry regiments now restored to their horses will in gratefulness support this body, which for the past six years has also been responsible for the International Horse Show, Olympia.

There are many references to Show Jumping and its encouragement in the Army, and in dealing with the value of the interchange of visits of officers from foreign countries it ends on this happy note—" when peace is restored, our efforts to bring about a resumption of such visits must be redoubled."

One notes that Lieutenant-General Lord Baden Powell has quite recently honoured the Institute of the Horse by consenting to act as Vice-President ; it will not be out of place to mention that the Cavalry School at Netheravon was originated by " B. P." in 1905 when he held the appointment of Inspector-General of Cavalry. That such a distinguished soldier and horseman, who incidentally as a subaltern in the 13th Hussars won the Kadir Cup in 1883, is indeed a tribute to the invaluable work which this organization is fulfilling. F. C. H.

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" Sniping, Scouting and Patrolling " (A text book for instructors and students. (Gale & Polden, Ltd., Aldershot). 4s. 0d.

" Lewis Gun Mechanism Made Easy " (Revised Edition). By Major C. H. B. Pridham, late Chief Instructor, School of Musketry, Hythe. (Gale & Polden, Ltd.). 1s. 6d.

At a time when practically the whole available man power of the nation has been mobilised, upwards of 4,000,000 of which is being trained, in one capacity or another, for the fighting services. These two small books will be of great assistance to instructors and students alike. The volume on Sniping, Scouting and Patrolling contains twenty-nine illustrations of types of loopholes, observation posts and camouflage. The book on the Lewis Gun is revised up to July, 1940, the coloured plate shows clearly the mechanism of the gun ; just the book for those who are responsible for the instruction of the Home Guards.

" Flat Racing." Edited by the Earl of Harewood, K.G., D.S.O. ; and Lieut.-Colonel P. E. Ricketts, D.S.O., M.V.O. (Seeley Service). 21s. 0d.

Many years have elapsed since the last authoritative volume on racing from the point of view of the owner, trainer, breeder, or jockey has been written. The book under review comprises one of the volumes in that attractive Lonsdale Library Series, which is the modern " Badminton " Library of another era.

A perusal of the authors of the various chapters disclose such celebrities of the Turf as Mr. H. S. Persee, the Stockbridge trainer, whose name will always be coupled with that of The Tetrarch. Fred Fox writes on jockeyship, a chapter which should be carefully read by all trainers who have apprentices in their establishments—the author of this chapter advocates " a school for would be jockeys where horse management and horsemastership, as distinct from jockeyship, would be taught by someone who knows how to do it and is capable of teaching it to others."

Trainers are slow to move with the times which demand specialised training for all careers and employments. The rough-and-ready school of experience is not sufficient when intelligence

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and skill perform a rôle as important as that fulfilled by either strength or pluck. However, it is for the Jockey Club to give the incentive for the creation of such a school, or schools, and although it has been suggested on several occasions nothing had materialised up to the outbreak of the present war. If some of the owners, particularly those owner-breeders who race not alone for the love of racing, but for their interest in bloodstock, could see their highly-spirited thoroughbreds in the hands of some of the ignorant, clumsy-fisted, and no doubt very frightened lads, there would be an instant and universal demand for a recognised method for the instruction of all racing stable apprentices under the auspices of the Jockey Club. Further, in order to protect owners and trainers no lad should be given employment or be apprenticed to any trainer until he has passed through a course of riding and stable management at this establishment.

In the average racing stable to-day the actual riding instruction is of a very doubtful calibre, if any ; there are exceptions, and some trainers take very great interest in their lads and apprentices.

In the majority of cases, the first experience on a horse's back is when the lad is given a few jogs around the stable yard, or paddock, on the trainer's hack, which in all probability is a broad backed cob, and will cause undue strain to the novice's legs, stretched widely apart. This position will not facilitate him sitting in the proper position in the saddle, or in learning how to grip, being, as he must be, in utter discomfort. Later he is allowed to hack out in rear of the string to the gallops, but apart from the experience he learns nothing about the rudiments of riding. Invariably he is instructed to take up his leathers and adopt the " knees in the mouth " seat before he knows how, or where, to grip. Consequently he learns to ride from his stirrups and maintains his seat by holding on to the reins.

There are all absorbing chapters on equine eugenics by the late Professor J. B. Robertson, M.R.C.V.S., under his well-known pseudonym of " Mankato," whose death took place after attending the last Liverpool Spring Meeting, or the " Mixed

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Grill " as he alluded to this fixture under both codes of racing. " Mankato " was a familiar figure at every important meeting garbed in his Inverness cape of Victorian atmosphere and he was ever glad to place his vast store of knowledge at the disposal of those who knew him.

Mr. " Atty " Persse contributes chapters on training which are most instructive and at the same time entertainingly written, particularly when alluding to his experiences in training in Ireland in the good old days.

All he states should be carefully studied by anyone who intends to take out a trainer's license. One would have appreciated a more detailed description of stable routine in view of the fact that there is a deal of truth in the saying " More races are won in the stable than on the racecourse."

The method described on page 320 of driving a yearling in long reins with a lad up is not in accordance with the Weedon School of thought, but it was the custom in Ireland. If the young horse should rear up and swing round, the lad will in all probability be caught up and pulled out of the saddle, causing an " awful shemozzle."

The stud farm is very completely and admirably dealt with by Mr. C. C. Edmunds, whilst Colonel Ricketts covers a deal of ground on the conformation and action of the racehorse, and on the duties of racing officials. There is no better authority on the subject of a race horse's conformation than the Joint Editor of this volume, and he commits his opinions in some excellent chapters.

The illustrations are admirable throughout, heroes and heroines of the Turf are depicted together with descriptive captions regarding their conformation—one surmises that these have been compiled by Colonel Ricketts.

Duncan Grey is included in this portrait gallery, but strangely enough the fact that this stallion having been " tubed " is not remarked upon. This horse was tubed when he ran third as a 3-year old in the Eclipse Stakes of 1923, to Saltash and Teresina. In the reviewer's humble opinion no tubed horse or any horse which has been surgically treated for wind affliction, i.e. " Hob-

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dayed," should be permitted to compete in a Classic or any important race under Jockey Club rules. In France no " tubed " horse is permitted to contest a race. Perhaps after this European upheaval has subsided and with the longed for resumption of racing the Stewards of the Jockey Club will consider the registration of operations for wind affliction in the Racing Calendar. Under the Horsebreeding Act, licences for stallions are refused for " roaring," which constitutes unsoundness, why therefore should not blood stock be treated in the similar manner and the owner be required to furnish a veterinary certificate to the breeder who has in the case of a fashionable stallion paid anything up to 300 guineas as the stud fee.?

Whereas " tubing " is instantly seen a Hobdayed horse will not be detected, but " any horse which is tubed, or otherwise operated on for unsoundness in wind and not so described, is returnable" according to the law of warranties as laid down by Messrs. Tattersalls and other reputable firms.

It will be of interest to note that the late Sir Frederick Hobday stated in his lecture delivered at the Sixth Session of the International Congress for Bloodstock Breeding and Racing held in Munich in July, 1938 " it is extraordinarily difficult to discover the scar and I myself have often been doubtful as to whether an operation has taken place or not."

A " Hobdayed " horse is unable to neigh and having thus been deprived of his vocal chord he would be a safe conveyance for the reconnaissance scout. Horses have in warfare of the past, in the old cavalry days, disclosed the position to the enemy. Amongst the Arabs for example, where stallions are used for chargers, a mare " in season " has been utilised by the opposite side as a " give away "—and in Bolivia and certain countries where horses are universal, the night scouts take out a weight which is carefully adjusted to the tail, when the horses are hobbled out to graze, as it is of course common observation that when horses neigh they always raise the tail. With regard to tubing a commendable and at the same time not too premature notice was issued by the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee and published in the Calendar of April 20th, 1939,

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to "forbid the tubing of a horse on the day on which it is proposed to run him."

Altogether this is a wholly admirable work, which will have a particular appeal to readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL.

F. C. H.

"Driving Single and Pair Horse." By Major-General Geoffrey White, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., late Royal Horse Artillery.

Here is a wholly admirable booklet published by the National Horse Association at 12, Hanover Square, W.1, at the infinitesimal charge of 1s. to members and at 2s. to non-members of this Society.

To-day with the revival of the horse and driving and with the commendable creation of a driving club the amount of information given with such clarity by such an expert whip makes this booklet a veritable gift at the price charged.

The illustrations showing the correct method of holding the reins in single and in double harness are quite remarkable and in keeping with instructions in the text.

The author advocates the novice placing himself under a competent instructor in the following passage, which should be read and re-read, so admirable is the description and so invaluable the advice :—

"Much can be learnt by sitting beside an expert and watching what he does, but the watching must be done with a keen and alert eye.

"A good coachman is so quick and quiet in his methods, and adjustments of reins are made so unobtrusively, that unless the pupil is ever vigilant the means by which a particular crisis is dealt with will escape his notice, and valuable instruction be lost."

One indeed envies the fortunate novice who has the priviledge of sitting beside General White on the box seat.

With regard to the frontispiece which describes the various parts of the harness, the breeching appears to be adjusted too high up the quarters, further the throat lash appears to be deficient of rings for bearing reins. Not that the reviewer advocates the use of bearing reins which for ordinary driving

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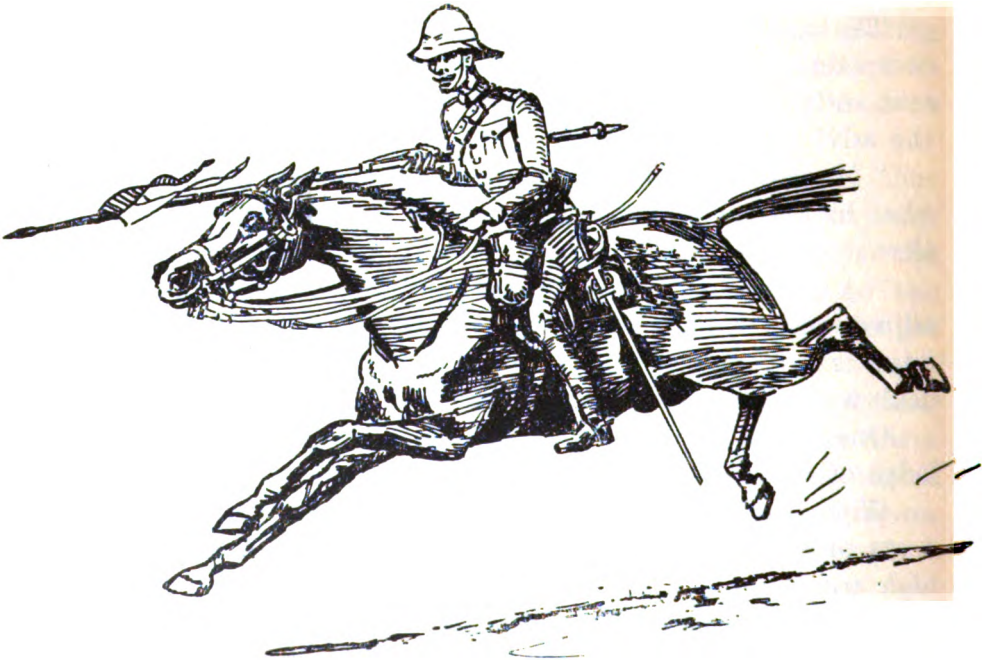
are his *bete noir*, but nevertheless these rings are an accepted item if one comes down to detail. It might be of interest to note that in Ireland it is the custom to allude to the complete driving bridle as " the winkers " in order to differentiate between a riding bridle and a driving bridle when describing the part of the harness in everyday stable life. One might also record the fact that Irish jarvies invariably buckle the breeching straps under the shafts and traces to the slots on the shafts, and not around the shafts, in order to avoid the constant friction wearing the wood. These straps are given a turn in the process before adjustment in order to have the buckles on the outside.

Last but not least in importance is the advice on care of the horse for the would-be coachman.

Let us hope that this booklet is but a preliminary canter to a complete work on the subject by this great authority who uses his pen with the same dexterity and finesse as he handles the reins on his regimental drag.

F. C. H.



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